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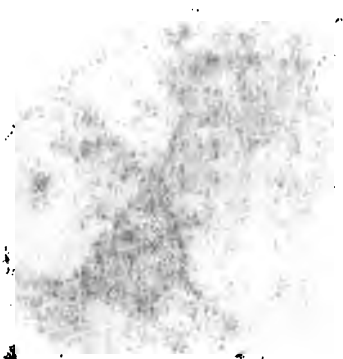
JOHN MACFARLANE, LL.D.



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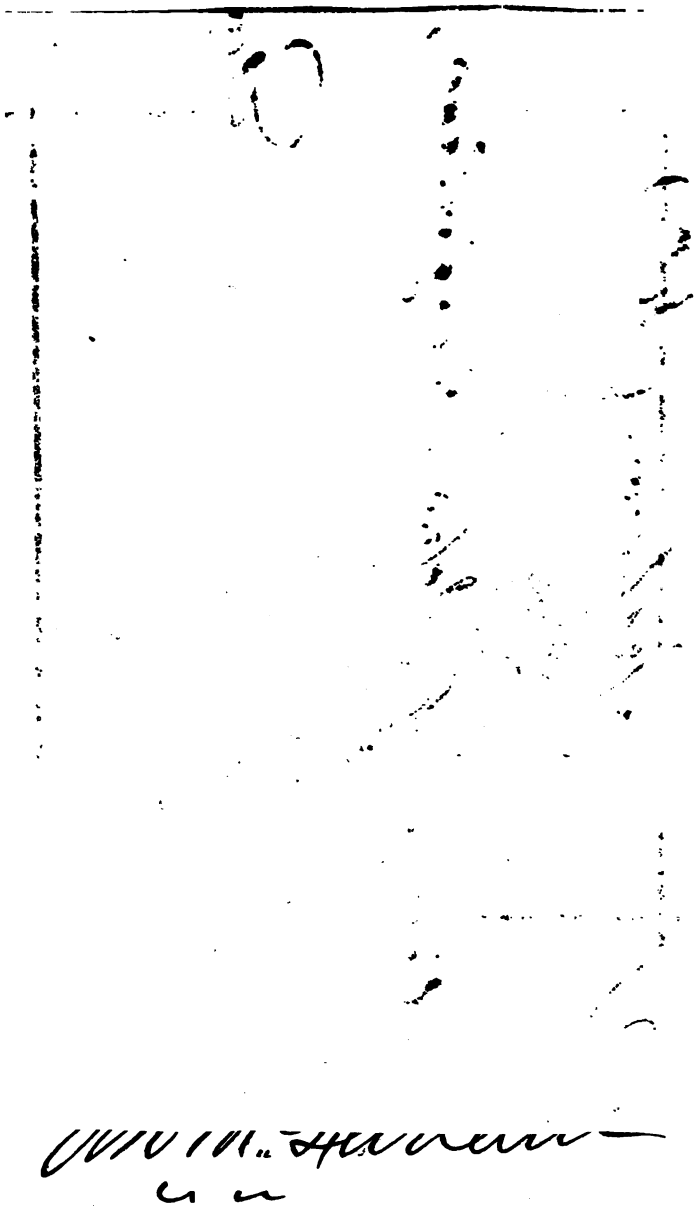

MEMOIR

OF

JOHN MACFARLANE, LL.D.

BY

WILLIAM GRAHAM,

LIVERPOOL.

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM OLIPHANT & CO.
LONDON: JAMES NISBET & CO.
1876.

210. m. 51.

PRINTED BY M'FARLANE AND ERSKINE

FOR

WILLIAM OLIPHANT AND CO., ... EDINBURGH.
JAMES NISBET AND CO., ... LONDON.
HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO., ... ,,
DAVID ROBERTSON, ... GLASGOW.

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MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE—DUNFERMLINE.

JOHN MACFARLANE was born in Dunfermline on April 1st, 1807, and so when on 7th February 1875 he died, he had missed by two steps only reaching the threescore and ten years of human life. He was the third son of the Rev. James Macfarlane, and of Grace Husband, daughter of the Rev. James Husband, D.D. Very much of the man he became comes out of these bare names and dates when looked into carefully. The father of James Macfarlane was of the same name, and all we know of him is, that he lived in The Earn, Ruskie, and died 24th January 1797. As his son was born in 1759, this carries back the father's birth to somewhere about 1730. The Earn, Ruskie, a farm in that district, was a little west from the Bridge of Teith, and so just within the gate that opens up from the plain of Stirling into the Highlands of Scotland. This had not been the original seat of the Macfarlanes.

Sir Walter Scott has a curious note (Z) to an incident in "Waverley," occurring at Doune Castle, near Teith. The Highland guide of the hero "curses the moon that scattered the friendly darkness," in which Waverley and himself shunned the observation of the English, under the significant name of Macfarlane's lantern. The note in part runs thus: "The clan Macfarlane, occupying the fastnesses of the western shore of Loch Lomond, were great depredators on the low country—and as their excursions were made usually by night, the moon was proverbially called their lantern. Their celebrated pibroch of *Haggad nam Bi*, which is the name of their gathering tune, intimates similar proclivities." It is somewhat hard to reconcile this with the reference Scott makes in his ballad to the Macfarlane's plaided clan, who, through zeal for religion and freedom, gathered round John Knox and "the good Regent." It may, however, be explained from the feudal influences of the time—the men following the chief of the clan in these as in other things. It is in fact noted, that in lists of ministers of the Church of Scotland in these days, the name of Macfarlane is of frequent occurrence.

The old grandfather must have been born somewhere about 1730, and in 1733 Rob Roy Macgregor died and was buried at Balquhidder in the neighbourhood at an advanced age.

It was the ending of one period and the beginning of another, in these romantic, and in those times remote,

Highland regions. The Rob Roys of Glengyle had, however unwillingly, to be improved into the Bailie Nicol Jarvies of the Saltmarket of Glasgow, and we shall find, as we proceed, the descendant of these "great Loch Lomond depredators" giving his strength to more civilised and Christian work not far from the famous Bailie's loved locality. Nevertheless, the Celtic element in John Macfarlane was, as all felt, the largest primary element in his whole life and manner of showing it. Nothing was more conspicuous in his nature and style than the dash, the courage, the rapid passionate changes, sometimes the brooding mist over his spirit as over Highland hills and glens, and the glowing, flashing sunshine that scattered it, the love as from Ossian of certain coloured phrases and of unchastened imagery, that never failed him, and that moved him throughout all his career.

The grandfather had grown out of the nomadic life of his ancestors, and was a farmer in Ruskie. Born about the time of the Secession from the Church of Scotland, and living near Stirling, the old loyalty of his clan to John Knox attached itself to his true successor in Scottish Christianity—Ebenezer Erskine. At least this we know, that his son James came out in the Secession Church, and that an ancestral affection for the Fletchers was one of the legacies which the grandson warmly cherished. Ebenezer Erskine was the founder of the Bridge of Teith congregation, its members being disjoined from his own congregation in Stirling; and in

1772, William Fletcher, father of the well-known Dr Alexander Fletcher of London, was ordained its second minister.

Out of these bare facts and figures came the other and the more important half of Dr Macfarlane's character. The Celtic race element would have made him a brave, daring cavalry leader, or an intrepid, enduring traveller, for it was the Celtic element in David Livingstone that haunted him with the spirit of the wanderer. But it was the Christian element that curbed the excesses of, and gave consecration to, the native temperament. This element, moreover, shaped itself amidst the forms and fervours of the Secession theology and polity. These allied themselves easily to the Celtic blood and brain, and clan feeling was transfigured into the love of his denomination, and though he was a true soldier of the whole Christian army, yet, as Jeanie Deans did at the sight of the tartan, his heart always warmed to the old Secession colours. Few natures so susceptible of such influences had, moreover, the good fortune to have them in such freshness and abundance.

His father was ordained over Ralph Erskine's church, Queen Anne Street, Dunfermline, in 1785, and with the son the deepest roots of affection were struck in that old city of his birth. Few places in all Scotland are so full of all that strikes eye and memory and the heart's highest loyalties, both secular and sacred, as Dunfermline. It catches the gaze and holds it charmed as it is approached

from Inverkeithing on the highway along which pilgrims of old bent their way to its sacred shrines; and seen by those sailing on the Forth, it lies beautiful for situation on the sides of its hills. The greatest character in early Scottish history lived amidst its woods, prayed in the oratory (still to be seen in ruin) in its silvan fairy glen, and lies under the shadow of its stately Norman abbey. Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore, nobler still, Saint of Jesus Christ, opens up the gallery of great figures that shine in Scottish history. Another illustrious guest came to this burial-ground, when Robert Bruce was carried from Cardross on the Clyde to the resting-place of kings under the floor of the same abbey. There he lay for centuries, till he became as undiscoverable as he had, when living, often been in the wilds of Argyle or Arran. But in 1818, when John Macfarlane was a boy eleven years old at school, the face that looked fearless on the mighty English hosts at Bannockburn, and eyed steadily De Bohun as he dashed proudly but fatally upon him, looked, but more calmly still, on the few who watched the opened shroud. It has been said by a witness, that for a minute the face of the king, hidden for nearly five hundred years, looked out once more on the light of day, and then, ghost-like, melted into disfeatured dust. It was something indeed to have had even this passing glimpse of the very face of the Bruce more than four hundred years after the king had been laid there. Ralph Erskine came in 1752 to his rest, not many foot-lengths

from him. He too had fought his battles and won them—battles for even higher liberties, those of conscience and the Gospel, than those which Robert Bruce gained for his country. There had been many heroes and conflicts in the same campaign before, from John Knox down to James Renwick—but the Secession was the crowning battle, the Bannockburn which gathered up the spoils of former conflicts, and left a mark in advance from which there has been henceforth no retreat. At least to Dr Macfarlane this was the chief marking-date in Scottish religious history, even although the same city had been that in which another flag, that of the Relief Church, had been raised by the solitary and therefore braver hand of Thomas Gillespie. For in the year after Ralph Erskine's death, in 1753, he asserted principles wider than those of the Secession, principles learned from the English nonconformity of Philip Doddridge; and in 1774, two years before Dr Husband, the grandfather of Dr Macfarlane, came to Dunfermline, he was laid in the same *Campo Santo* of heroic dust. In that graveyard King Robert Bruce rests near Ralph Erskine and Thomas Gillespie.

Thirty-three years after Ralph Erskine died, in 1785, James Macfarlane came to fill his pulpit. This established a relation very close and almost vital between Dr Macfarlane and Ralph Erskine. That memorable name touched finer chords within him than any other, and represented to him the living truths of the grand old

Scottish Theology, with its Covenant God, its Kinsman Redeemer, and the Divine espousals of the believing soul. Apart from these influences, the traditions that filled his boyhood's atmosphere, and the volumes of song and sermon in which his living power was prolonged, there was also Ralph Erskine's Bible, which he specially cherished in his latest days, and which united, more than one hundred years afterwards, the study of Ralph Erskine—a room down a close in the High Street of Dunfermline, and which in a visit to it astonished one by its smallness of area—and the study off Clapham Common in London.

This book, of date 1716, must have been used all through his ministry by the early Secession father, for there are few pages altogether unmarked, and some pages in which every verse is signalised by some varying dot or asterisk; scarcely a psalm but is crowded with them, our Lord's words almost altogether, and in the books of Moses and those of Samuel and the Kings they are frequent. According to a favourite practice which we see in Leighton's books in the Dunblane library, there are on blank leaves many pointed sayings in Latin or Greek. Two, very characteristic, deserve to be recorded, the one illustrating the manner, the other the matter of Ralph Erskine's sermons. The first is, "Ardeat orator, qui vult accendere populum" (The orator must flame who wishes to kindle the people); and the second, on the last blank page along with his Latinised name,

"Radolphus Areskinus," is the Greek quotation which we give in our New Testament words, "Christ is all, and in all."

This small octavo Bible—plainly bound, and browned by the hands that turned it over night and day for years—met the eye of Dr Macfarlane constantly in his latest days, as it lay on his study-desk. It fell into his possession in the following manner: "5th October 1861,—Having some impression upon me that I must soon leave this my native land, I went into Edinburgh on the 26th of last month to see friends for the last time, and say farewell. I saw among others the white-haired widow of my uncle, James Husband—lodging in Buccleuch Place—all her sons dead: I said, 'Is this Naomi?'—I prayed with her. She gave me Ralph Erskine's closet Bible, saying, 'I have no son to leave it to now.' Having prayed with her, I said farewell." So much did he prize it, that he left it by special legacy to the library of the United Presbyterian Church, where it is now placed. It has on its shelves no volume more worthy to be honoured. That old well-worn and well-notched sword of the Spirit did great work for souls in the hands of its chivalrous and devout wearer, and it can in living hands do as great works. King Arthur prayed that his brand Excalibur, which had been wrought

> "In the deeps
> Upon the hidden bases of the hills,"

and which he had worn like a king, should be

> "Flung far into the middle mere."

But it was Ralph Erskine's prayer, and that of our friend, who breathed the same spirit, that that mightier weapon, wrought in the depths of Eternal Love and Wisdom, should be taken by hand after hand, and achieve ever new victories for Christ and for souls.

The father of Dr Macfarlane was the fourth minister in succession from Ralph Erskine, and for nearly forty years was colleague of Dr Husband. There is a portrait of him which was in the possession of his son, in which, above the usual muffling of Geneva gown and bands, is the face of a man of eager and frank energy. It has a curious want of resemblance to his son. But that must have been no ordinary man who for forty-two years kept two thousand hearers round his pulpit, and left a name of genuine evangelical force and fervour among the old people in Dunfermline. We shall learn more of him as the events of his life become naturally events also in the life of his son, and of these we have some details by himself laid to our hands in "The Night Lamp," and "The Life of Lawson." There is a sketch of him given in a funeral sermon by David Greig of Lochgelly, one of those men who left a great name in old Secession days; most worthy on its own account as also deeply interesting as that of the bosom friend of three men most unlike each other—Michael Bruce, the poet, John Brown, the scholar, and George Lawson, the sage. In this sketch there are many features that remind us of his son, "his heart formed for friendship,"—"his probity,

integrity, and uprightness; his being compassionately alive to the case of the afflicted, the widow and the fatherless, frequently visiting them in their distress,—the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel being his delightful theme, on which he expatiated with a melting eloquence and a visible pleasure." He was an eminently straightforward, honest, devout, and also on occasion impassioned man. This appeared in all his conduct, and especially in his uninvolved popular preaching. One of Dr Macfarlane's oldest and most beloved friends—the Rev. Peter Carruthers, of Longtown, a man who perpetuates in his conversation to this day, the memories in look, emphasis, and tone, of a past race of godly ministers—recalls a vivid flash of his eloquence that left its mark long after it was uttered. As he was preaching at a communion with his old friend William Fletcher, on the Tent Green, and Teith rippled on the Sabbath afternoon its hushed waters by the side of the great congregation under the open sky—he spoke of the thirst of Christ on the cross, and, suddenly pausing, exclaimed, "Where wert thou, O Teith! when thy Maker cried from His cross, I thirst?" There was here a movement of Divine grace, as well as of poetic insight into the living unity of the world and of God, foreign to the cold Deism of Natural, or as cold Moderatism of Revealed Theology, which assures us that the brightest flashes of Evangelical fervour are but the kindling glow of the most solid religious truth. The colleague afterwards became the

son-in-law of the Rev. Dr James Husband, and in his portrait we have much of his grandson. According to a not uncommon fashion of nature's working, the grandfather reappeared in the descendant—not indeed in everything, for both were too individual in their natures for any resemblance approaching to identity—but in very many points. In one point they were very dissimilar. The grandson, though eager for the advancement of his denomination in every way, had yet no love for the fag and fluctuations of Church courts, larger or smaller. This rose out of an insuppressible element of his method of working—he could not, as must be done in such assemblies, follow in order to lead. Like Harry of the Wynd, his fashion was to fight for his own hand. This made him the man he was, both in his strength, and, as the defect of his qualities, in his weakness also. But he alludes in his journal to another singular feature in his temperament —that neither on the platform, nor on the floor of a Presbytery, or a Synod, did he ever feel at home. Firm in nerve as a rock in the pulpit, he felt unprotected and ill at ease in any other scenes. There, as Milton said of his prose, he worked with his left hand, and so his cunning was gone. But it was the contrary with his grandfather. He was such a leader in the Synod and its causes in his day, as Dr Heugh was thirty years since, or Dr William Johnston but a year ago. A native of St Andrews, he possessed the provincial shrewdness that comes from the air of Fife, and this, enhanced by his

academic culture and his dignified courtesy, stamped him as a leader among his fellows—a prince in manners, a prime minister in management. His grandson derived from him his make and stature of body—as also that power of mind which, whether in practical matters, or in the exposition of a passage or a principle, never failed when it was called on of seizing the central point, and so separating the intellectually precious from the vile.

Dr Husband and Mr Macfarlane were thus in their gifts and work admirably suited to complete each other; the one clear, consecutive, addicted to differentias and development, unimpassioned, or if not so, with a passion never disjoined from the intellect, a man who carried his faculties well, and so carried the adoption by others of what they brought to himself: the other, plain, flowing, unanalytic, fervent, who carried others along with him because he was himself carried along the current of honest conviction and emotion. During the forty years of their collegiate, not one jarring word, Mr Macfarlane used to say, had ever passed between them. This is a rare, though not by any means a solitary, phenomenon in a relationship which is surrounded with innumerable delicacies on every side. This collegiate had, in fact, the minimum of the disadvantages of such a relationship, with the maximum of its advantages. Many things contributed to this result. There were Christian good sense, and contrasted gifts, allowing to each his own almost unshared domain, but there was another that knit

them close, as nothing else possibly could have done—the marriage of Grace Husband to the junior colleague. Of her we have no record, except that of her death on the birth of her ninth child.

Of these nine children, seven only survived both father and mother—six sons and one daughter. They were sixteen years together, with a happiness which its close on earth turned into a sorrow equally deep and tender. The third son John was then only nine years old, and therefore his remembrances were full of those vague, dreamy impressions of love and pathos, which clothed a mother's image with an ethereal beauty, "like echoes of an antenatal dream." There are two memorials of her, which bring her up from the night of the past for a brief season. In his "Night Lamp," her son begins thus with the death of his mother, which lay at the beginning of his own spiritual life:

"It was evening, a serene evening, in the month of May 1816, and it was at the ancient town of Dunfermline, in Fifeshire, and within the bed-chamber of a dying lady, that the following affecting and sublime scene occurred. On the 7th of May, she had given birth to her seventh son. There was joy beneath the roof-tree of her happy mansion. Suddenly that joy was turned into mourning. Her physicians pronounced the case hopeless; and about ten o'clock, on the night of Monday the 13th, she took farewell of her family and friends. Her parting with the children was one of those touching

scenes which, though indescribable, can never be forgotten. Already had she given her last embrace to her seven boys; and now her only daughter, a sweet-looking child of about five years of age, was raised to receive the last kiss, and the blessing of a dying mother. Heaven is hearing that silent prayer, the name of that lovely child is now registered in the Lamb's Book of Life, and when a few years have fled away, the answer to the prayer will be seen pouring forth in those streams of holy joy which refresh the soul, in earnestly working out its own salvation.

"'And now,' feebly uttered this Christian mother, 'I know that God will provide for these dear infants. *I see it, I believe it;* for God hath said it.'

"'Yes, my dear Grace,' replied the Rev. Dr Husband, a venerable old man, her father, who stood beside her pillow: 'The Lord will provide.'

"'I mean so, father,' said the lady.

"'Your dear Redeemer,' he added, 'will, I hope, shield you from every danger, and conduct you safely to your Heavenly Father's bosom.'

"'Yes—oh yes,' and at intervals she repeated the assent, her mind evidently being taken up with the remark, and her faith appropriating it.

"She had already one daughter in heaven. The death of that child had exceedingly grieved her husband. Her own heart was likewise smitten with a sadness peculiar to a mother's sorrow for the death of an infant,

but with her natural strength of mind, and her deep piety, she had been enabled to suppress her own tears in order to wipe away his. He had often, in her hearing, said that this bereavement had added a new attraction to heaven; and, when alluding to the beatitudes of that unseen world, he would eloquently dwell on the ecstasy of parents meeting with those dear children who had gone before.

"'I am not without hopes,' she said, in reference to this, 'of meeting with my dear mother, and my dear little Margaret in heaven. Ah! Mr Macfarlane will envy me that.'

"There was no time to reply. The last moment was at hand. Her features, but now pale and languid, assumed an unearthly beauty. Her eye, but now dull and heavy, was lighted up as from some invisible glory. Her voice, but now scarcely audible, took on strength and distinctness of tone. The weeping circle around her stood in silent awe.

"'What do I see?' she exclaimed,—'oh, what do I see?' They looked upwards as she did, but they saw nothing.

"'Wings! wings! wings!' she added, with a most heavenly expression in every feature. They that were of the earth dared not yet to speak.

"'Fly! fly! fly!' said the expiring conqueror: 'oh, why is His chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of His chariot?'

"'Do you mean angels, Grace? Do you see them?' inquired Dr Husband.

"'Yes,' she replied; 'angels to conduct me safely home.'

"Having thus spoken, *she was not;* for the Lord took her."

Many long years after these words were spoken, he visited her grave in 1873, and in the old chamber of death, when himself about to die, saluted her undying memory. The record is very pathetic:

"While in Dunfermline, I every day went to the graves of my ancestors, and held a prayer-meeting with the departed spirits. From the grave I went to the old house where my mother died. I had not been in it since the day we all left it, more than fifty years ago. I went to the back of the house, looked at the window of the room in which she died. The tenant of the house came to me —I told him—and he asked me to go into the house and see it again. I did so, and with feelings I cannot describe, I entered each well-remembered room, especially that one, where I remembered being lifted up to kiss, for the last time, my dying mother. Oh! there was an agony of grief, but a sort of luxury too—it was sweet to me, to think that I might ere long be near her—and with others even dearer to nature—my darling wife, and her sainted children."

Three days after this bereavement, his father wrote a letter to Dr Lawson of Selkirk, which, forty-four years

afterwards, fell into the hands of the son, in which this woman, so loved and loving, becomes visible to us. "She was to me everything that a husband could wish for as a partner in life. She was so harmless, so inoffensive, so prudent, and so eminently pious, you would almost have wondered whether she were a member of Adam's race. Oh, what a treasure have I lost! a treasure which was to me of more value than all the world besides. When, then, your heart is at any time warmed in the enjoyment of the God of salvation, oh, do not forget to request something for me—for poor, bereaved, I had almost said tortured, me—better than this world can either give or take away." Letters of comfort came to him from Dr Lawson, as also from Dr Dick, Dr Wardlaw, and Dr John Brown. The last named was still at Biggar, and he wrote from a manse stricken with the same loneliness only a fortnight later. His letter, written six weeks after his own loss, is most like the noble man so many will never forget,—like him in his deep suppressed passion, and his pale, sculpturesque endurance. It is a strange coincidence that the deaths of the two mothers in the same month should have been described by two sons. We have given the narrative of that in Dunfermline, but we only refer to Dr John Brown's account of the other in Biggar. The author of "Rab and his Friends" should rather be called the author of the letter to Dr Cairns on his father's memoir, and the passages in each that can never be forgotten, are those

that tell of Ailie's death and her husband's sorrow, and those relating his own mother's death and father's grief. The change produced on Mr Macfarlane, then in his sixtieth year, was of course not so great as that felt by Dr Brown, then in full manhood, whose nature that furnace of trial fused through and through, that it might be poured into a new and grander mould. But to the children of both homes it was the same change. "The manse became silent, we lived and slept under the shadow of that death, and we saw or rather felt that he was another father than before." The good man was now left alone with his seven children in the motherless house. These children, his cares, were however his comforts. He had also near him, as fellow-sufferer, Dr Husband, more than ever a strength to him. He had, moreover, for seven years longer, his work in that large congregation. He had above all the presence of Him who gave, and who took away, and ever gives more, the more He takes away. Nor to the children was the mother's departure all loss. In that solitary glimpse of the mother it is not hard to see how much the son owed to her. His religious life was always distinguished by its personal hold, I had almost said seizure, of divine truth. He realised the incisive yet infinite personality of God—of the incarnate God—through his naturally warm heart, and with the imaginative vividness we see in his mother's dying experience. This gave to his abrupt expressions of religious feeling sometimes a kind of Peden-like

quaintness, almost brusqueness; but the odd, the peculiar, in him, as in genuine natures and in the midst of great needs and aspirations, easily passed up into the pathetic and the sublime. His mother's death, with its wonderful close, deepened this tendency, and steeped in fast colours of noblest beauty and tenderness, his earliest religious impressions. But along with this effect that early loss sent into his heart a new passion of sorrow and loneliness that under God mingled well with the impetuous nature of the boy he was, full of rough health, high spirits, bursting humours, and indignations. It gave him ever after also a keen insight into home trials, which more than anything else made him the son of consolation so many bereaved hearts knew well. Moreover, it was the beginning of that series of trials, in the weakness and death of his nearest and dearest, which seemed never quite to leave his path of life, and by which his God tempered and purified the over brightness of his temperament and success.

In the absence of his mother, and it may be the more because of it, the daily life of the manse acted more powerfully than before on the boy who every day felt the loss. One can never think of him, indeed, as of some Philip Doddridge, busy from childhood with Bible pictures, or some James Hamilton, the Philip Doddridge of our day, with his boyish love of books, his sense of the divinity that doth hedge all books, but especially folios, about. He was a stirring boy, never unwell, and fond

of adventure. But all the while the grace of God was moulding in unseen, dim ways the future man.

This subdued and saddened atmosphere of the manse, with the hourly sight of his father and the almost daily contact with his grandfather, told greatly on the growing lad. Their lives and prayers kept him right, he used to say, when other influences might have drawn him far astray. Then every week on the Sabbath days there was the great gathering, and the venerable men of the manse stood before him as the teachers and leaders of the people. The theology and piety he learned from the pulpit of Queen Anne Street church, lasted him all his life. Like words cut deep into the bark of young saplings, the growth of the man and that of the words went on together; the essential forms and meaning never changed. Nor is his a solitary case. Scottish piety and patriotism have played the greatest part in the national history and through the scattered natives far and wide. The patriotism has given Scotsmen indomitable independence—the piety has raised that human independence into spiritual liberty and power. There is perhaps no nation since the Jewish in Palestine that has combined both in equal intensity. As in Judea so in Scotland—Pharisaism on the one hand, and Sadduceeism on the other—orthodox hypocrisy and free-thinking scepticism have appeared through the weakness or worthlessness of human nature. But surely it was far better to have a longing after a saintly life, though it might be mimicked, and a search-

ing into deepest thought, though it might be perverted, than to miss altogether noblest results, both spiritual and intellectual. It may be indeed that the practical standard was in the old time too highly wrought, and the doctrinal too sharply defined. These, however, are weeds that grow only in a rich soil, and make more conspicuous the abundant harvests in minds of fullest reflection and consciences of purest aims.

The grand outlines of the preaching of Queen Anne Street pulpit were the inexorable difference between sin and holiness, and the eternal love of God to sinners wrought out in the redemption on the cross, and in the renewal of souls. Themes weightier in thought, richer in emotion, more important in effect, cannot be found; all great ideas, desires, deeds, follow in their wake.

There were also certain religious festivals which deeply impressed his young heart. Of the annual June communions, and their influence, he has given a full and loving account in his Life of Lawson. We refer to them not only because of their prolonged religious impressions, corresponding to what we now call missions or revival meetings, and these gathering in accumulated intensity round the greatest of themes, the dying love of Christ; but also because of the men who passed across the prepared plate of his young and susceptible mind, and left on it lasting memories. Among them are the names of some of the best men of that time in Scotland, such as Ebenezer Brown of Inverkeithing, who, Brougham

declared, was the greatest natural orator he ever heard; Dr James Peddie of Edinburgh, who has left the imprint of his Bible expositions on his denomination; Dr Dick of Glasgow, with his compact strength and severe judgment; Dr Belfrage of Falkirk, for whose parallel in florid beauty of style we must go back to James Hervey; Dr Smart of Stirling, the fame of whose slowly gathered masses of eloquence yet lingers in some minds; and above all, and belonging to a somewhat earlier formation, Dr George Lawson of Selkirk, the Neander of his own period and church. The annual sight of such men in the manse was itself an education, and that of the highest kind. The impression made by them, and especially by George Lawson, who died in 1820, in Dr Macfarlane's thirteenth year, was so great that he could not rest till he had written his biography. The mark such a man, interesting in himself, and also as representing men of like type, left ten years earlier on another boy of the same age, is worth recording, especially when the boy was Thomas Carlyle. When Dr Macfarlane wrote his book on Lawson he sent a copy of it to Carlyle, who was brought up in the Burgher Church at Ecclefechan, of which his father and mother were members, under the Rev. John Johnstone, the intimate friend of Lawson, and had seen and heard the latter on such occasions as those he attended in Dunfermline. His testimony towards the end of a long life and a wide survey of all kinds of thinkers and heroes is worth having, and we give it in a portion of a

letter written in 1870 to Dr Macfarlane after reading his book:

"Your 'Biography of Dr Lawson' has interested me not a little; bringing present to me from afar much that it is good to be reminded of; strangely awakening many thoughts, many scenes and recollections of forty, of sixty years ago—all now grown very sad to me, but also very beautiful and solemn. It seems to me I gather from your narrative and from his own letters a perfectly credible account of Dr Lawson's character, course of life, and labours in the world; and the reflection rises in me that perhaps there was not in the British Island a more completely genuine, pious-minded, diligent, and faithful man. Altogether original too, peculiar to Scotland, and, so far as I can guess, unique even there and then. England will never know him out of any book—or at least it would take the genius of a Shakespeare to make him known by that method; but if England did, it might much and wholesomely astonish her. Seen in his intrinsic character, no simpler-minded, more perfect 'lover of wisdom,' do I know of in that generation. Professor Lawson, you may believe, was a great man in my boy circle; never spoken of but with reverence and thankfulness by those I loved best. In a dim but singularly conclusive way, I can still remember seeing him, and even hearing him preach (though of that latter, except the fact of it, I retain nothing); but of the figure, face, tone, dress, I have a vivid impression (perhaps about

my twelfth year, *i.e.*, summer of 1807-8); it seems to me he had even a better face than in your frontispiece—more strength, sagacity, shrewdness, simplicity, a broader jaw, more hair of his own (I don't much remember any wig); altogether a most superlative steel-grey Scottish peasant (and Scottish Socrates of the period); really, as I now perceive, more like the twin brother of that Athenian Socrates, who went about, supreme in Athens, in wooden shoes, than any man I have ever ocularly seen. Many other figures in your narrative were, by name or person, familiar to my eyes or mind, in that far-off period of my life."

In a year and a few months after Lawson, in May 1821, his old friend Dr Husband died. His funeral sermon was preached by Dr Belfrage, a master in that high and difficult form of sacred eloquence. And Dr Husband was worthy of the chastened but warm tone which breathes throughout the sketch by his friend. He was one of those men whose life is their only work, who are content to do things worthy to be read rather than write them, and who leave this world content to have made it richer in the abiding influence of their worth, rather than themselves richer in the perpetuation of their name. The death of Dr Husband was a loss that made itself felt soon and sadly in many ways, both by his surviving colleague, and by his congregation. A year had not passed till, in the choice of a successor, the congregation and their remaining minister, were

thrown into disputes that ended in disruption. In such matters, questions totally diverse from the original dispute rise up, questions more entangling and more dangerous, because entirely personal. The combatants are now nearly all gone to the Church above, with its perpetual truce, and therefore the controversy may only be hinted at as a warning, and not detailed as an event. Two effects, apart from its more public ones, however, lie straight before us in the path of this biography. The first was, that it agitated and embittered the last years, or rather year, of the old minister's life—a life already sufficiently impoverished by the death of the two dearest to him on earth, his wife and his colleague; and also of a little boy of three, the year after the mother. God often permits the close of a long and unclouded career to be thus at once shortened and darkened, either by some home or congregational sorrow, or it may be by both. Moses was not allowed to receive his life-long desire, and died with an unfulfilled purpose. Paul had fewest friends when he needed friends most, and knew the loneliness of a deserted minister, when opposition pressed hardest, and martyrdom was about to open to him alike the doors of his prison and of his eternal home. But Moses and Paul do not grudge these wilderness and prison trials now. Nor did any of these things greatly move them, as they passed through them. Moved they were, for a Christian, because he is such, is more a man than ever he was; and a Christian minister, next to the love of

Christ, has no higher reward than the love of the souls over which Christ has placed him. Nevertheless, these are sent of God to move the heart towards two things, nearness to which is best, nearness to suffering souls in sympathy, and to the suffering Saviour in trust. The other effect was one that never left the heart of his son. It was a kindling of resentment easily roused against unfeeling neglect or unreasoning tyranny in congregations where a high Christian aristocracy of principle is needed to leaven the mere bulk and mean bias of a multitudinous democracy. This yielding to the painful memories of his youth he sometimes carried too far. But in another, a third thing springing from these trials, it was hardly possible to err by excess, and in this he was not surpassed by any. He was ever ready, ever eager in his support of the weak; the ungenerously opposed, or the overbearingly oppressed. To help a feeble, to lift up a fallen brother, was his joy, and the shadows which too often darken the friendship of others, only brought out his into clearer light. Meanwhile he had gone, in his thirteenth year, to Edinburgh College, and it was towards the end of his third session that, on the 10th of April 1823, his father died. A few of his last sayings will close this Dunfermline period; they are recorded by his son in the "Night Lamp:"

"At his bedside, one afternoon shortly before his decease, and after a season of spiritual darkness had been endured, sat the Rev. Ebenezer Brown of Inverkeithing, a singularly devout man, and a most eloquent Gospel

preacher for nearly half a century. He had come up to Dunfermline for the last time to pray with and say farewell to his ancient and beloved friend. It was a solemn and affecting interview. For nearly forty years they had lived in the most hallowed bonds of friendship. They loved each other with pure hearts fervently. They were knit together, as were Jonathan and David; and to Mr Brown the prospect of his friend's death was oppressively painful. To the compiler of these notices, Mr Brown narrated the scene when he, too, was on his death-bed, and within a few hours of his glorification. After some other remarks he continued his narrative: 'I was desirous to hear Mr Macfarlane once more declare the foundation of his hope, and asked him if, on looking back upon his long and useful life, he was conscious of any degree of reliance for his own salvation upon his services to the Redeemer, as a minister of the New Testament? I shall never forget either his reply, or the manner in which it was given. Hitherto, from his great sufferings, he had spoken in a somewhat feeble tone; but now he raised himself in bed, as if his strength had returned, and, with a loud voice, which reminded me of his best days, he said: "No, Mr Brown, no: God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. I am indeed a poor sinful creature; but the righteousness, the glorious, the perfect, the matchless, the everlasting righteousness of Christ, is the foundation of my hope, the source of my joy, the object of my glory, and shall be

the theme of my song throughout everlasting ages. Yea, worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive honour and glory in my salvation."'

"'How have you passed the night?' inquired a near relative, a little before his death. 'Very poorly,' he replied. 'No sleep, no sleep, I have had a sore night of it. But I have been amply compensated for it all, by being allowed to contemplate in peace the Lamb ot God, who taketh away the sin of the world. Oh, I sincerely wish that all my friends, all my enemies, all mankind, had such a view of the atoning Lamb of God as I have this night obtained!'

"'Father,' said one of his sons, who devoted himself during the whole winter to the watchfulness and fatigues of a parent's death-bed,—'Father, do you want anything?'

"'Oh yes,' was the striking reply. 'I want the pardon of many sins, the sanctification of my heart, God's blessing here, and the enjoyment of Him hereafter for ever.'"

In a short time he died, and his God "supplied all his need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

He was buried in the same grave with her he lost seven years before. The great love he bore her made these years seem to him not few days but many—but now they too are past and he goes to her. He lies near the spot which contains the dust of Ralph Erskine, James Smith, and James Husband, his predecessors.

Again and again the old question is asked with the pathos almost of surprise as well as that of loss: "The

prophets, do they live for ever?" Round that grave, and nearest to it, were the chief mourners, the six surviving sons—one just at manhood, another having passed his seventh year—John, almost in the midst, sixteen years old. Within the lonely manse was the only sister of these brothers, Agnes, and she was then in her twelfth year. Dr Belfrage wrote one of his finely-touched eloges in the *Christian Monitor*, the old magazine of the denomination, and he closes with these words: "His funeral was attended by many of the congregation, and by a number of his brethren, amidst the deepest regret for the loss of so excellent a man: for the little orphans, who stood weeping round his grave, there were great searchings of heart, and many a prayer arose during that solemn scene in their behalf to Him in whom the fatherless findeth mercy."

These prayers have been answered richly in every sense for time and for eternity. Within the fifty-two years that have passed, all have gone except one, who remains to cherish the old love, and yearns for the brotherhood that shall never be broken. But few families have, amidst varied places, years, pursuits, and fortunes, kept the old bond so entire. It might in every sense be said of them, "Brothers are brothers evermore." Other families can easily be recalled as having received the descending blessing—children of the manse, who, when the father died, were left homeless—almost penniless—but who had, as a legacy that has yearly yielded

a great interest, their father's prayers. Standing round that grave, the brothers may again in this page be united once more. James was the oldest—he alone remained to live and die in Dunfermline: "the Chief," as they used to call him, half seriously, half humorously, whose home in the old city was always a centre that maintained in its generous hospitality the bond of past years. As a lawyer he rose to great influence, and in his sphere showed the same native force which belonged to his brother John. William Husband came next; he died a few months after John. The list which the latter made of the family dates, leaves blank the space for his own death, and that of his brother William. The unfilled blanks mean much now. Filled they are, but not by his hand. Well known and respected in Edinburgh as a lithographer, William was the metropolitan centre of the kindred. Never marrying, the old circle remained his only one, and one of his great pleasures was to lend the help of his fine taste in printing and illustrating his brother's publications. A lover of art, he loved also good sermons as well as good pictures; and amidst the varying schools of preaching, always preferred those that preserved the tone of former Dunfermline days, in magnifying the Redeemer and the end of His work in pardoned and holy souls. Without the brilliancy and fire of his brother, he had a keen brain and a sure purpose, that gave token of a calm condensed power. He went away with the only surviving child of his brother Wardlaw, and having seen her die,

he himself was ready to go, and a few months since in Italy, far from the Edinburgh of his manhood, and the Dunfermline of his boyhood, he joined those who had gone before. John came next, a lad of sixteen. We can easily conceive his young face looking down on that coffin that closed on the father's face, and on the first period of his life. His own face I saw, as he lay in his own coffin fifty-two years afterwards. The hair was white, twice blanched, the brow round, full, compact, with strongly-marked brows full of perceptive faculty, and the lids closed on blue eyes twinkling aforetime with humour—keen with indignation—genial in tenderness—softened in tears. The nose was of that kind which men who can act for themselves and lead others for the most part have, large, strong, irregular. His mouth, not fine, had in death that firmness and mobility that had often served him well when stirring thousands, or counselling and consoling some solitary heart. The frame was short, compact, solid, without a single weak point in it, so that, as was said, it was one in ten thousand, and till past his fiftieth year, no physical weakness checked his movements, or dulled his energy. All the more did he suffer when suffering came. There are busts which give the image of Napoleon, from the artillery scholar boy at Brienne through the young Italian general and the Emperor, as he matured in splendour and sweep of power, to the mask of the dead St Helena captive, out of which all the colours of pale early hope

and glowing imperial success are gone, and left only the permanent qualities of spacious intellect and despotic will. So it is also with every face, and so it was with his. That was the last look of the well-known man who for many years moved vigorously and with endless variety —never weak—often wayward—always pronounced—and now stood, bowed down in unspeakable sadness, at his father's grave, and from that hour faced the struggle of a manhood into which he was prematurely cast. Next to him came George, the only remaining representative of that group at his father's grave, the last leaf of the old tree. As he still lives, to name him here is enough. His great and modest worth protects him from further notice. Wardlaw was the fifth son. That name was given to him because of the relationship of his mother to that old Fife family, which has as its two greatest names Henry Wardlaw, Bishop of St Andrews in the fifteenth century, and founder of the University in that city, the most ancient of the Scottish seats of learning ; and Ralph Wardlaw of the nineteenth century, bearing the name of his great-granduncle, Ralph Erskine, winning as renowned a name in his own right, and when he died, confessedly the preacher highest in gifts and influence in Glasgow, the city of his long and noble life. Dr Macfarlane loved well this honoured relationship—a relationship founded on the ties of blood, and strengthened by this other fact, that Ralph Wardlaw was admitted a member in his youth of the Secession

Church by Dr Kidston, his future father-in-law. This other interesting link comes up in a sentence of his own, in his bracketing of the Wardlaws: "Mrs Captain Wardlaw of Fordel died at Dunfermline in 1855, the last earthly associate of my mother, and often a second mother to me." Wardlaw, this brother, died in 1868, and since that year his widow and all his children also, and now that family has altogether vanished. Tidings of the death of the last, Nina, a young girl of sixteen, at Nice, came to Dr Macfarlane when his own end was near, and the tender sorrow added another to the many loosened ties of his life. The youngest brother, Andrew, he in giving life to whom his mother died, became a minister of the Gospel in Falkirk, and in Greenock. His death, two years before his brother's, greatly affected him, as we shall learn. Their common work brought them into more immediate relationships, and the elder brother cared fondly for the progress of the younger. In both look and manner and character they were strikingly unlike. Andrew, though the younger by nine years, had nine years' more passivity and settledness—grave, calm, unimpassioned, he loved the shade, and cultivated his own vineyard, and had none of the stir and aggressiveness of the elder brother. All the more did they love and aid each other.

The only sister was Agnes, two years younger than John. She received, as time went on, the peculiar, half-romantic, half-familiar, all-devoted love that brothers

give to an only sister. She was the care of all, and when she left them too soon, her brother reared her a monument in the book which he ever reckoned, and rightly, his most useful, and into which he poured more of his early fire and force than into any other. The next time they opened that grave of their father, it was to lay the sister in it. Down to the last years of his life no spot on earth, except one other, long afterwards, in a London churchyard, was so sacred to him. He never failed, when he visited Dunfermline, to go there, and by the stirring up of old memories of the dead, kindle fresh hopes of everlasting life.

The manse was then broken up, and from that time he seems to have had no fixed home. This gave him a deep sympathy with those he afterwards called the "Martyrs of the Manse," those who had been brought up and scattered as he and his were. Ministers' children lose the old home, but they lose much more also, they lose the old rank. The memory of their grandfather and father was still theirs; but the former peculiar and honoured position which their presence gave them was gone. To a lad, not without the pride of birth, and the sense of social distinction, with very little means to compensate their loss, with no settled home, this change at sixteen was one which left marks on him in after-life, in pensive memories, and in an indomitable independence. Here, then, this chapter closes, and another opens, on which he himself has already entered.

CHAPTER II.

STUDENT LIFE—EDINBURGH, GLASGOW.

HOUGH Dr Macfarlane was sixteen when his father died, he had already been a student in the University from his thirteenth year. This second chapter of his life stretches over the next ten years to his twenty-third, when he finished alike his college and his hall studies. It divides itself into the very distinct portions of his study of general learning, and afterwards of the special science, theology, which he was to practise in his daily work. Of his education before his thirteenth year, nothing is recorded. He had, as we have seen, many advantages for intellectual improvement in his whole circumstances. Besides, the Grammar School (as the higher school in Scotland is called) of Dunfermline has always stood high. The building rose between the manse of his grandfather and the Queen Anne Street Church. Of course, he had learned what was commonly taught of the English language and literature; but what capital of Latin or Greek he bore off, to be increased and yield interest in the university, is not known;

generally, it is not much, even in quantity, for boys of his age, and he was probably no exception. A Latin or Greek scholar he never was; indeed, a scholar of the type described in Mark Pattison's Life of Isaac Casaubon was an intellectual phenomenon as different from him as may be. And what can in almost any case be the quality of classical scholarship in a boy of thirteen years? Herodotus may amuse like a book of travels, and Homer interest as a Greek, the first and greatest of Sir Walter Scotts, but the rugged sublimities of Æschylus, the finished harmony of Sophocles, the play of Plato's dialogue, or the profoundness of his thought, the grace and learning of Virgil, and the wit and worldliness of Horace, are all beyond him. Knowledge may come to some, but wisdom lingers to all at such an early time. Yet boys in Scotland are frequently sent away from home at this age, and the first years at the university are of necessity spent in the attempt to master the instruments which only in after-years they shall be able to use alike for knowledge and enjoyment. All, however, is not loss. The baffled wonder of the boy may ripen into the disciplined admiration of the man; the mechanical learning of the meaning of words is got over at the time when memory is most pliant and receptive; and the spiritual essence, the thought, the imagery, the sentiment, can thus with more readiness be afterwards secured. Moreover, to our young student, Edinburgh, to which he was sent, is itself a great Scottish, and, indeed,

universal classic, in its unrivalled beauty and history. A vivid boy, also, found in Edinburgh, at this period, an atmosphere in which breathed men of renown and genius. It was much to go daily into the law courts, and see and hear Francis Jeffrey and Henry Cockburn; to watch in the College quadrangle the stately elastic step of John Wilson, then in the height of his power; and, above all, to track Sir Walter Scott from his clerk's chair in the Inner House down to his home in North Castle Street, where he had already written his "Guy Mannering," his "Bride of Lammermoor," and his "Heart of Midlothian," and was in these very months writing his "Kenilworth" and "Pirate."

We shall give his own impressions, written in 1870, fifty years after; they are founded on a book written by one whom Dr Macfarlane always greatly esteemed and admired as a man of powerful genius and generous affections: "Our friend George Gilfillan has published his work, a 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,' which I have read with deep interest. In my boyhood's years I drank too deeply of his fictions; and when attending the University of Edinburgh, I was in the very midst of the almost wild excitement occasioned by the outcoming of the Waverley Novels by the Great Unknown. I often went to the Parliament House, and sat gazing upon him as he sat on the seat immediately below their lordships, with his half-sleepy and dreamy eyes. I used also to follow him home over the North Bridge, and along

Princes Street, to his house in 39 Castle Street—39—how appropriate! three Graces and nine Muses. I sometimes ask myself whether the enthusiastic reading of these novels did me good or evil. They certainly turned away my taste from the sickly trash that preceded them, and perhaps they gave me any graphic or descriptive power I am said to have as a preacher and writer. I should not, however, recommend this to others." This is as clear and important a glimpse into his state of taste and thought at this important time, as any other we have from himself, except one other, still more valuable, and which we place here to show what friends he had after his father's death, and how they influenced him. Dr Dewar was related to him by marriage, and was for many years the principal physician in Dunfermline. Of him we have this notice in November 1870: "During my absence, a death had occurred in my family circle. Old Dr Dewar was at length relieved of all his pains upon Wednesday the 12th. He had been for twenty years laid aside. I saw him in May last. I shall see him no more. These are among his last words, and he uttered them repeatedly, 'Oh, why tarry the wheels of His chariot?'—the very words of my dear mother, whose death he witnessed more than thirty years ago. They had left an impression. To him, in my boyhood, I turned most. He had then a large and extensive practice in the west of Fife; and often, almost every day, I used to ride out with him

when visiting his patients. His mind was very ardent, and highly intellectual—a thorough scholar, and a well-informed mind. Under his teaching and influence, my inward man broke through the shell. He taught me not only to think, but to express my thoughts. My first lessons in composition were from him. I remember well, when riding with him one day through Sir John Erskine's grounds, his giving me a text to write an essay upon—that line from Virgil, '*Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*' And at another time he persuaded me to write out into prose some passages from Thomson's 'Seasons,' the subject, 'The lovely young Lavinia.' When I became a preacher, he took the deepest interest in my success; when I became a father, he, under God, saved *her* life, which nearly went; and when I was called to London, he said, 'Go,' and I went. There never was a man in the world to whom I owed more than to my dear old uncle. He excited me, and kept me up to the mark during the whole of my student life. As one of my father's trustees, he did his duty to me in this respect. He stood in the first class of men among physicians. His most intimate friends were Professors Syme and Christison of the Edinburgh University. It was by his influence with the famous Syme that the latter, while I studied at Edinburgh, sometimes got for me a medical student 'to grind,' to read Gregory's 'Conspectus' and 'Celsus' with, previous to his going up for examination to pass his degrees.

All is now over, and these books of my life are closed. It cannot be very long ere I follow. He was seventy-nine years of age, and died at Christ's feet."

After his father's death in 1823, he went to Glasgow University. Had he remained that year in Edinburgh, he would have been in the class, and come under the influence, of Professor Wilson, for whom he had a great admiration, and passages from whose poems he frequently places as mottoes to chapters in his books. Thomas Brown had died the year Dr Macfarlane went to Edinburgh, and Wilson succeeded him. Instead of receiving from him a course, it can hardly be called a system, of moral philosophy, electric with his own unrivalled eloquence, and vital with the ideal poetry of Wordsworth and the magic wisdom of Coleridge, he went to Glasgow, to a lower and chiller region, to the classes of Jardine and Milne. The Scottish student passes from the instruments and models of expression in the classics to the thoughts themselves—the *ipsissima corpora*—of which they are as yet the most perfect embodiment. He studies first mental philosophy under the names of logic and moral philosophy, and then the physical sciences in the classes of mathematics and physics or natural philosophy. Being introduced thus to the phenomena and laws of both the great worlds of soul and sense, he has completed his course, unless he proceeds further into theology, the science of the Infinite.

Jardine, the professor of logic, was a teacher to whom

men the most opposite afterwards ascribed the first opening of their minds to conscious and scientific thought. Lord Jeffrey and Sir William Hamilton on the one hand, and John Wilson on the other, retained for him through life this peculiar feeling of gratitude. I believe Dr Macfarlane had much of the same sense of obligation to him. Not a great metaphysician like his renowned pupil, Hamilton, he was a most skilful pioneer of minds that afterwards passed far within and beyond to regions of speculation he never reached, perhaps scarcely ever imagined. James Milne was then in his prime as professor of moral philosophy. Clear as an icicle, and as cold and colourless, he used to be called Old Analysis, and had reached the twin conclusions of sensationalism in intellectual, and utilitarianism in moral philosophy, through the reduction of all knowledge, and indeed every faculty, to the one process of association of ideas and feelings. Still Milne was a strong thinker, with a transparent style that never flashed into imagery, or flushed into emotion, or, as tradition tells, only once in a lectureship of six months, and who at least taught young minds the value of independent thoroughness, and the possibility of different ways of thinking, however erroneous and strange, from those to which they had been accustomed. It was, however, a perilous, as well as meagre diet, and must have afforded to one steeped in Ralph Erskine, who was a metaphysician as well as a Marrowman, a confusing contrast. Indeed, in the old Seceder's controversial pamphlet, entitled, "Faith,

not Fancy," thinkers have traced the assertion, and in some measure the development, of the underived and self-evidencing truths inherent in mind, that were afterwards handled and vindicated more formally by his countryman, Thomas Reid, against Hume, and by Kant in his treatment of the perpetual antagonism of intuitionalism against sensationalism and scepticism. It is at this very point also, alike in the student's growth and in the university course, that a great crisis comes. The opening and hitherto passive mind grapples directly for the first time with the primary questions of existence and belief, and the answer it gets or gives, shapes, and that most inwardly and vitally, the whole future development of thought, and so of life. There is a philosophy that shuts man up to the seen and the felt, and excludes the certainty or the possibility of a higher existence, of which the seen and the felt are only results and reflections. The final convictions as to mental, and especially moral truths, dominate over, and in fact foreclose questions which vitally touch theology, both natural and revealed. We scarcely wonder that the old Seceders did not allow their students to take moral philosophy in the universities, where it was often taught with a tacit or pronounced antagonism to revelation. Dr John Brown never entered that class, even when conducted by so sound, as well as generous, a thinker as Dugald Stewart. How our young student passed through this critical part of his course it is difficult to say. His manuscript books re-

main, and they show that he took large and careful notes of Milne's prelections. Protected by the inbred piety of his early home, as also by the literary rather than philosophic cast of his mind, there never appeared traces in him of any prolonged or profound struggle, as for very life, which we see in minds of the cast of Pascal or Butler. He was too prompt, passionate, pictorial, and so he retained the health of his mind as well as the soundness of his faith. All through life, indeed, he had rather too little sympathy with the difficulties that, to a certain type of mind, even the most elementary and impregnable truths afford. Moreover, the inherent poverty and sterility of the Milne or Benthamite utilitarianism have no temptations for a generous soul. John Stuart Mill, himself, could not bear them, even when his reason assented, and wove into the coarse texture threads, alien in quality, but more glowing in colour, and more golden in tissue. There was however produced, by whatever causes, at this time, an uncertainty as to his future career. One of those seemingly small providences occurred, and with it is connected the name of a venerable man, whose usefulness was silent, but copious and enriching as the dew. On the death of Dr David Smith of Biggar, he writes in January 1868: "He was a good man. When I was a divinity student, or rather when I should have been one, he gave me a present of a little book, which I still keep, 'The Memoirs of John Janeway and Samuel Pearce.' I have not now the slightest doubt of his having noticed

my carelessness as to a religious life, and gave me the book as one of the gentlest ways of doing me good, and I know it did me good. I read it with deep interest, and often afterwards looked into it, conscious that it sustained a serious feeling within me. I now regard the incident as one of those numerous gracious providences to which I see I am indebted for having been kept from going to sinful extremities, and of the all things that have worked for my good." In due course, then, having resolved to devote himself to the ministry, he entered in 1825, with other thirty-two students, the Theological Hall of the United Secession Church, under Dr Dick. Of these thirty-two only two or three remain: Dr John Collingwood Bruce, the celebrated antiquarian of Newcastle, who remained his friend to the last; Robert Cuthbertson, formerly of Dunfermline; Dr Peter Davidson of Edinburgh, one of the most accomplished scholars and theologians of the U. P. Church; Dr Andrew Somerville, late foreign mission secretary of the same, a man of unwearied labour and zeal. Others there were, who are dead either recently or long ago, such as the young and popular Robert Wardrop and James Young, afterwards the able minister of the old Queen Anne Street pulpit. Men, still living, such as David King, Henry Renton, William Marshall of Coupar-Angus, belonged to the year immediately preceding, with one who soon strayed from their company, Peter Borthwick, and who has been many years dead. In 1822, there were William M'Kelvie and William

Peddie, two of his oldest and closest friends, as also William Nisbet of Paisley, a man to whose strong mind and as strong affection, the biographer with many others owes much; Robert Pollok, whose name lives in his "Course of Time;" and John Young, of London, beloved of all, and admired for his most ingeniously constructed and finely felt book, "The Christ of History." The year after he entered, in 1826, came Thomas Archer, Alexander Nisbet, and in 1827, Peter Carruthers, William France, James M'Gavin, William Thomson, James Towers, and Hope M. Waddell. Such were for some years the men who associated with him daily during two months of the Hall session, in closer or more remote association. These associations influenced him even more than systematic study and mastering of lectures and books. "I have learned," said a wise man, "much from my books, more from my teachers, most of all from my companions."

In such a school of the prophets, life-long friendships that mould thought and enrich affection are formed. The men who sat on the same bench with us, who dreamed the same dreams, and worked at the same tasks in the fields of high speculation or refined art, these retain their places for life; they can have no successors, as they could have none before them. Five or six such associates—better two or three, or even one—seem at times to lend the horizon, not only to our thoughts, but to thought itself, as certainly they

have an innermost place in the circle of our affection, which afterwards may admit others wiser—but none dearer, through the first romance of young enthusiasm —none sweeter, because of the dew on them of the morning hours of life. Mr Macfarlane had always much to say about these days; they mingled with his last conversations. Pollok, tall, gaunt, and dark, with the fire of consumption and of genius burning up the sap of his life, was one of the most memorable figures of that group. Twenty-one years afterwards, he visited the cottage at Shirley, near Southampton, where the poet died, and his grave and monument in the churchyard. He says, in a printed letter at the time: "I refrain from saying what I felt as I stood by that grave. Twenty-one years had passed since, in this land of strangers, he had breathed out his last." He had, in disputes in the Hall, taken different parts from the poet, who, strangely enough, attached himself to Peter Borthwick, a totally different man. It was in Dunfermline, and when living in a house directly opposite the Secession manse, that Pollok finished his celebrated poem. Very probably Mr Macfarlane saw much of him at this time also. However, his day was rapidly closing. Our two Secession poets are as different as the twilights of morning and evening—the one sweet and fresh, the other sombre and shaded, like their "Ode to the Cuckoo" and "Course of Time;" but both alike passed away in poverty and consumption to an

early grave. Sad it is to think that one, in some ways worthy to be third to these two, Thomas Davidson, should have resembled them in the same lot.

There was no professor who left on him a deeper impression and more lasting admiration than Dr Dick. That eminent man came to the chair of Theology after it had been filled by James Fisher, John Brown, and George Lawson. Teaching in the main their system of theology, he did it with a perfect knowledge of the tendencies and tastes of his own times. George Lawson and his successor had little in common, except their being each best fitted, at different times, for the same work. Lawson, with his simplicities of thought and feeling — simple, because of the supreme truths which possessed him entirely, and his utter unconsciousness of self while in their presence, but far from simple, keenly sagacious indeed in his knowledge of character and life—was loved and revered by his students as a child-sage, a man full of the love of wisdom, and of the wisdom of love. Dr Dick was very different. In him were severe taste and judgment; these were simple but always consciously simple and carefully calculated. Clear and comprehensive, with an occasional flush flitting across his pale style, he was consciously master of his theme, of himself, and so of his students. The sage had passed into the scholar in the Secession theological chair. No man, however, left a more definite, and, as years passed, a more appreciated influence

on his students. Youths of that stage value a man of fixed principles, the more because they are themselves in a state of solution, or under the spell of some literary passion. And when they feel that in literature the theologian has a larger range than they have, is a more ripe and rich scholar than they are, his influence becomes supreme, and well-nigh lasting. Otherwise it disappears altogether. To Dr Mitchell also, who was appointed professor the year after his entering the Hall, Mr Macfarlane was always drawn by that peculiar affection which no one of his many students ever lost. But he got from Dr Dick those lines of theological opinion beyond which he hardly ever travelled. His old friend, Peter Carruthers, kindly communicates the following points: "When he entered the Secession Hall, he was very young, and looked rather boyish-like. But the manly way in which he expressed his opinion upon any subject in conversation, and the manliness of his general conduct, soon removed any depreciating impression his appearance at first sight might produce. He had a very great admiration for Dr Dick, and would not, on any account, if in health, be absent from his lectures. He took great delight in making the doctor's lectures the subject of conversation. He was much beloved by his companions. His open, frank, warm-hearted, and obliging disposition, endeared him to them in their social meetings. He was always the chief person. It was conceded him

cheerfully from feelings of respect and a consciousness that none of them had the tact that he possessed of making them all happy. He took a deep interest in all matters that concerned the Hall, was regular in his attendance at the weekly meetings of the students, and entered with all his soul into the subject that was being discussed, evincing great anxiety for the success of the side he espoused, and much indignation if it failed. On one occasion when, on a vote being taken, the latter was the result, he left the meeting, exclaiming, 'Ichabod, Ichabod! the glory is departed from the Secession Hall.'" Every one who knew him in later years will recognise these last words as himself all over.

Dr Collingwood Bruce writes with affection a few fresh points: "He and I and William Smart of Linlithgow were at the Hall together, and were close and intimate friends. There existed at that time a good deal of missionary feeling. Watson, Chamberlain, and Waddell were studying with us, and we all deeply sympathised with them. I think that if Providence had pointed the way, we three would readily have gone into the foreign field."

There still remain, in careful handwriting, his essays and sermons for the Hall. Along with these are large note-books, full of extracts, original compositions, poems, and in one instance a novel of two hundred and eight large and closely-written pages. The extracts indicate his favourite reading at the time, and are from Scott, Byron, Pollok, Wilson, Shakspere, Goldsmith, Cowper,

with a total omission on the one side of Wordsworth, and on the other of Shelley. These two highest poets of their age never seem to have in the least affected him. There are also sundry essays on moral themes written for youthful societies; also several poems, one a sort of masque—"The Mermaids: a Legend." The novel, "Edward Sutton; or, The Trials of a Retired Clergyman," is of a thoroughly elaborate sort, with a careful outlining of characters, though none of them are subtle; a rapid train of incidents, romantic and thrilling, and a final vindication of morality and religion, in a most startling and tragic close. Like all such early effusions, these interest by showing attempts in various kinds of composition, and also by bearing on every page marks of the style that remained to the end. Every artist has his limits, though he be a Shakspere, a Milton, a Raphael, and, as a rule, the first five strokes anticipate and determine the whole future man. In these early productions, there is a marked forwardness in vivid and somewhat florid style, with balanced antithesis and elaborate phrase, but at the same time with sharp epigram and shrewd observation. He had, in his young manhood, a power of steady work, and a passion for resonant words that told well in other times. But in other times he cared more for other things than for dainty and delicate style. Even the vehemence and chaos of his later handwriting, contrasted with the neat and exquisite style of these days, is physiognomic of the inward change.

Besides these studies in composition, he was, both through his strong social nature and his desire to excel, an active member of the Theological Society, which met during the winter months every Saturday afternoon in the session-house of old Bristo Street Church. Here papers were read, followed by discussions which sifted their themes thoroughly, as well as sharpened the edge and struck out the energy of the speakers. One of those who attended these meetings was William Mackelvie, afterwards minister of Balgedie, and one of Dr Macfarlane's closest friends. They were, however, very much contrasted. Mackelvie, brought up under hardships that would have daunted most, and which left on him, in a certain caustic turn, marks of the conflict to the end, was sententious, reflective, moody, with a pronounced and at any time prepared disposition to assert himself. Living afterwards in a corner of Scotland, beyond the crowded highways, he scanned the wide horizon outside with quick yet close observation. He was one of those men who are greater than their position, though their position, small in bulk, often thereby calls out finer and deeper qualities than could have been developed otherwise, and gives them time and temper to achieve works which compensate for the small place they fill in life, by the large time during which they transmit influences, when themselves have passed away. The granitic honesty, with corresponding roughness and resistance at times, the keen insight into men, the keener insight into man,

the half-melancholy, half-humorous kind of meditation, the power of vivifying spaces of Church history by innumerable portraits of individuals and sharp-edged details that brought up a whole period—these drew the slow, brooding, sarcastic, and somewhat unsparing but most sterling and affectionate man, with his Johnsonian determination and dogmatism, to one very different from him, in sunny, flashing buoyancy, ostentatious adventurousness, and facile, flooding utterance.

Dr Macfarlane says: "It was at Dollar that I first saw him. I had just left the University, and was *in transitu* towards the Divinity Hall in Glasgow. I was then abiding in Dunfermline, and on the outlook for something to do. I had heard that a tutorship was likely to be vacant at Dollar, and rode up one fine summer day to make inquiries. I sent a request to Mr Mackelvie to come and dine with me in the hotel. He came, and along with him an old fellow-student, John Skinner, now settled somewhere (if anywhere) in America. I made little of my visit. Mackelvie was distant and uncommunicative. He did not in any way prepossess me in his avour, and I rode back to Dunfermline, careless whether we should ever meet again. In a few months after this we did meet, at the Hall in Glasgow. The professor had not yet come in. I saw Mackelvie sitting quite alone near the chair. I spoke to him about the tutorship, and asked if I might apply for it. I knew that as this was his last year at the Hall, he was not to return to

Dollar. Scarcely looking at me, he rather gruffly replied, 'You may, sir, if you choose to become a flunkey to Dr Mylne.'

"During the following winter he was occupied with his tutorial labours in some private families, only leaving them in my hands while he was occasionally absent delivering his trials for licence before the then Presbytery of Stirling and Falkirk, from which, on leaving Dollar, he had not been disjoined. During that winter he became a member of the Theological Society, which met every Saturday afternoon, in the old session-house of Bristo Street Church, a society of which few that belonged to it now remain. It was while attending its meetings that my acquaintance with him ripened into friendship. I then discovered what a treasure of honesty and integrity I possessed in him. He led the way into every truly noble and manly purpose, somewhat roughly perhaps, put down all semblances of guile or obsequiousness in others, and with a pardonable self-importance in him, discoursed feelingly upon the superiority of self-reliance in the formative years of life to the privileges and luxuries of those who depend entirely on the smiles of parentage and patronage. He was right in the main, but pushed his views too far by narrowing the circle of judgment to his own personal experiences.

"This, indeed, as it seemed to me, was the one error in judgment which vitiated some of his opinions on men and minds, which disposed him to be sometimes rather

dogged in dogmatisms, as well as minus in forbearance for those whose tastes and character had been formed under the amenities of a sunnier training than what fell to his lot. We naturally over-estimate that *regime* upon which we have made a successful struggle in the world. To this also might be traced his lack of sympathy with some of those gentler but equally real sorrows which accompany more or less the progress of all in their contentions for ongetting or elevation in the various arenas of life. Some of us thought that we, too, had had our own difficulties, but he pooh-poohed them all as less than nothing besides his *infandum dolorem*. Many a battle I fought with him on these and other matters, especially on the Saturday afternoons and evenings, in my lodgings, on our return from the debates of our Theological Society; but rarely, if ever, did he allow me the satisfaction of having convinced him.

"I rather think that he never through life modified the somewhat severe estimates he had formed of certain policies of politenesses which obtain, and ought to obtain, in all well-bred—that is, in all Christian—societies. He was a great admirer of Samuel Johnson, and committed the very common mistake of copying the blatant eccentricities rather than the worthier features of the 'Bolt Court' philosopher."

Mackelvie and he belonged some years also to a Dick club, named after their honoured professor, in which gathered together occasionally those who were now far

scattered and rarely met. The chief result of this association was Mackelvie's "Life of Michael Bruce," a work that did the great and permanent service of settling the question of Bruce's authorship of the Ode to the Cuckoo, and of some of the finest of the Scottish paraphrases, and thus of securing the immortal renown of the hectic, pensive lad who died at twenty in the obscure Kinnesswood. His friend cheered him in this welcome undertaking, and, as was his wont, did not fail to give him just and overflowing praise in a review.

Another of his companions was Peter Carruthers, settled all his days in a place even more remote from the main currents of the denomination than Mackelvie. Many a year, and the more lovingly as the years drew to a close, did the Glasgow or London minister run from the more open and trying sea of city work into the quiet harbour of Longtown, near the Border, and talk over with his friend the old Queensferry, Dunfermline, and Edinburgh days. And when men familiar in their boyhood, as Ebenezer Brown of Inverkeithing, and John Brown of Whitburn, Dr Husband and Dr Macfarlane's father, Dr Peddie and John Brown of Edinburgh, rose up in the talk of the days that were no more, the study of the Longtown minister became in a moment as a cave of Endor, in which the old prophets rose from their graves, in the mantles they wore, and in the very tones and words that had long been silent. These memories brought up their own early days, with their difficulties. One inci-

dent, often recalled, was very characteristic. Macfarlane was always vigorous and not a little ambitious, but neither did his vigour, much less his ambition, in Presbytery discourses, always satisfy the stern Rhadamanthine judges. On one occasion he was mercilessly cut into, and all the succulences shorn away to the very point of annihilation, and he groaned in absolute despair to his sympathising friend, who hastened to pour the oil and wine into the wounds he had received from the fathers of the court.

These defeats of the old time were a joy to recall, when manhood had its many victories to repose on. The two friends seem to have oscillated in their Sabbath attendance between two Secession pulpits in Edinburgh, those of old Dr James Peddie, and of Dr John Brown, then in his meridian. Dr Peddie had, by his lectures on the Scriptures, taught Dr Brown himself, in his early student days, the rudiments of his afterwards carefully-developed expository art; and very much through the influence of the same venerated man, Dr Macfarlane excelled in after-years in nothing more than in his mapping out a passage, and causing the lights of his mind to play keenly on the dividing angles and the broad surfaces of its contents. Like his teacher, he never displayed his exegetical apparatus, but laying it aside at once, as technical and encumbering, struck into the vein of ore, and threw it out for immediate currency. John Brown was the Achilles, as Peddie was the Nestor, of the Secession camp in Edinburgh. He was as pas-

sionately fond of particles, as of principles, and with his memorable mingling of the look and bearing of a scholar, a soldier, and a saint, left on the young student, as he did on all, the stamp of a powerful and a noble individuality, which no lengthening years could ever leave behind. Our young student was also at this time secretary to the celebrated Dr Abercromby. His friend Dr Dewar had procured for him this appointment. Association, even in this capacity, with such a man, so wise and so devout, was a privilege not lost on one so reverential of excellence, and receptive of kindness. During this whole period, however, there was the constant influence of a life without the old home, or of any other fixed home, and with somewhat of a struggle to make bread for the passing week, now in Edinburgh, now in Glasgow, and again in Dunfermline. He had, indeed, a splendid fund of spirits and health, but doubtless these unfavourable circumstances went deep into his keen and mobile susceptibilities, and made that period very memorable for its early difficulties, as well as its early enthusiasms. At last he came within sight of the goal of his student life, his licence to preach the Gospel. He spent the summer months of 1829 in the Balgedie manse. This was six weeks after the ordination of William Mackelvie. There he worked in his friend's garden, wandered amidst the sacred spots, the grave of Michael Bruce, and the church of Ebenezer Erskine in Portmoak, was soothed and stirred by the

sweep of the Lomonds, and the gleaming or gloomy waters of Loch Leven, with its castle haunted by memories of Queen Mary's imprisonment. He went constantly, and was a great favourite, among the farms and homes of those whose fathers had felt the first strokes of Ebenezer Erskine's new power, when the Spirit of God quickened him in that distant parish, and "made him wax strong in spirit, and be in these deserts till the day of his showing unto Israel." There were John Birrell, the intimate friend of Michael Bruce, and two others he loved to speak of in after-years, Mr and Mrs White, the latter of whom was a mother in Israel, well read, to use his own words, in the old divines, and having the Erskines and Matthew Henry at her finger ends. In those days he studied the books of the library his friend was already collecting, and wrote his trial discourses for licence. Edinburgh was, however, his ecclesiastical headquarters, and there he was licensed to preach the Gospel on April 7th, 1830. Five days after, he gave his first sermon in his friend's pulpit: he himself writes in reference to the memorable event, that "through some difficulties, the petition for the formation of the Balgedie congregation was about to fall to the ground in the Presbytery of Dunfermline, because not one could be persuaded to go and open the new station. At length, after considerable hesitation, my father (as was reported to me) took it in hand, and with a thump of his fist on the table, declared that if none other would go, he would. He

accordingly went, preached the first sermon in a barn at Balgedie, belonging to Laird White. This happened some time in 1800. The Balgedie worthies never forgot this, and hence the very warm reception they in after-years gave myself, when I went to preach my first sermon after licence in Dr Mackelvie's pulpit." This sermon is still preserved in an old note-book, and is on the text, "Thy love is better than wine." "This text," writes Mr George Macfarlane, most interestingly, "was chosen for his *first*, because it was the *last* preached on by his *father*, who closed his Master's work in Crossgates pulpit—preaching all day on it, closing in the afternoon with such power and earnestness, that there was scarcely a dry eye in the congregation. I was present (my father having taken me for company with him, in walking to and from Crossgates), and young as I was then, that day's work is as fresh before me now as if of yesterday —though fifty years have passed since. It was the impression on me that made me suggest this text to John as his *first;* and he said in a moment, 'I will.'" He preached the same sermon on following Sabbaths in Hamilton, in Dr Kidston's, Glasgow, in Saltcoats with Mr Ellis, in Dr Belfrage's, Falkirk, and at last on 30th May, in Kincardine-on-Forth. The result was that he was called to this place on 12th August 1830, and, after some delay, was ordained by the Presbytery of Stirling on March 29th, 1831.

CHAPTER III.

PUBLIC LIFE—KINCARDINE-ON-FORTH.

THE whole public life of Dr Macfarlane now lies before us, with its three divisions—Kincardine, Glasgow, and London. Each rises above the other in work, power, and success. During the next forty-four years, with their many other changes, there never was a pause of advance. Kincardine was a place of work upon others, but it was also a continuation of the work upon himself, preparing him for the wider and more strenuous efforts of his mid-time and evening. The congregation there heard him, as we have seen, in one of his first appearances as a probationer, and had no difficulty in making up their mind as to their choice. The long periods of probation which men of genuine ability have often to endure, as they pass in vain from vacancy to vacancy, were not his lot. His solid qualities were not impaired by the absence of those more brilliant gifts that captivate the popular ear and eye. Nor do we wonder that Kincardine was his choice also. It lies near Dunfermline, midway on the road to Stirling, and was the very place a young untried minister of twenty-

four would desire for a start in life. This rural and seafaring village, on the banks of the Forth, is shunted into a siding from the main highway, feeling the pulses of the great heart-centres of Scottish movement, Glasgow and Edinburgh, that stirred yet stilled the mind, and is linked to distant lands by the vessels in the dreamy, dusty harbour, having in its streets, most irregular and improvised, the usual undistracting play of village interests, and in neighbouring fields and hills, the historic memories of Falkirk, Bannockburn, and Stirling, and the deep folds of the Ochil glens, while far off towered the sublime forms of the Highland range. The quiet of such a place, and the comparative smallness of the congregation, gave him time to master the great themes of his sacred teaching in the manner which weekly pulpit-work demands, and to learn how to handle his forces of knowledge and experience as the shifting phases of his ministerial campaign called for. To gather more tools for work, and skill rightly to wield them, is occupation enough for a minister's first years. Happy he who is not thrust at once into the place of a general, with its overwhelming calls, on half-training and no experience! Happy he who knows how to prize and to put to usury the humbler, but to himself more helpful, posts in the army!

Our young minister used to say, that it was in Kincardine that he laid the foundation of all his future work. The tastes that formerly expended themselves on

the Song of the Mermaids, and the story of Edward Sutton, were not in vain, but they had to set into tastes for nobler and more needed themes. The great things of God in the redemption of Christ, and the work of the Spirit on men's souls in their infinitely varied stages from the confirmed sinner up to the confirmed saint—these he must make known, feel through, think through, and give out to others for their use in time and eternity.

The student of divinity passing into the minister of a congregation at one step, is like the soldier on drill in some peaceful field, or on march through applauding streets, who in a few weeks or months finds himself in the stern fight with the enemy in front, and amidst the shock of battle. And when in addition to dealing face to face with these greatest themes, another and an almost more untried field opens to him, in visiting the sick, comforting the bereaved, speaking to troubled consciences, and, what is sometimes harder still, adjusting contrary opinions, and governing uncontrollable tempers, he finds the human side of his work as hard as the divine. I do not wonder that a larger number of our young ministers die in the first three years of their settlement than in all the other years of the first decade. Our friend went straight with all his ardour, and power of tough and rough work into his duties. The Kincardine study was his real theological hall, where, under the guidance of the old Puritans and Seceders, and of the new books as they came out, and above all, under the devout reading of God's Word, he

gradually became a master in Israel, who knew the things of the Gospel and the divine life. His library shelves were year by year filled with books old and new. Few men had more of the older authors, and he delighted latterly in the thought that no man possessed so complete a set of every book printed by Secession and United Presbyterian authors. His own study Bible is second only to Ralph Erskine's in careful markings. Going over page after page, we see how he had carefully gleaned in every field of revelation, and the richer and deeper words of Christ are underlined with thoughtful love. Not that he studied the Bible formally, as an exegete searching into the subtle flavours of different readings and renderings and the shades of meaning which the innermost verbal structure gives, but he studied it, if not as a botanist, yet as a gardener, who knows and loves his plants as well as if he had thoroughly mastered their technical names and relations. It was a manly, experimental study, and it made him in every sense "a workman not needing to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." This study bore fruits in all departments of his work.

One of those that is apt to be neglected, but should be all the more cultivated, on account of our Presbyterian want of a liturgy, was his careful conduct of the public devotional services. His prayers, whether in the family or the congregation, had the studied art as well as the native accent of worship. Being skilfully devout, being reverent, well ordered, flexible, passing naturally from

thoughts of Divine majesty and mercy to those of human sin and need, they led, comforted, and strengthened the common heart, and were, as are all true prayers, common, even in their individual references; for all mercies are akin, and deep calls to deep, though it may be in a far-off and lonely part of the wide and ever-changing sea of human want. Chastened fervour, knowledge of men in their permanent and passing moods, scriptural colouring of words—these made the prayer the greatest ordinance of his services, as it ought always to be, because it is the ordinance that, as it touches God, fills all hearts with His presence. In his private record he says as to the other part of his work: "I tried, I hope I learned, to preach in Kincardine." But this learning came through honest labour, to which his note-books bear witness. His earliest discourses have a solidity and development about them which he never surpassed. Indeed, so thorough are they, and so curiously illustrative of first thoughts being the best, and the last sweep of the circle meeting its first curve, that he never lost sight of them. Their theology, evangelical and experimental, remained with him to the end, and their very selves also. For the sermons he used in larger hand to read on great occasions, thirty years afterwards, were very much the same as the sermons in the painfully but beautifully minute hand he wrote in the earlier times, when paper was more scarce and patience more abundant; so that not only were the foundations laid, but very much of the

superstructure was then raised. The sermon, for example, which he preached on the Sabbath after his ordination is precisely the sermon he would have preached on the last Sabbath of his ministry. The text is 2 Chron. xviii. 13, "As the Lord liveth, even what my God saith, that will I speak." The main divisions are these two: *First*, The most important vital doctrines of Christianity. These are, that all stand in need of a Saviour, that they are of themselves incompetent to their own salvation; that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is the only Saviour; that the term of salvation is faith in Jesus Christ, and that Jesus Christ is indiscriminately offered a Saviour to all. *Second*, The system of morality that is raised on these doctrines. The other discourses follow in the same lines, but with all the variety and fulness of their themes. It was his practice, as was common in these days, to take a book of Scripture for exposition. This, when thoroughly done, is a splendid and indispensable discipline for a young minister, and for the people it is most instructive and interesting. Luther's favourite title, Doctor Biblicus, should be cherished still. It has been said by shrewd hearers that his terse, advancing, varied, yet connected, commentaries were, both as reflections of the Divine mind and exercises of his own, by far his most prized public teaching. True to himself, and alive to all that was passing in the Church and the world, he liked also to preach on the signs of the times, and such events as the centenary, in 1833, of the Secession Church. These gave

to his people proofs of his public spirit, as well as stimulated their own, and when repeated in neighbouring churches, were the first tokens of his being public property. But at that period, in Kincardine, as in other congregations, the half-yearly communion was the highest summit of the mount of ordinances. His own sermons for these occasions were on the central themes of the love and redemption of Christ, and they were carefully prepared. But there were also more sermons by the assisting brethren. One record of these may be given as showing us the thoroughness of his ministry, as well as affording a specimen of an old custom, which is, after all changes, less honoured in the breach than in the observance. The Sabbath after the communion was what was called thanksgiving day, and on one of these the young minister preached from the text, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing may be lost," ingeniously recalling and resetting the topics of the past solemnity. First comes the robe that is put on converted sinners. Upon this theme Ebenezer Brown, his father's friend, now nearing his own gathering to his fathers, preached on Saturday. This was a great theme for such a saint and speaker, whose very look and tones and gestures, as well as words and life, were Gospel all through. Then, second, the respect of converted sinners for the Gospel; under which head was woven into the discourse the sermon of the same Saturday by Mr Anderson of Dunblane on the text, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." Ebenezer

Brown mounts the pulpit, or more probably in the open-air tent, on the evening of the Sabbath, after the long and varied tables of the Supper, and spoke on the advantages of obeying the Gospel of Christ, from the text, "If a man keep my saying he shall never see death." From the sketch of his thoughts we can see how he lifted his hearers step by step gradually from the heart that, in weakness but earnestness, kept the sayings of Christ, to the deathless hope, and at last heaven, of that heart with Christ, thrilling all with his trembling and triumphant silver tones, as at the close he exclaimed, "Spread abroad His sayings: to your knees, O Christians!" Again on Monday the old saint gets again on the prodigal's track, and opens up the vision of heaven which that matchless stroke of our Lord reveals, "Likewise, I say unto you, There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." He never preached in Kincardine again, and soon left this world for that other to which he had long been less a stranger than to this, leaving on that district, and beyond it, the double reputation, beside which no third can be placed, of a heart of unworldly saintliness and lips of seraphic fire. The second sermon on the Monday was by Mr Anderson on the text, "When the Son of Man shall appear in glory." "Now, brethren," said the young minister, "these are some of the fragments of the sacramental feast. I hope this gathering of them has been also a feast for you; I hope this will make them more memorable, and that these

sayings will be indeed a feast to your souls all the days of your life." There are many rich and contrasted scenes of the Scottish intellect and character. Few countries so small have had room for phenomena so varied as the metaphysics of Hume and Reid; the poetry, so local yet so catholic in its tragic and humorous elements, of Burns; the heroism of Bruce and of the Reformers and Covenanters through many periods and phases. But the sacramental seasons were the central fires that warmed and lifted up the Scottish character, delivering it from the chill, intellectual frost of Hume's negations and the passionate fever of Burns's fire. The great Bannockburn nobilities of purpose, rising afterwards into the Drumclog battle for religious truth and liberty, had now settled into hallowed repose in these sacramental gatherings, amidst the purpling twilights of Scottish summer evenings and the woven spells of Scottish mountain heights and meadow streams. Two curious things connected with these sacramental occasions he himself records—that in 1833 they became quarterly, and in 1836 simultaneous. Both of these events point to changes going on alike in the religious and social habits of the people. Year by year the Kincardine minister began to be known beyond his own congregation. Men well able to judge, such as Mr Towers of Birkenhead, then a young student in the neighbourhood, say that there was about him an evangelical fervour, combined with an attractive grace of style and manner, that opened up a ready way for him wherever he came, and made his

preaching a power over the conscience and heart, as well as over the taste. The passages taken from his earliest sermons, and printed in his last book, "Pulpit Echoes," are perhaps the most interesting in that volume.

Take, for example, as specimens, two illustrations, drawn from the spot: "When you see a beautiful and majestic river, such as this Forth beside us, flowing through a fertile valley, you are pleased with the idea that it is enriching the soil through which it passes. When you trace that river to its source, and find that, deep and vast as it is, it issues from a scarcely perceptible streamlet, you are amazed that so many waters and so many blessings should flow from what appears so insignificant. For a like reason, though in some respects to be modified, we come to admire the love of Christ in our redemption." We shall give only another: "It is said that there are 'Seven Wonders' in the world, and that we have one of them not very far from our own doors—'a crag in a carse,' or a great rock in a wide plain. You that have looked from the ramparts of Stirling Castle towards the west, have seen it, and when you saw it, you perhaps wondered that it should be counted one of the seven; but if you were learned geologists, your wonder might cease. The Cross of Calvary, however, has a great many more wonders than the world."

His manner varied with advancing days, as all living manners do. The fresh morning light flashing on a stream is different from the imperial glow at mid-day,

and from the pathetic chords of colour, so solemn and tender, of the twilight. We can see something of all these in this three-fold book, with its Kincardine, Glasgow, and Clapham chapters. The first tints of the morning of his ministry are very attractive, fresh as the Gospel, ever renewing itself, and fresh as the unworn hopefulness of the young preacher. He had not been settled in his charge more than two or three years till his preparations for the pulpit, though equally careful, took a new form, from which he never departed. Special occasions, indeed, made him fall back upon carefully-written compositions, but then they were read. But in these days there was no middle course between *memoriter* and *extempore* preaching. Reading, or the "Paper," as it was contemptuously called, was, in the eye of our forefathers, "setting up the abomination in the House of the Lord." To be a reader of a manuscript in the pulpit, and a rationalistic Moderate in doctrine, were reckoned alike. Paul himself reading his parchments, though the parchments on which were written the Epistles to the Romans or the Corinthians, would have found in a Secession pulpit a more than Corinthian contempt. Certainly he would never have received a regular Gospel call to it. His mental and spiritual presence would have been reckoned equally weak with his bodily. The Paper was as great an evil as the patronage, and was simply intolerable. Ebenezer or Ralph Erskine with it, would have had no chance with the poorest probationer, without it. No doubt, by this time

Dr Chalmers and others had rolled away the reproach of Moderatism of doctrine and feeling from the Paper. Nevertheless, Dissent did not allow it. And this dislike has much to say on its behalf. Dr Macfarlane, all through his life, never made a habit of indulging in it, and in a short time it was with him, as he writes concerning Dr Archer: "Though at the very outset he wrote his sermons fully out, and mandated carefully, he was erelong driven to the easier and better plan of making an ample sketch of his sermon, and preaching therefrom." It cost Dr Macfarlane much trouble to get himself fairly off the old rails and on to the new, and he believed it cost the congregation much also. "At first," he would often say, "I used to talk a great deal of nonsense; I blundered into my new style at the expense of my congregation." However, his instinct was right in this change; for he was one who, if he ever had, soon lost the fear with which going into the pulpit haunts many of the ablest preachers. Even to the last he had a command of abundant and vivid speech, his thoughts came readily to him, and his fancy did its spiriting gently, and so he made himself into that kind of preacher into which he also had been born. For, like the poet, the preacher is born and is also made. Many a time he used to tell that his folk would say to him, "Doctor, do not give us any of your grand, written sermons; we like far better your warm off-hand Gospel preaching." And though he did not object on occasion to come out in what may be called the full

dress costume of a written and read sermon, still he felt freer and happier in the ordinary garb. He would say, "I have succeeded by preaching the Gospel, that is what the people want. If they want science or literature, they can get both better elsewhere. But they do not want either on the Sabbath. Then they want their souls fed and comforted. There is a brother minister far abler than I am who is emptying his church. He preached the other day a whole hour on the heel of a negro (the heel of the African being supposed by some to be more ape-like than man-like), to prove the unity of the human race. What do people care about the heel of a negro? They want the Gospel, and I give them it." Such was his rough and ready explanation of what he felt and practised as the real power of the pulpit. And he was right certainly in reference to himself. His sermons in full dress might be admired by a few as spectacular, but it was his ready speech, so manly and so devout, so tender and shrewd, that won young and old. He had all the former dislike of his forefathers for pulpit essays, attempts, as the word aptly called them, instead of sermons. So from that time he threw himself on the inspiration that comes from honest work. All his faculties were then free to act, because his memory was not bound. One used, in reference to Dr Wardlaw's first reading his discourses, to say, that he was often tempted to cry out, as the preacher was evidently hampered by his paper, "Loose him and let him go." Dr Macfarlane

loosed himself from the bondage of the paper on the memory as well as the paper on the desk, and henceforth went on his way rejoicing. In this, however, as in other things, the rule holds, Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. What is natural and best for one may be intolerably hampering and hurtful to another.

Public movements meanwhile were stirring all around, which caught him in their current, or into which he flung himself eagerly. Three years before he settled in Kincardine, his friend Dr Marshall introduced, in his keen and conclusive manner, the whole question of the connection between Church and State. It is a large, and in some aspects far from an easy, question. It concerns the whole relations of the spiritual and the secular in human society. But it is a question that asks settlement from every thoughtful, and asks it most pressingly from every Christian, man. It is a question, moreover, which the tide of events in the religious and civil history of the country now floated into the very heart of the nation, and which demanded reconsideration of its principle, certainly readjustment of its details. The unjust and mischievous treatment of Dissenters, alike Protestant and Catholic, as citizens, stirred the nation to look into the subject, first as one of a practical sort; but, like all agitations so originated, it soon went to its roots as one of abstract speculation and scriptural proof. So now the battle was set in order; and, after more than thirty years, war is still waged.

Concession after concession of civil rights has been made. There has been a disruption in the Scottish Church, and a disestablishment in the Irish, and men of all parties are now convinced that the time of fruit final and ripe is, if not yet, still not far off. John Hampden's refusal to pay his 3s. 6d. of cess tax, at the arbitrary bidding of King Charles, brought him and the Long Parliament into action. John Macfarlane and the ringing of a bell is, on a much smaller scale, the old story repeated. "A steeple," he records, "was elevated on his church in the summer of 1832, cost £180.". But a steeple without a bell is an incompleteness, and a bell without a tongue one more so; not to be used is one still greater. So, in the course of building this steeple, an interdict was served upon the minister, elders, and managers, at the instance of the Rev. Andrew Bullock. The interdict bore, oddly enough, the signature of Mr Bell, the procurator of the church. The principle which it was intended to establish was the exclusive right of the Established Church to the use of bells, for intimating the time of public worship. The case latterly was allowed to be withdrawn, the parish minister however being found liable in all expenses. Of course this was the great event for the time in Kincardine. Nor was the young minister one on whose tongue it was easy to place an interdict. The sound of that bell went far and wide; and often in after-days, with laughter and complacency,

he told the story of his early triumph, in having secured a hearing for the first Dissenting bell in Scotland. The Voluntary controversy, as it was then called, was conducted generally with plenty of arguments, but too frequently with a want of amenity. Slander grew busy when argument ceased, and anger was roused. One Philo-Scotus had been conspicuous in this unchristian fashion of defending a Christian principle. We cannot help giving a specimen of the young minister's dealing with him, for the sake of showing his fun and fire, and of warning debaters of high questions from the use of indefensible weapons. Abridgment of a letter in the Voluntary Church magazine is needed: "Sir, Philo-Scotus is only a bullock, and is as yet without horns. What can have awakened this rabid paroxysm? Scarlet objects are notorious for exciting the special fury of animals of this species. He has suffered himself to be goaded into madness, simply by the tinkling of a neighbouring bell." Many good men have been gifted with this forcible way of controversy. In Luther it amounted to genius; in Calvin it is dull abuse. It was a habit of Puritans and High Churchmen alike. It lingered in the Voluntary controversy, and is at this hour far from being extinct. But at no time, and for no truth, is it either an ornament or a defence. Such are not the forcible words of which the wise man says, "How good they are." Of these the opposite would be more true. We give this specimen because

the portrait of our friend would be incomplete without it. But however unwarrantably vehement he might be, he was never meanly venomous. Connected with his love of liberty of all kinds, an incident he jots down a little further on is worth recording: "Made my first motion in the Synod, Friday, 9th October 1835. Cause, Mr Dunlop of Dumfries allowing Independent ministers to preach in his pulpit." Exclusiveness clings to all parties, and even in his own Synod there needed to be a protest against some unwise restriction. His action, in this instance, might also be stimulated by his first visit to the great metropolis in 1833, though it is curious to notice that, in these days of slow travelling, a man of his locomotion had not visited Melrose and Abbotsford; and, what was more wonderful, neither Perth nor Dundee till 1835.

More important than these public events to the real history of a man, are those that touch his heart and his home. And now such befell him. His only sister, all through his studies the object of his love, was to have made the Kincardine manse a true home to him, but within the first year of his ministry, on August 14, 1832, she died. His first book, called "The Night Lamp," is a narrative, as the title says, "of the means by which spiritual darkness was dispelled from the death-bed of Agnes Maxwell Macfarlane." Though printed in 1851, eighteen years after her death, the larger portions, being conversations on her death-bed, were written at the time.

None of his books were more eagerly sought, and it was his joy to know that in many instances it had helped souls at the turning-point of their decision for Christ and a life devoted to Him. Letters from America and many other parts, some from well-known men, and others from persons utterly unknown to him, save in their grateful expressions, were sent to him. On reading the book again, even with a somewhat critical eye, the mind is frequently carried away by its beautiful home-memories, and, above all, by the dramatic vividness with which this deepest of dramas—the story of a soul struggling out of darkness into light—is told. The literary and biographical interest soon passes into the religious, and we watch the fortunes of this tender yet resolute spirit as it sounds the depths of the darkest speculation, as well as those of the dreariest experience, with an anxiety which passes into joy when a hand comes forth, and lifting it up, sets it amidst spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ. This book, written for the most part at the death-bed, was kept for twice nine years, and only then was brought to light. Like many another good book, it was written with no purpose of fame or publicity, but to relieve the bereaved heart in its love to her and to Him who had delivered her.

No other of his books has the same kind of interest. It reminds us somewhat of that portrait of Mrs Graham, by Gainsborough, now in the Edinburgh National Gallery. Dying shortly after it was painted, her husband,

latterly Lord Lynedoch, could never bear to look on it again. And so it was hidden in some London garret for nearly fifty years. On his death, the portrait was brought to light, and the story so touching adds a fresh pathos to the face so singularly full of life and beauty on the canvas. So this book, for many years out of sight, revealed at last to many a work of Divine grace as well as of human love, all the more affecting because so long concealed.

It was only after five years' longer loneliness in the manse that at last the minister was married at Glasgow, on Tuesday the 27th March 1837, by Dr Kidston, to Janet Jamieson Kidston, his second daughter. They were thirty-two years together; and after that, instead of herself, there was only the portrait of her calm, meek face over the mantelpiece of his Clapham study. Looking up at it steadfastly one day, he said to the writer: "Her place can never be filled again; my life ended with hers;" and in a moment he passed to some trivial topic. It was not wonderful that a man like him felt thus. She had all the qualities that first drew, and then filled his heart more and more. Unselfish, unostentatious, the very soul of gentleness, the law of kindness was on her lips, the temper of thoughtfulness on her brow; her step moved round you and order came, her hand reached yours and was never withdrawn. One of those subtle paced, sweetly moving, but firmly poised natures, that bless you ere you are aware; and when

they pass into another life, it seems as if to them it were no great change: but to those that are left the change is absolute and for ever.

During the years God spared them to each other, all felt how fitted they were to complete each other. She loved quiet colours, both in her dress, in her looks, in her words, in her whole being. She had a gentle but strong will, and its influence was pervading and decisive. He did not in the least affect neutral tints, but warm, bright colours in speech and in spirit also. He made for movement and for effects, for he loved the fulness of action as well as of being. So they helped each other. This temperament of hers was deepened by losses of children and weakening health, and in the growing repose of her chastened faith, hope, and love. Grace completed what nature and Providence had so well begun.

This connection also linked him closely to another of the Levitical families of the denomination. Her father, Dr William Kidston, lived to be the patriarch of the United Presbyterian Church, and was chosen by reason of seniority and service, Moderator of its first Synod. Her grandfather was one of the noted earlier ministers of the Secession, and was a friend of such men as John Brown and George Lawson. It was a great pleasure to see Dr Kidston and Dr Macfarlane in the house, and under the stimulus of a third, to see them for instance at the table, and under the sunshine

of Dr Crichton, opening up their stories of old times, in which the men of old lived again, with the constant by-play of the son-in-law's loving familiarity, and drawing out of the venerable man.

Dr Crichton was an old friend of both, for it was never forgotten that he was in Dr Kidston's house that evening when Dr Macfarlane proposed marriage to his daughter. He had known him well in his own early Duntocher days, when John Macfarlane, as Dr Crichton used to call him, came down to make glad the house of his friend. These three men are now away. The oldest died first. "There comes Dr Kidston again," said Dr Crichton, when, under the weight of more than eighty years, he walked with light nimble step into the Synod, whose minutes he had recorded for nearly fifty years. "He'll daunder on till the day of judgment." Once when nearly eighty he travelled alone from London, and was not in the least fatigued, but sparkled all evening afterwards in genial conversation; and, ere the parting came, prayed with most simple and elevated fervour. And, Dr Crichton, too, is away; a lover of good men, and, probably better still, of men not very good, but for their benefit, so full of generosity was he, a man of most refined charm as a gentleman, of most attractive graces as a Christian. And now we are writing the biography of the last of the three.

Cheered at last in his home and in his work by this best and tenderest of friends, all things prospered.

He was becoming rapidly well known. In the year of his marriage he visited London as the deputy of the Scottish Missionary Society, and collected £232. In 1839, he went with his wife, her sister, Mary Scott Kidston, and their father, to France and the Netherlands for two months, the first of many Continental visits.

Few men could travel better than he did; and it requires a large, quick, and full mind to see what is before the eye, as the scene shifts daily from place to place. It is one of the best of relaxations both for body and mind; and it is an education that tells powerfully on a thoughtful man, when other schools have failed or ceased to teach. Some men in travelling have certain marked likings that make a city or country full of intense and fresh interest. To search out in Paris the house in which Pascal died, or to stand beside his grave in the church of St Etienne du Mont, strikes deeper chords, and leaves richer memories in such than a walk up the Champs Elysées or down the Rue Rivoli. Apart from such choice experiences which, to a mind reproductive of the past and reflective of all great and permanent things, make travelling a moral and spiritual luxury, as well as discipline, there are the broad, universal interests of scene and story, and manners and religion. Dr Macfarlane enjoyed all these, and perhaps to him, as to many, no books were so stimulating and suggestive as these

great open books of mountain and valley, street, square, and cathedral, of which every new day of travel opened to his view a fresh page.

But besides this travelling, this reading of these great books of scene and story, he entered at this time on his own making of books. He began somewhat early, in his thirtieth year, and, on occasion, pursued it over his next thirty years. His first book and his last were biographies of friends, representing two very different styles of men, place, and period. His Life of Dr Belfrage of Falkirk, and that of Dr Archer, fitly commence and close his writing of books. His Life of Dr Lawson was written during the last year of his busy life in Glasgow, and was, in fact, his hardest work of real labour, as it is his best of real merit, both in theme and treatment. The Memoir of Henry Belfrage was published in 1837, in connection with Dr John M'Kerrow of the Bridge of Teith. Along with the ancestral love of the cradle of his race, rocked at the foot of the Highlands, there was his great affection for his fellow-workman. The historian of the Secession, apart from his memorable work, which, in its use of original materials and in its store of important facts and sound principles, can never lose its place, was a man of most hearty spirit, a good friend, and a good man—another of those men who make their place of work memorable, because of their work. His death, thirty years after, fell suddenly upon the Synod, in which his former co-worker was Moderator, in the very

beginning of its meeting. To have a share in gathering up the memories of Dr Belfrage was congenial in many ways to the latter. He had been friend both to his father and grandfather, had preached the funeral sermon of the latter, and written one of his truly memorable sketches of the former. He knew Dr Belfrage from his boyhood, and in his youth had received much kindness from him. Besides all this, which is more strictly personal, Dr Belfrage had introduced a style of tender and pathetic elegance into his sermons, and, especially his table addresses, which was uncommon at that period. There was in it something of the unction of Fenelon, and of the flowing persuasiveness of which Massillon is the great master. He appealed thus to the young biographer on his side of love of fine writing and balanced periods, as well as of Gospel truth and gentleness. It is a book worth reading, even at this distance of time; a fine portrait of a scholarly gentleman and minister who could cultivate refined graces of demeanour and composition, which are apt to be lost sight of in the hurried undress and brusque earnestness of the present time. And, beside the central portrait, there are rapid yet clear glimpses of men who built up and adorned a past period, and especially of Dr Waugh, with his London missionary zeal for the world's salvation, as well as his London visions of the old Scottish streams and haughs of his boyhood and early ministry. Dr Macfarlane's part of the book is written in a cer-

tain stiffly-elegant fashion, like a young writer who is not sure of his handling, and with a curious likeness, as was natural, to Dr Belfrage's own manner of portrait-painting; first carefully looking round to, and taking an inventory of, every possible intellectual and moral excellence, before he timidly puts his hand on what was really in the man he painted. It has not the freedom and force of his latter style, but it has not also its blemishes and negligences. The widow of Dr Belfrage lived many years after him; and one day when Dr Macfarlane was nearing his end, they met for the last time. Not long before his death, he writes, that he read over, after having never looked into it for thirty years, this Life of Dr Belfrage, and was surprised to find how much it interested him. This is a common experience. There is, with whatever defects, always in an early work a freshness of youthful feeling; and in declining years it is still surrounded with the magical atmosphere of the time when it was written.

Most writers begin with some brief pamphlet, and if that shot, as of an advanced picket, strike the mark, are encouraged to bring forward for some greater effort the heavier artillery of a volume. But with Dr Macfarlane the volume made ample way for the pamphlet. The Voluntary controversy was rich to superfluity in pamphlets, and the anti-endowment phase of that controversy not less so than the others. Dr Chalmers, who, after the smoke of battle has cleared off, stands out now

as distinctly the greatest historical figure on either side, had not only defended Church Establishments in principle, but had at this time put the strength of his noble heart and impassioned eloquence into the practical work of extending the national church, by adding to its operations, and therefore asking further endowment from the State. This concentrated the conflict for a time upon the actual supply which the spiritual wants of Scotland required, and the power of the Voluntary principle to meet them. It is instructive, now that the volcano is extinct, to mark that this very movement did two things which were not aimed at: first, it developed and intensified, for the evangelical leaders were also the leaders in defence of Church Establishment, the assertion of spiritual independence, which led to the Disruption; and second, the Disruption in its turn has demonstrated, even to many of the wisest at that time in the Scottish Church, that the Voluntary principle not only can achieve, but has achieved its work without the help of State endowment. On the other hand, in the midst of the conflict, the nobler aims of Chalmers were often not sufficiently acknowledged; and the principles of Voluntaryism pushed to conclusions not really belonging to them.

The education, however, of a hundred years had not been lost on the Secession, and, even though Ralph Erskine would have agreed in words in his day with Dr Chalmers rather than with Dr Macfarlane, yet the latter

was more in sympathy with the real convictions of the old Seceder, and had, moreover, the advantage of being, in the main, right in his principles. These principles he expounded in an anti-endowment lecture, published in April 1839. Another pamphlet, which reached three editions in three weeks, entitled "Dissenting Neutrality," appeared in 1840. This touched the political relations of the two opposing parties in the State, the Whig and Tory, to the Voluntaries, and defended a course of neutrality in certain circumstances, when both parties alike neglected claims which were reckoned paramount to all party politics. The two pamphlets close his public controversial career. Not that he ever lost his keen interest in current events, or his power of putting a case with trenchant brevity and broad sense, but that he had got other work to do—work also which he loved better, and felt would ultimately settle minor questions of Church life, by the less direct but more certain road of settling in souls the greatest question of all, that of the existence and growth of Christian life itself. This he had somewhat anticipated, in a few articles which he contributed to the *Christian Treasury*, on "Moral Views of London." This, indeed, preceded, in 1838, his other two pamphlets, and was the beginning of the interest in that continent of a city that ended in his giving to it his last years. But as was his custom, both from conscience and affection, he gave his own people his best work—and in

Kincardine his last work was his best. He writes briefly thus: "Cheering revivals of religion took place at Kilsyth and Dundee; visited Kilsyth and was satisfied that the work of the Lord is advancing among the people." The next entry is: "Instituted from fifteen to twenty prayer-meetings in the month of October; all well attended."

Not long after this came his call to Nicolson Street Church, Glasgow, in June 1840; and in July was celebrated his thirty-first, and last, sacrament among the people of his first charge. So the ten years came to an end. They had been years full of prosperity and progress—the progress that comes only once, that of conquering early difficulties, and of passing from the spring, with its blossoms, into the first fulness of summer; the prosperity never to be repeated in every opening leaf of fresh thought and affection, gathering quick and full, and not one with the shadow of fading, or the sadness of falling. In his next two churches and homes graver interests came as well as greater. And so Kincardine, ever after, lay behind him as a sort of early golden age, from which he had passed forward into years of wider but harder work. We shall close this chapter with a heart photograph taken by himself, when he felt that another change—and that the greatest—was drawing near to him: "*Saturday, 25th October* 1869.—The brougham was ordered round by 10.30, and I drove off from Dunfermline all alone. I objected to any one

accompanying me to visit *incog.* the scene of my earliest pastoral charge. On reaching the toll-gate, at the entrance of Kincardine, I left the carriage, and bound the driver down not to tell at the inn who had come in it. I then began my solitary and somewhat melancholy stroll—not a soul did I meet that I knew, and no one recognised me. I visited the old churchyard of Tulliallan and the inscriptions on the monumental stones explained it all. Down in the town the living were to me as dead, and here, among the dead, I remembered the living. I called upon Mrs Stephen and her husband, whom I had married about thirty-five years before; they have children and grandchildren. Also upon Captain James Turcan, his sister, and, finally, at my old manse, to which thirty-two years ago I brought her home a bride. The present mistress of the manse knew her not, but allowed me to look into the rooms where I had passed the first happy days of married life. I was left *alone* in one of the rooms at my request. I tried to realise the scenes of that period. I fell down before the Lord, and confessed and thanked; the sensations of grief were almost luxurious. Having paid a visit also to the dear old church, where for nearly ten years of my pastoral life I tried, and may I say learned, to preach the Gospel, I drove off, calling on the way at Burnbrae House, where the old factor of Tulliallan now awaits, at eighty-two, his call to a fairer paradise above. I returned to Dunfermline. It was passionately desired by me,

ever since she died, to visit once more, and probably for the last time, Kincardine and its vicinity. It has been done, and I shall never forget the mysterious feeling under which the visit was prosecuted. It was profoundly afflicting. I wonder now how I got through it so apparently calm."

CHAPTER IV.

PUBLIC LIFE—GLASGOW.

GLASGOW was, even in 1840, the large heart, brain, and purse of the Secession Church. Important as Edinburgh was in other respects as the metropolis of the country, and always distinguished for possessing some of the best men in the denomination—still, confessedly, it was inferior in importance to Glasgow as its real centre. And what was true thirty years since is now, through the union of the Secession and Relief Churches in the United Presbyterian Church, and through the enormous increase of the population, more clearly and emphatically so. Indeed, no place knows this so well as Glasgow itself, or accepts it more calmly and complacently, as one of the things most surely to be believed in the denomination. The same holds with almost equal truth of the other branches of Christians. Chalmers—*the* Chalmers—was during former years in the capital of the west in the days of his mighty dominance; mighty both through the unspent fires of his genius, and the first outbursting streams of his grace; then, indeed, rivers flowed out

of his very being—the deep of natural genius couching beneath the deep of Divine grace breaking up from above. That was a time of great talent in Glasgow. There were men like Dr Dick, Dr Wardlaw, Dr Anderson, but Chalmers overtopped all, like some lofty summit, and was felt as a new force. The traveller looks along the Pyrenean range, from Pau, and straight across lower hills and grander mountains the eye is caught and kept in silent unswerving hold by the lonely dominating Pic du Midi—so Chalmers looked in the Glasgow pulpit of that period. But not even a Chalmers could have done his work unless others had been there before him. Glasgow is the natural centre for the south and west of Scotland. Indeed, if it is not made for them, as is sometimes asserted, it has been very much made by them. These brought the old Covenanting fervour. The Secession, moreover, took early root there in the person and work of one of the forefathers of the Church. James Fisher settled there, and could he now rise from his grave and look around the churches that have sprung out of, and since, his old Shuttle Street meeting, he would behold sheaves indeed, many and large, from the handful of precious seed he had scattered in those lonely times. When Dr Macfarlane came, Chalmers had long since left Glasgow, and Dick, the old professor, was dead eight years; but there were other men in the pulpits who more than filled them, most of whom are now dead or disabled. In-

deed, after thirty-four years, there are only two pulpits occupied as they then were. Some names of the dead will not be easily forgotten. Dr Mitchell had nearly finished his course, a man of rare sanctity and loveableness; a most venerable man, whom none of his students ever finds absent from the far and fond background of his memory of love and gratitude. Dr Kidston, too, had nearly finished a long day's good work. Dr Heugh, most skilful in debate—both in Synod and on platform—and most fertile in administrative plans, which to this day are felt in the liberality of the denomination, died, to the regret of all, in 1846. Dr Robson, too, is gone, and William Anderson, and Gavin Struthers. Dr King was then in the height of an influence which, through his powerful congregation, told upon the operations of the whole Church; a man for whom the admiration, which his mid-day career of fully-equipped gifts and mingled terseness, pathos, and elevation of eloquence ever called forth, is equalled only by the respectful sympathy which waits on him amidst the many trials of his later years. Dr Hamilton MacGill was also there adorning his church at that time, as he has done ever since, by his refined manners, and strengthening it by his energetic convictions and manifold work. Others came later into the field, and have ceased in whole or in part to labour in it. It will wrong no one, that a man like Dr John Ker—the colleague of his father-in-law, Dr Kidston, and in later years an angel of com-

fort, as Dr Macfarlane called him, to his suffering and dying brother and niece; and who also spoke after his death to his bereaved congregation—should be specially mentioned. Too soon were the bodily powers touched so as to hinder his noble daily work, but the mental and spiritual powers went on their way rejoicing. Sometimes, like one of his own Border streams, his spirit flows on gleaming and rippling among the lonely places of Divine and human thought, yet never without blessing some wild-flower or far-hidden nook in them, as it passes on in its unconscious beauty. Then his speech flows with the rhythm—the rising and falling music of the old ballads, themselves the voice and music of the streams, which seem to have passed into their lines. Sometimes, however, broadening and deepening like his Clyde of maturer years, his spirit visits all manner of human interests; and we feel that while it is native and endued to the sublime revelations of Divine truth, and the sorrowful struggles and hungers of the human heart, it is no less so to the common interests of the street and the subtle policy of the nation. He does not need to use his voice. His book of sermons has opened its mouth for the dumb and made him pastor of the best thoughts in many of the finest minds within and beyond the gates of his own church. It has been said there are in Glasgow only two pulpits of the denomination with the same minister in full work now, as in 1841. Two of Dr Macfarlane's best friends filled them; these

were Dr John Eadie and Dr George Jeffrey, who need here only be mentioned, as we shall meet them again.

It would take us too far a-field to go beyond his own denomination, otherwise we should meet other men worthy of any denomination—men like William Arnot, Robert Buchanan, and William Symington. One other, Dr Wardlaw, confessedly, since Chalmers left Glasgow, held the most renowned name amongst them all. Enough that we have marked the kind of men and influences among which Dr Macfarlane had come to do his own as well as the common work. Glasgow gets its supply of water from Loch Katrine. So we need not be surprised at what would have been an equal wonderment to some old forefather on the west side of Loch Lomond, to see his descendant preaching the Gospel in the Gorbals of Glasgow. "I was inducted," he says, "into the charge of Nicolson Street, Glasgow, on Tuesday, the 22d September 1840. Mr Robson of Wellington Street preached, Dr Kidston presided, and Mr Marshall of Kirkintilloch addressed. Present, along with the Presbytery of Glasgow, Revs. and Messrs Fraser of Alloa, and Somerville of Airth, Dr Schaw of Ayr, M'Kelvie of Balgedie, Fleming of Inverkeithing, Marshall of Leith, Millar of Whitburn. Dr Kidston introduced me on the Sabbath after. His text was Prov. xi. 30. I preached in the afternoon on Eph. iii. 8. Dr Mitchell in the evening, on 1 Thess. iii. 8." Nicolson Street Church was not one of the old consolidated churches of the Secession

in Glasgow. It did not hold the rank of Greyfriars or Wellington Street. It held the rank of a private who has to rise with years and merit to the dignity of a semi-cathedral Presbyterian church which these others had reached. Besides, it was at this time in an altogether down-hearted state, and not at all in the way of promotion, but very much in the other way. It suited Dr Macfarlane none the worse on that account. Capable of doing the work of the most consolidated church, he yet liked to build up a church on which he could inscribe the sentiment seen on a painting in the Louvre, "Andreas del Sarto me pinxit." It was, moreover, the same spirit that led Paul to the noble ambition of not building on another man's foundation. The latter, too, is good work, and in its time equally noble. For John, who worked in the churches already formed in Jerusalem and Ephesus, has his honour as well as Paul.

Scarcely six months had passed before Nicolson Street Church was sold, and it was unanimously resolved by the congregation that "the new place of worship to be erected in Portland Street shall be monumental, and designated Erskine Church, in memory of the Erskines." In due time the foundation-stone was laid, and as a proper exhibition of the sense in which the phrase "nursing fathers" may be applied to the civil ruler, "the magistrates of Gorbals walked in procession from the baronial hall." It was a busy and prosperous time. In his home, his second child was born in April 1842,

and not many days after the Senatus Academicus of the University of Glasgow conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. We have conferred this degree on him from the beginning of this narrative, as now he is not known by any other title, and no other sits so well upon him. It was an act of generosity it has rarely achieved, in the Senatus of his old University to confer this title on one who had already declared himself an uncompromising Dissenter, and still more to confer it at a period when he could not say of it what Dr Johnson said of the tardy and encumbering help Lord Chesterfield offered him: "The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind: but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it." Perhaps not the least happy day of his life was the one on which Erskine Church was opened for public worship — Sabbath, the 15th May 1842. "The services were commenced in the morning at half-past seven o'clock, when there was a congregational prayer-meeting, at which Mr David Anderson and myself officiated. I preached in the forenoon from the 8th verse of the 95th Psalm; Dr Wardlaw in the afternoon, from Isaiah, 4th chap. and 5th verse; and Dr Marshall of Kirkintilloch in the evening, from Philippians, 2d chap. and first clause of the 16th verse. The church was crowded all day. Besides my own, there were other five children baptized by Dr Kidston in the

forenoon—one of them was named John Macfarlane, and another after Ebenezer Erskine's first wife, Alison Turpie Erskine. The collection amounted to £118, 6s. od. God be thanked, all things were done decently and in order. Long may I be spared to declare His Gospel within the walls of Erskine Church!"

According to his whole manner of working, every coigne of vantage was possessed. Possibly the prayer-meeting at half-past seven was the first of the kind in Glasgow; and, after all, the honour of opening the new church fell to an elder, than whom none was more worthy of it. In speaking of the men among whom Dr Macfarlane came to work in Glasgow, brother ministers only were mentioned. But Glasgow Presbyterianism has, as its very name should imply, been noted for the stability and progress given to it by its elders, or, as they are technically called, its ruling elders. Among these were many men differing in worldly position, but alike in a wise, devout piety, and a warm, public spirit. It would be hard to single out a finer combination in manly character than is often possessed by such men, with their sagacious prudence of the highest kind on the one hand, and their grave, scriptural devoutness on the other. And, among these, David Anderson, whom Dr Macfarlane used to call "the model layman," ranks high. It was the custom of the heathen not to sacrifice to their heroes till after sunset, and this custom Christians have too well followed. None, however, deserves better than

this venerable man of eighty, still among us with the heart of youth and the intellect of middle age, crowned in the evening of his days with a spirit of cheerful and chastened piety. The honours which Paul gave to the living —that "they were approved of all, laboured much in the Lord, were succourers of many and of me also"— should be given with an apostolic ungrudgingness to him before he leaves us. A man of his sense and humour, with his tact and insight into character, going about our churches—especially our smaller ones—guiding and stimulating, never goading and never stinging; a man of business among men of business, and yet with the disinterestedness and spirituality of a Christian philanthropist, doing this year after year, and doing it still according to his strength, has achieved a work as unique and solid as is rarely given a man to do for a denomination. It is interesting to remark that the seeds which grew into fruit in both men who prayed that morning, were sown in the hearts of their forefathers by the same hand, that of Ebenezer Erskine, in Portmoak, and in Stirling; and certain is it that the influences of such a life as that of this patriarch of our eldership will also have increase long after he too is away. Meanwhile his works follow him as he passes on, after the heat and burden of the day, amidst the grateful blessings and revering regards of all. On the day of the opening of the new church, six children were baptized. Among them his own little child, named James, born to him a few days before, and

another, a little girl called after Ebenezer's Erskine's first wife, Alison Turpie. This doubtless was inspired by Dr Macfarlane, and in such matters he himself was always rightly inspired. For Alison Turpie, who now lies away near Portmoak, in Scotland-Well churchyard, was more than a descendant of northern kings; she was a godly woman. Few things in Christian biography are more touching than Ebenezer, at that time without the peace and joy in believing, overhearing his wife and his brother Ralph (in Christ before him, as he said) talking over spiritual experiences, which were strange to him. In like manner, another, John Bunyan, heard pious women speaking on like themes, and the fermenting soul of the poor distracted tinker was leavened by their words into the peace and nobleness of the new life. With Ebenezer Erskine it was a teaching also which opened the way for the highest teaching of all; and amongst seeds out of which the Secession grew, those that then fell unconsciously where the sowers little dreamt, have produced the richest sheaves. But the lustre and success of the opening were soon followed by death in the happy home. So he writes: "My darling boy James died on Thursday morning at ten o'clock, August 4th, 1842, aged fifteen weeks and five days. It was indeed a pleasant child, and I was indulging in the fond hope that God would spare him to preach Christ and Him crucified, and *peradventure* be my colleague and successor in Erskine Church. But it has pleased Him to translate my son to temple services

above. 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight.' O God, I earnestly beseech Thee, let this bereavement be sanctified to me and mine. Alison Turpie Erskine, another child baptized along with James at the opening of Erskine Church, died some weeks ago. Two already out of the six. My dead Jamie's bonnie dust was laid in the High Church burying-ground on Monday, the 8th August 1843."

Such was the beginning of sorrows of this peculiarly tender kind, which made deep furrows in his life, in which, along with the precious dust of his children, the more precious seed of God's Word was laid, to rise up afterwards in the ripening character and in hundred-fold fruit. Dr Macfarlane never forgot such sorrows, as no man ever can or does, but he was the very man who, brave against the ordinary difficulties of life, was more easily accessible than many to the great grief which comes from the loss of a little child. In his case the death of this infant, called after his venerable father, was followed by a second, a third, and a fourth woe of the same kind. Much as the death of his sister filled his heart, these four little graves filled up even a larger part of it. Down to his last month their memory was recalled frequently, or rather rose of itself, in their dear young life transfigured into the dearer everlasting life. He was scarcely ever in Glasgow without visiting the pulpit of his manhood's power, and the little graves in which so much of his life lay buried. No man could

ever comfort better in any sorrow, but from this time he was especially tender in comforting those who had been bereaved of their children. He had gone four times over that "Via Dolorosa," and he knew every step of the way, and had the hand to guide the waywardness, and the heart to relieve the weight, of such a grief. But he has himself given, with true power and delicacy, the story of these losses of his, in order that they should be the gain of many. With melancholy, but instructive variety, in the ages of three of the children taken from him, he draws out from them most needed and cheering lessons in his little book, "Why Weepest Thou?" He tells the sad incidents of his child James's death, and calls it, death in the first stage of childhood. In that stage the little one passes away from this world without ever having given thought, and scarcely affection; and in passing away carries with it, even because of its very absence of individual consciousness, a more peculiar love, because a love given where no love could be returned, or such gleams of it only as need the eye of a parent to discern. Three years passed on, and again death came to his home. In 1846, a little daughter, his first child, Jessie, went slowly on her way from a home where she was loved indeed. It was a long and weary time of uncertainty, but she had reached a stage of childhood—the third, as he calls it in his book—where the spiritual life has come out fully from the wonderful depths of the child's heart, and becomes the life

to which the growing body is only the enlarging garment, dear in itself, but dearer by far, day by day, as the clothing of such a life. This girl grew the more rapidly and richly in this life as that of the body became weaker and poorer, and at last the time came when she must die. He describes the parting scene in a letter to his brother William. A portion only of this letter, written like despatches as from a field of battle, hour after hour, is given, but it shows the whole scene and man :

"ROTHESAY, *nine o'clock* P.M.—Surely the angels are come now—and if it were God's will to recall them—and spare her yet—no—no—*Thy* will be done.

"What sufferings are there—I cannot describe them. The great disease in the lungs—it sounds as if there were boiling water within her, and she has had this for weeks without intermission, yet no murmur. I thought I would like to serve Jesus to-day, and though I had no sermon down with me, at her death-bed I composed a sermon this forenoon on these words—'This man receiveth sinners.' I went to Mr M'Nab's vestry and offered him a help as he was going to the pulpit. God helped me, and that right early—I am amazed how I could do it.

"*Near Midnight.*—Since I laid down my pen, we have had awful work. About ten o'clock she got very ill, —and struggled for life. We were convinced the last battle was to be fought. She was held up in the affectionate arms of one of her aunts (God bless them ! God bless them !). I was looking over the back of the

sofa. '*Go away! go away! go away!*' she cried. I was obliged to leave her—she heard me in a corner of the room sobbing—and in a little while told me to come to her. I did so. She did not look at me, but throwing back her left hand to me, said, with touching pathos and all the dignity of a queen, '*Good-bye—good-bye*'—and then held it out to John K——, and said to him, '*Good-bye; now that will do.*' I cannot describe this scene, but while I live, I will bear it always with me—it cuts me to the quick. A child with such composure, as if she were just going a little journey, bidding her beloved father a last farewell on earth. Her language, however, implies, 'I will meet you again'—and so we will, my sainted child, whom we will never forget. She had never been seen to shed a tear all these weeks of suffering. The most of it was, 'Oh! that is an awful pain.' I will surely after this time have done with complaining and discontent.

"She has got some morphia, and is apparently easy again. I now close this letter. I do not know what impression I make upon you, but I am standing in awe and astonishment, wonder, love, and praise—— Poor Janet—such grief—Help me, Lord!

"*Monday Morning, four o'clock.*—She is away now! and a brighter little spirit never fled this earth. Oh, the solemnity of the scene. A few minutes before three Agnes came to our bedroom and told us to come—Janet—and I went. She was sitting on the sofa, held in the arms of Mary Scott, and as the hour of three struck on the

neighbouring clock, Jessie's soul was glorified. She died in possession of her intelligence and sensibility, as we prayed, 'Lord Jesus, receive her spirit.' He received her spirit. Her last intimation of faith was very gentle and simple. 'Jessie,' said Agnes, 'Jesus is coming now.' 'Ay, ay,' she replied, and spoke no more. I write at the window of my bedroom, which looks down on Rothesay, and the beautiful bay, and the lofty mountains—all nature is calm and serene—not a sound is heard. I would my soul were serene too. It is midnight with us now, but at the break of day, the 'morning star' will appear.

> 'By many a death-bed I have been,
> And many a parting moment seen,
> But never aught like this.'

The morning light was on her pale sweet face as she died, but into what a morning of bliss did she pass!

"Forgive me—I am a father—and Jessie was my first-born, the only child who ever called me father. How long must it be ere my ear hear again such a sweet sound! JOHN MACFARLANE."

Years passed on, and the house was undisturbed by any other such shadow. Meanwhile, other children—a daughter and two sons, Grace, John, and James—came to comfort in some measure the father and mother concerning their dead. But again, a Voice, tender indeed, but which parents feel to be awful and hard to obey, said, "Suffer the little child to come

to me and forbid it not." Even the promise of promotion to the kingdom of heaven can scarcely prevail with the loving heart to part with the little one. This time it was a child, according to his phrase, in the second stage of childhood, past scarcely beyond the dim haunt of unconsciousness, but far from the clear path of full reflection. It was a little boy to whom heaven seemed another home, but one somehow brighter and happier, who being told that heaven was such, went on, won by the sweet thought, and said, with his last breath, when falling asleep in death—"I'm going home." Dr Macfarlane was on his errand of kindness to old Adam Thomson, and busy with travel and visits when he was startled by the unexpected news. He went straight from London to the side of the dear body from which the child indeed was away. It was a sad journey, but when he stood beside the dumb, dear face, he had himself already entered, as is often the case, into the peace God had provided for him, as He had certainly provided it for the little one. This was in the year 1850. The plough of bereavement made one other furrow in his heart and home before it made another wider and deeper far, when the mother of the little one left him, and he was bereft indeed. In his "Night Lamp" there is a revelation of the young imagination as well as heart shaded by a sister's death. But in these three deaths, looked at altogether, there is the sterner grief of the middle-aged man and the father, that scarcely touches the

imagination, but presses all the more heavily on the heart. There are two things that often lie very deep in a man's thoughts, and yet may seldom or never be put into words, while on the lips are the ringing accents of brotherly greeting and kindling laughter. These are a prevailing sense of a divinely solemn and calm life, and a deep, inarticulate pathos breathed over the secret places of the heart. The man passes on in the hours of the shining day, and before the countenances of friendly companionship, yet the larger part of his being lies under the shadow of eternal life on the one hand, and the shadow of graves of the dead on the other. This was eminently so with him; he was in his hidden life most devout, and often sad enough, but this he reserved for the most part to himself and to his God, while he came out manfully as well as Christianly in buoyant brotherliness amongst the joys, and flowing sympathy for the sorrows of others. It is this last point which his book, otherwise so rich in consolation, so fully embodies. It cannot be read without the reader feeling that, whilst he has learned much of God's ways of comfort, he has learned much also of this good man's life. We thought it better to put together these three sorrows, marking only how God sent each in its time, and measured out the trial as His servant needed it for himself and his work. He himself was thereby taught to seek the cure of his sorrow, and to seek it in the work which God had sent him. In another sense,

but one as true and deep as the original sense of the passage out of which Butler's "Analogy" grew, God thus sets in our life things, the one over against the other: the cheerfulness of progress in the highest of all work, that of the ministry; the sadness of loss amongst the keenest of all sufferings, that of the home. But in this case, as in so many others, the loss of the home was the gain of the ministry. God's dew and man's tears went well together in enriching his future public life, to which we now again turn.

Meanwhile, he made a path for himself in the great city. The congregation grew year by year in membership and influence. This is easy to understand. His force, always abundant, was now at its overflowing period. He had his Kincardine work in his manuscripts, and, better still, in his heart. His preaching, however it might vary, was always evangelical, the primary formations of the old Erskine theology always underlying and cropping out through the latest deposits. Then, besides this oldest and richest stratum, old and rich as the heart of God and the cross of Christ, and as the needs of sinners, there was always something in the man himself that imparted a flavour to his whole work. People always like a sermon that is more than the man's sentences—that is the man himself. And all the better if the man have a native idiom of character. The two men then in Glasgow who had most of idiom in their character (for Dr John Duncan had already left it)

were William Anderson and John Macfarlane, and being such, they were of course utterly unlike each other. They were on different sides of the Clyde, and as much on different sides of human nature. William Anderson, with that remote look of his, straight, tall, and sallow, like some Arab in the desert, seemed only to have vacancy in it, and vacancy around it. It was the look Livingstone had, that comes from solitary thoughts searching for far-off horizons, but somehow, and by the same process, it observes every detail lying around the feet. Anderson took people in—in the right sense of the word—did not let them escape his sight, and was not unwilling to give them the satisfaction of mistaking him, while he was not mistaken in them. And when the sudden, dazzling flashes of principles and their applications came out of that remote vacancy as a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, they had an impetus, the greater because of its seeming distance, and produced an impression of more to follow, which made men feel he was formidable and dangerous to play with.

Dr Macfarlane was totally different. He had no such John the Baptist air—nothing of the remote and strange about him; but there was an immediate and keen look about him, a kindling whether into love or wrath, an originality of manifestation that produced the feeling which gives power over all that the man was far more than the minister. Strip off his gown, and you would find beneath plenty of heart and intellect. He was

fond at that time, as he always was, of giving a series of discourses. One of his most effective was a long one on the parable of "The Prodigal Son." He had a deep understanding of both sides of that miracle of parables—so complete in its Divine sympathy as well as human salvation—revealing by a few strokes the whole story of the son going away from, and coming back to, his father. Another course, which has become well known through his book, was on "The Mountains of the Bible." There were also courses for the young on special examples from Scripture of youthful piety. But, whether in special courses or in his ordinary work, he always dwelt on the main points of doctrine, experience, and comfort, rightly judging that the common heart goes out with a ceaseless craving to the themes that relate to itself and to Christ, and that the force of preaching lies just where the force of the Christianity preached lies, in its bringing man back to God. He had classes also for the young, and there he always secured affection and often impressed for life. One of his scholars was the well-known poet and essayist, Alexander Smith. After a while he was not so regular at class or at church as was desirable. So the minister went to inquire after him. His good mother said, "You see, doctor, Sandy has got to read books I do not know anything about; but he is never done with books he calls Shelley and Keats." And shifting the uncomfortable subject, and referring to the crowds that at-

tended the Sabbath evening lectures on the Prodigal Son, she added, "But, doctor, ye're getting popular in your auld days." For his hair being white, even before middle age, he seemed much older even then than he really was. Every minister may not have an Alexander Smith in his class, but he has specimens of the same tendencies; and there are, after all, no hearts that yield such fruit of gratitude, and often grace, as these if they are met in a manly, sympathetic spirit. Smith always spoke with great respect and regard of his old minister; and there is a passage in almost his latest essay where he quotes, with spiritual sympathy, a passage from Shelley's "Hellas," read frequently, it is probable, in these earlier days:

> "The moon of Mahomet arose and it shall set,
> While, blazoned on heaven's immortal noon,
> The cross leads generations on."

But never was Dr Macfarlane more felt in his real power than in times of trial. Then the manner, often outspoken, indignant, and humorous, sometimes also infelicitous, softened into a woman's tenderness, all the more felt because his heartiness and sagacity were never absent. This most excellent gift of comfort, which among hearts of sin and sorrow is always needed, leaves impressions of good on the mourner, and of gratitude to the consoler, which abide when public fame has passed away, or is prized at its true value. It was thus in concentrating himself on Christian work—

upon work chiefly *circa sacra*—that Dr Macfarlane spent his strength; leaving to others, such as Dr William Anderson, the work equally needed in its place, *circa civilia*. Meanwhile, the Voluntary controversy, in the main battle, was exhausted. Stray shots only were heard across what was once the wide and hot field of fight. The great Disruption controversy took its place. It was felt by Voluntaries that their work had now told, and had gone into better hands for practical issues than their own. Moreover, respectful sympathy in many, and eager interest in all, made them look on silently, while their former antagonists in the Establishment were entangled in the cross-fire of their own internal struggle, and were fighting it out most gallantly and in all loyalty of conscience. For though the Free Church was not the child of the Voluntary controversy, the seed out of which that noble fruit came having been sown by the hands of Reformers and Covenanters, yet the atmosphere which the Voluntary agitation produced, warmed and forced that seed into more speedy growth. Moreover, Dr Macfarlane had now other work to do in Glasgow, and he was a man who did the one thing eminently needful for the moment, as for eternity. Instancy, this, now, into these he put all his force. But when the Disruption came, he hailed it as Ralph Erskine would have done; and from that day to this, amidst all temporary alienations and permanent scars left by blows in old fights between men who were after all really on the same

side, and a shyness to interfere, lest over-sympathy should rouse self-respect and pain sensitiveness, none have felt like the old Seceders, with the same intensity alike of sympathy and admiration as towards brothers of the same home, for the martyr-like struggles and victories of the Free Church.

Nor in another controversy more deep, and which threatened at one time to be more deadly, did he take any or much personal share. What was known for four years, from 1841 to 1845, as the Atonement controversy, was the central interest to the whole United Secession Church. Few controversies raged so fiercely, and calmed so instantly, like some tropical shifting of weather, as did this. We shall not enter upon its course, though there are few chapters in Church history, and in the history of human nature also, that would yield larger and more solid lessons. It is sufficient to say that it rose in that inevitable and inexhaustible corner of the field of Divine truth and human thought, where boundary questions are hard, indeed impossible, to settle, and where, as God in His Word, so man in his system, must broadly, and not with over-refining minuteness, mark out the place at, or at least near, which the limits begin and end. Every thinker, every theologian, who is the thinker using the thoughts of Scripture, must learn this before he can advance one step into clear and comprehensive, and, without compromise, conciliating adjustment of all the truths that lie before him.

It is the primary controversy that lies in the settlement of the limits of the Divine and human, the Infinite and the finite, taking all manner of shapes, but especially, as from their matter it must do, raising in Christian theology questions as to grace and freewill, as to the extent of the Atonement and election. There are a few sentences of Bossuet in his funeral oration on his old teacher Nicolas Cornet, that put this point most wisely: "The first business of a man who studies the holy truths is to know how to discern the places where one is permitted to extend himself, and where he is to arrest himself all at once, (*tout court*), and call to mind the strict limits within which our intelligence is shut up; in short, that the disposition nearest to error is the wish to reduce things to the last evidence of conviction. But he must moderate the fire of a restless mobility, which causes in us the intemperance and the disease of knowing, be wise soberly and with measure, according to the precept of the apostle, and be content simply with the lights that are given to us for the purpose of repressing our curiosity rather than for that of illuminating altogether the foundation of things. It is on this account that these extreme spirits which can never leave off seeking, or discoursing, or disputing, or writing, are called by St Gregory of Nazianzen excessive and insatiable." On both sides of our Atonement controversy there were extreme, and therefore excessive and insatiable, spirits. Defining the indefinable was at that time a favourite exercise, and well-nigh proved

a fatal one also. The genuinely noble roots of the controversy on either side were two of the standing principles, indeed instincts, of the religious nature. On the one side, a sense of God's love and of the merit of His Son's atonement, as presenting, in order to be adequately understood or frankly received, a side of unbounded freeness and fulness; and on the other hand, a sense of God's purpose as being while inscrutable and awful, yet wise and able to vindicate itself in its source as in its result as all-loving. But these two great principles, neither of them to be parted with, soon became separated in their living unity, and turned the one as a party watchword against the other. Hence the unhappy and barren strife, where no strife really is, between two sisters —to quote Tennyson's lines on a kindred theme—

> "That dote upon each other, friends to man,
> Living together under the same roof,
> And never to be sundered without tears."

As is always the case, good and not good elements brought out these two truths into conflict with one another. The old Calvinism of Scotland, leaning strongly and almost structurally to the one side of revelation, that of election, had lived out its sap, and sweetness, and growth, and so came a change, as it always comes, where there is enough of old remaining life, or a new gift from the Spirit of Life which must grow out into its own form. The evangelical teaching and the evangelistic temper of

Chalmers had made room for a freer and afterwards a formulated statement of what became known as the universal reference of the Atonement. Thomas Erskine's spiritually quickening books, drawn from a nature that had no affinity to the sterner, but true sides of this question; drawn also from Moravian and mystical sources that gave a predominance to religious sentiments and a want of prominence to doctrinal truth, fed the rising current. This passed in an ecclesiastical form into the celebrated Row Controversy. It slumbered through the years when the national mind was occupied with the Voluntary and Disruption questions, but it was roused into new vigour when, in 1839, revival movements in Kilsyth and many other places, increased religious life, and with it, as religious life always does, religious thought, whether in the direction of the old forms of truth, or in the breaking up of new channels of expression for the new streams to flow in.

Many reasons kept Dr Macfarlane out of an active share in a controversy in which, of course, he was in every way profoundly interested. Perhaps the most powerful reasons were that he had no genius for speculation, and specially a wholesome dislike of copious draughts of the waters of such a controversy, bitter and unfathomable as the Dead Sea, when he could drink of the river that flowed freshly and sweetly a little further up. Besides, he knew well that in the old Marrow theology, dear to the Erskines, and to Boston before and with them,

and through them to the old Seceders, the best, in fact the vital, part of the new views, as they were called, might be found in their essence, and had been waiting for a century for the word that should waken them into full consciousness, and give them clear expression. He had many dear friends on both sides of the dispute, and as many happily on neither side. Dr Marshall of Kirkintilloch—a man of unflinching logic, terse expression, fearless fidelity to what he imagined to be truth, as well as of most simple, modest, and loving manners in private—was, as we have seen, one whom he knew well, and with whom he frequently worked. He was, by right of superiority of years and gifts, the leader of one side in the controversy; and now that time has brought the amnesty of oblivion or of sympathy, perhaps the only thing that can never be quite relieved of its uncomforted regret is, that such a man should live and die outside of the old camp where so many honoured and loved him to the very end. The contention, like one of old between two good men, waxed hot, but more happily in this case, not so hot as to sunder them. Brotherly love always in existence, though somewhat in abeyance, good sense, and the providence and grace of God, at last had their way; and the old proverb has proved true of the Church from that day to this, that the quarrels of the loving are the renewing of the love.

So passed away a struggle that has left some lasting fruits of liberty and truth, and not impaired in the

least even the higher fruit of love. James Renwick, writing of the troubles of the Church in his own day —and it was as dark and troubled as could be—says what is true of all such periods: "Our God has brought us to this state, that He may show that this help will come from providences rather than instruments. The ark will go down into the Jordan, the river shall be deep, but it shall not be broad." Our Church, in the third watch of the night, had a visit from One who, with one word, calmed the waves, and with a touch carried the vessel to the shore. Thirty years have passed, and the old settlement has not been in the least disturbed, has indeed been adopted and defended in other circumstances by men who keenly opposed it. This is surely a lesson to all engaged eagerly and impetuously in such contests. Moreover, it is hardly possible to conceive such a controversy rising at this day in our own or in any other church. The very hearth of religious truth, the very altar of Christian revelation and atonement—these, and not some stray speck falling on the hearth, or some chance inch added to the altar, are now the very and vital matters of our battle.

Meanwhile, Providence worked healingly by the union with the Relief Church, which the controversy had stayed in its progress, but which, achieved a year after the controversy closed, ripened almost at once and secured the fruits of the welcome peace. This union between the Relief and Secession Churches was a new

step in such movements. There had been indeed unions, and each had been an unmixed blessing, between parts of the same old Church that had been sundered, but had again drawn together. This was a union between two independent fragments struck off, though for similar, almost the same reasons, from the old Establishment. Dr Macfarlane, besides his love of union as a principle and a privilege, took special interest in the progress of this movement through his attachment to his old friend, Dr Mackelvie. He was its chief promoter, and as such, was convener of the committee to carry it out. The complexion of a committee is very much determined by its convener; he is, or ought to be, its heart as well as head; and it is hard for even the best committee to work well with a languid, or it may be a hostile, convener. Masterly inactivity, much less concealed hostility, however, was not the *rôle* of Dr Mackelvie, but rather masterly activity and unflinching zeal. He had two indispensable qualities as a convener. He had a heart and head that grasped the business with a tenacity not to be loosened, and he had a hand that never spared itself any amount of letter-writing, both forcible and legible. His letters thus possessed the double advantage, first, they could be read; second, when read they were found to be worth the reading.

So far as Dr Macfarlane's friend was concerned, this union was in safe and in successful keeping. It was

a strange, vivid chapter in Church history to hear Dr Mackelvie, when this union was at last accomplished, talk over his experiences in men and motions. The obvious difficulties in such cases are not always the most numerous nor the most dangerous, and, it may be, fatal. Few men had a surer eye or a truer touch: he loved to study men, and he had ample opportunities from the convener's chair. Now, however, when the surface waves were surmounted and the sunk rocks avoided, and the haven safely entered, it was as it has been since Virgil's days, and long before them, a joy to remember these things, and the able man added to that the joy of relating them.

This personal interest in the question as his friend's question, indeed, was hardly needed by Dr Macfarfane, so much did it otherwise attract him. One of the best things he ever wrote was a review in the denominational magazine of a Synod's debate on the question. In reading it at this distance of time, one is struck to observe the same objections urged as are constantly urged against unions, confessedly most desirable, if only it is objected they were practicable; objections which this union itself refuted from the very beginning, and which are now smiled at as "fears of the brave and follies of the wise."

Besides this affection for his friend, there were also the old scenes among which he had been cradled. To Dunfermline belonged the honour of having not only Ralph

Erskine, but also Thomas Gillespie, when he was deposed from his ministry in Carnock, three miles off (for deposed he was, whatever may be put on his monument), and when he took refuge in the free air and favouring soil of that city. Not many streets from Queen Anne Street Church rose the first Relief church, the homely cathedral of Gillespie. To be first in secession proved the courage of the four brethren; to be alone in this second secession gives an air of even greater courage to this solitary servant of conscience and of Christ. Moreover, Dr Macfarlane had advanced, as all had advanced, to the principle of free communion, which Gillespie, the pupil when in England of Philip Doddridge, had naturally adopted, and laid at the foundation of the new denomination.

As time went on, these two secessions—frequently not a little jealous of each other, as all things very similar are, if they do not develop to be the same—drew closer together. Common Christian action does the work of a thousand committees, and does it more surely and more healthfully. Especially during the recent years, the common sympathy as Dissenters led them to work together against the Church establishment, and of course did not fail to suggest the reasonableness, which indeed was never in dispute, but also the need and the privilege of their incorporation. It was wonderful that this last took so long time to achieve. But large bodies move slowly, and the novelty of such a union acted as a sort of scare. But when it did take place, the two streams

so floated into each other that never for an hour did the waters refuse to mingle, and in a few years the currents became indistinguishable. It was a marked era of advance in the united Churches; and not in them only, but in the history of the Christian Church in Scotland. The Disruption in the shape of the Free Church has vindicated the Voluntary principles, and given it the reality, if not the name, of a victory. This union has vindicated the principle of union, and given an example, fruitful and felicitous, that makes argument for further unions unneeded. Both events will in good time widen into the true Church of Scotland, one in itself, national in more than name, independent of the State, crowning all old struggles with unexpected fruit, and again sowing itself into harvests of the future, equally wonderful and abundant. Scottish Christianity will gradually unlearn the habit of earning victories over others by dividing, and acquire the better habit of earning victories over self by uniting.

These cessations of controversy and achievements of peace also introduced, or rather greatly intensified, a new era of interest in missionary work both at home and abroad. Connected with missionary work was the more thorough instruction of the congregations in the duty and privilege of giving, and "the performing thereof," as the apostle says. There are what have been called lost arts, and Scottish and other Christians had well-nigh lost this art of giving, at least in its primitive and perfect

form. The Scottish mind is tenacious of principles, and the Scottish hand becomes equally tenacious of pennies and pounds. It is always easier to divide a hair than to double a subscription. Dr Macfarlane never ceased to train his congregation in this matter both by precept and example; and the longer he lived, the more generous in parting with his own money he became, as his last congregation well knew. The Voluntary discussions had greatly helped this, and shamed men from being optionalists—giving as they liked—into being Voluntaries indeed, giving as Christ willed. The Free Church had afforded a specimen of the Voluntary practice that gladdened all, and also rebuked many holders of the Voluntary principle. Moreover, the extended work required increased liberality by all and always. Into this current Dr Macfarlane threw himself, and in many ways added to its force.

Becoming better known as time went on, he was at last, in 1855, called to preach the London Missionary Society's sermon. This honour, coming from London across the Border, is reckoned an acknowledgment of a reputation having become British and catholic. Perhaps his most felicitous public appearance was on this occasion. He was guided well in choosing his theme, that of giving to promote the Master's work; also in putting the theme into one word lent him by the heavenly worshippers. His text was, "Worthy is the Lamb to receive . . . riches;" and again he was happy

in the title of the published discourse, "Altar Gold." It is a great satisfaction to a biographer to reach a point where the life can be more a transcription from letters and journals than putting dates and events together, with a feeling that the secret structure of the real history may not have been discovered. So an unaffectedly frank account of this event shall be given from his own hand. We see in it names and incidents that will call up many and various feelings to the reader.

"IBROXHOLM, *8th June* 1855.—I left for London by the express on Monday morning, the 7th of May, at quarter-past nine, and was in Regent Street at my supper in twelve hours through. On Tuesday, at twelve, I addressed a meeting of ladies in the house of the Rev. John Corbin, colleague of Dr Campbell in the Tabernacle; it was a sewing society, the profits going to missions. At three I addressed a meeting of bereaved mothers in the vestry of the Tabernacle: deeply impressive meeting this was; many tears shed, and, I hope, some hearts softened. I dined in the evening with my dear old friend, Rev. John Young, who has been three years with his family in Germany. He walked all the way to Regent Street with me in the evening. We had much pleasant and profitable conversation, especially about his new book, 'The Christ of History.' On Wednesday the 9th, I went down to Surrey Chapel, and heard Dr Raffles preach the London Missionary Society sermon, and was much gratified by the venerable man's

touching eloquent appeals. I then dined in Guildhall Coffee-house with the trustees of the *Evangelical Magazine*, and enjoyed it much, and with my good old friend, Mr Adkins of Southampton, there. I asked the blessing, and returned thanks for the honour done me in electing me a trustee. I left early, took tea in Dr Fletcher's, and then went to the Tabernacle, where I preached the missionary sermon on these words, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches.' I have great reason to be humble and thankful for the token of the Lamb's favour shown me this memorable evening. I had not hoped for a large audience, and the Tabernacle was crowded. Around the pulpit, and ranged in the front seats of the gallery, were many ministers. In the vestry afterwards I held quite a levee. Drs Campbell, Fletcher, Harris, Raffles, Tidman, Archer, Massie, and Messrs Adkins, Kennedy, Macfarlane, J. B. Law, and numbers whom I cannot recall, flocked in to congratulate me on my successful appeal. My dear friend Mr Prout, the treasurer, came and said, 'One man has cast £500 into the plate.' Every one insisted on my publishing the discourse. Among my hearers were Mrs Kidd of Bushey and her family, whose daughter Kate had privately corresponded with me on religious matters, after having read 'The Night Lamp.' I drove with Mrs Fletcher to Finsbury and supped. On Thursday the 10th, my kind-hearted and generous friend Mr Young came down all the way to Thornhill Square just to con-

gratulate me on my success. I then went to Exeter Hall, where I made a speech at the anniversary of the London Missionary Society. I dined in the evening with Mr Binney, where I met Dr Harris, Mr Parsons of York, Gwyther of Manchester, and Miss Morley, sister of Samuel Morley, Esq. What a delightful evening I have had of it! Binney insisted that it was the text, not my sermon, that caught the £500 last night. What a chastened and simple style has Harris in private, joking with all! A deal of quiet humour about Parsons: he had been telling Dr Harris on his way down to-day that it was his marriage-day, but that he would not enter into his diary what Byron did: 'This day I was married—"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."' Dr Harris drove me home in his cab, and told me he would send me a copy of his new work, 'Patriarchy,' when it was out. Binney showed me all his library and garden; an arch in it put up by George Bidder, the celebrated mental calculator, who once inhabited Mr Binney's residence.

"*Friday*, 11*th*.—I passed this day at the Crystal Palace with Mr Elphinstone and Mr Robb. We drove home by Dulwich College. I was set down at Dr Morrison's, in Montpelier Square, where I had tea with some other ministers. I afterwards presided at the dispensation of the Supper in Trevor Chapel, a very sweet and edifying occasion.

"*Saturday*, 12*th*.—To-day I went into the city and arranged with Mr Prout to give the manuscript of my

missionary sermon to the Society for publication; decided that a one-shilling edition be published first, and then a cheaper; Mr Snow to publish; title to be, 'Altar Gold; or, The Worthiness of the Lamb that was Slain to receive Riches;' made several calls, and drove to Hans Place, to dine with Dr and Mrs Archer; passed a pleasant afternoon, and then drove up with them to New College to a literary conversazione and soiree; heard Dr Halley of Manchester deliver a lecture on 'Memphis' in the library; was introduced to a great number of the Nonconformist notables of London and England —Mr Kirkus, Baldwin Brown, Newman Hall, Professor Godwin, Frank Crossley, Esq., M.P., Josiah Conder, etc., etc. Mr Binney seized hold of me, and we walked up and down the long lobby of the College, talking on the Marriage Affinity question. He takes the affirmative side—that it is lawful for a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. He told me that he had recently been with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who said that he agreed with his—Mr Binney's—views. He wished to know something about Gibson of Glasgow, who writes in the negative of the question. I told him what I thought of him, and promised to send him a copy of Dr Lindsay's book on that subject, wherein he would get something to chew."

In all this there were two things that cheered him. There was the joy of meeting in these circumstances—in this sunshine of victory—such true and dear old

friends as Fletcher, Archer, and John Young. Besides, this was his advancement into the circle of English merit and name. Thomas Binney filled at that time, and kept to the end, though with totally different powers, a place of authority in England, which his massive and incisive individuality gave him, like that which Chalmers long filled in Scotland. And now Binney had made him feel the relish of that fine old phrase, "Pulchrum est laudari a laudato." Next to him, and almost equal, was Dr Harris, to whom, his journals show, he was drawn by the almost magic charm of his amiability and wit, intellect and devoutness. He rejoiced unaffectedly in all this, for he had not at one bound, as many do, reached such a confessed eminence, but by long and toilsome steps. We have a little anticipated. Before and after this memorable date, Dr Macfarlane was frequently in England. The sad necessity, through his dear wife and children's health, of their living in the south of England, during the months of winter, made England too familiar to his daily thoughts and his many visits. One of these visits was connected with a very generous public work. He set out with Dr William Anderson, and others, to advocate the fund that was most righteously and kindly raised in honour, and in some little recompense of the toils and losses, of Dr Adam Thomson, in his various efforts to emancipate the printed Bible, and supply a cheap as well as free Bible press. This was the very work he liked to under-

take. An old, able, indefatigable minister of his own Church beggared in giving the riches of a free Bible to the world, thrilled every fibre within him. The result was that some thousands of pounds were gathered, and given to the toil-worn veteran. But as he was whirled along in the hurry and rush of public speeches and private subscriptions, news came, as we have already told, of the death of a third child in his home. The record tells its own story: "On Thursday evening heard of my dear Willie's death, and left London by the mail train same night, reaching Glasgow on Friday. My dear, dear boy, William Kidston, died at Middleton House here on Wednesday, the 4th September 1850, of inflammation of the bowels, about twelve o'clock. I left him that day week in good health, and when I returned he was dead. He was in his fourth year. So uncertain are all our earthly treasures, but certain is the mercy of our God to every believing mourner. Willie is away, but Willie's Saviour remains, and we shall go to both ere long."

Every year England got more of his time and thought —an era of Presbyterian Church extension had now begun there. The two men who contributed most to it were Dr Scott, now the Home Secretary of the United Presbyterian Church, and Dr Macfarlane. Dr Scott did the work in England most heartily, and with unwearied public spirit; and Dr Macfarlane was in journeys oft, and in labours more abundant than all others among the newly-formed churches. Bradford, Bristol, Egre-

mont (Cheshire), and in less marked ways almost every new station or congregation in England, obtained his help. Besides ready willingness, the essential gift for a work in many ways tedious and trying, Dr Macfarlane had certain qualifications that played no secondary part. Liking England, and believing that Presbyterianism was the missing link in the Church organisation of the country, he was himself also much fitted to make a way in it for Presbyterianism, suspected as a Scottish intrusion, discredited as a past failure, mistaken as Unitarianism by almost all. Looking at the ideas about Presbyterianism which men of generous sympathy and sufficient learning entertain, it is somewhat trying to notice only two recent expressions of such. A few months ago, Dean Stanley, in an address at the unveiling of a statue to Richard Baxter at Kidderminster, uttered these words: "Round the same statue are gathered also the representatives of the two camps of Nonconformists, so hostile to each other in the seventeenth century—in the language of Dryden, 'the Presbyterian wolf and the Nonconformist bear'—the representatives, let us rather say, of those then diverging lines of saint-like men who, through Priestley and Channing on the one side, through Watts and Doddridge on the other hand, adorn the opposite schools of Nonconforming opinion." Without derogating in the least from the statement of the religious development on the side of the Independents, as represented by Watts and Doddridge, one cannot

help feeling the confusion in the text, and more in the notes, when the address was printed as an article, of seeming so to understand the spirit and theology of Baxter, as to make him in any essential manner the predecessor, much more the forefather in theological opinion, of Priestley and Channing; as also to regard the declension in England into Unitarian error as either historically or naturally the development of Presbyterianism. Historically, also, it is curious to notice, the two names infelicitously cited should rather have been put alongside of the honoured names of Doddridge and Watts, so far as denominational connection is concerned. Priestley was a student in the Theological Seminary conducted by the Congregationalist successor of Doddridge; and Channing was a descendant in New England of the old Independents who left the country in former generations. One is sorry to point out such seeming confusion in a man so able and attractive as Dean Stanley. But we wonder also when so great a Christian man as Dr Newman says in his "Apologia;" and in the edition published in 1873, in referring to the blessing of his early connection with the Established Church of England; "But for this I might have been a Presbyterian, and so perhaps never have known the divinity of our blessed Lord."

This era of ignorance and prejudice is nearly gone. To the English eye and mind, Dr Macfarlane was a quick dispeller of the notion that Presbyterianism was neither the religion of a gentleman, as Charles II. called

it, nor the religion of a Christian, as Dr Newman still suspects it. To an Episcopalian, he had the look of a Church dignitary, certainly not lower in rank than an archdeacon; to an Independent, he had all the new modes of preaching old truth; to a Methodist, he was as fervent and animated as one of themselves; to all earnest Christians he gave the Gospel, and to those who were not, he soon made himself known as a man of strong sense and genuine force. Besides, in relation to existing interests of all kinds, he had the great merit of never offending local associations and authorities. So, all hailed him as a friend, and in no case did he heedlessly damage the former organisations in order to further the new. He mixed together calculation and cordiality, so that the course he took was felt to be neither heartlessly inappreciative of the past, nor exaggeratingly friendly to the present.

Bradford, in Yorkshire, was one of the first causes, if not the first cause, he adopted. There he did his own part of the work well. He was social, not austere, and thereby drew many to him and the effort. He was Scottish, yet English, and was felt to be one of those who were emancipated from the accent, sharp and keen, of many old Scottish rules and fashions that need not be imported abroad. He was bold in the formation of plans, and cautious in filling them up. But, above all, he was unaffectedly Christian. This evident religious, not merely Presbyterian purpose, was the basis of all his

work. Friend of the struggling few who began the church, he was friend also of the lonely and more struggling minister. If strife rose, and it too often does, amidst such elements hitherto unaccustomed to common action, which demands mutual concessions in order to ensure success—and sometimes too scantily supplied with depth of principle and purity of motive—he knew to act so firmly and impartially that all felt safe in his hands.

The first English congregations he opened were greatly favoured in the men they chose as ministers. No man could be better fitted for a town like Bradford than Dr Alexander Wallace, now of Glasgow. Loving the common people, they heard him gladly, and loving the Master, he preached on every-day topics under the inspiration and light of the cross and the Spirit. Fervent, forcible, a born orator, charged with poetry, and pathos, and kindling affections, he did his work there as he does it everywhere, and as few men can. So also to Bristol, Matthew Dickie came, a man with the direct transparent dauntlessness, both in spirit and speech, of an Ayrshire Covenanter, and with the culture and convictions of his own century. A few extracts from the journal will put the Bristol movement in snatches of detail:

"*Sabbath, 20th May.*—We had a most auspicious opening. The large public room in Broadmead (almost opposite Robert Hall's chapel) had been hired in the morning; these rooms were quite filled with a most

respectable and attentive congregation. There could not have been less than 800 to 1000 persons present. In the evening the room was crowded to the door, many having to go away who could not obtain entrance. There must have been 1200. At the request of the congregation I preached in the evening my London Missionary sermon. I saw among my hearers the Rev. Alfred Vaughan of Birmingham, who visited me afterwards in the vestry or ante-room. My morning text was: 'For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ,' etc. On my way to the Broadmead rooms in the morning, Mr Jack and I met a grandson of Robert Hall. He had some of his great grandfather's expression at his age."

"*Monday, 21st May.*—After breakfast to-day I called on Mr Finlay, and saw his son-in-law and daughter, Mr and Mrs Vaughan. There I saw Dr Struthers, from whose niece I first heard of the death, on the 18th, of my friend, Mrs Beattie, which clouded to me the day. Most saddening were my reflections as I walked over Clifton Downs. Having dined with Mr and Mrs Haycroft, I left again for Luckington by rail. As the train was moving off, Mr Haycroft said, 'Remember, if you tell that a Baptist introduced Presbyterianism into Bristol, you must add that he also showed it the way out again.'"

The only other of these occasional appearances in England—but the most important of them all, till he came to reside there—is that on the occasion of the death and funeral services of Dr Alexander Fletcher

in 1859. No man in London, or elsewhere, preached as he did to children, and his sermons to children had that quality of something like genius that they were also interesting and instructive to learned and aged hearers. Besides this speciality of power, the man in his simplicity, shrewdness, *bonhommie*, devoutness, was a bit of humanity carved into an image all itself. Joy and sorrow, elevations and depressions, did not in the least sour or unduly excite him; he passed through all, and was as much a child and a Seceder in his last year in his isolated Finsbury Place Chapel as when he roamed on the banks of the Teith, and preached his first sermon in his father's pulpit. Dr Macfarlane's love for Fletcher sprung alike from himself and from the old associations. But he loved him as he deserved and desired to be loved, and his discourse in the emptied pulpit of his friend was worthy of both men. The text is, "He was a burning and a shining light;" and the contrasted portraits of John the Baptist and Alexander Fletcher—and there could scarcely be greater contrasts—throw light upon both the prophet of the desert and the prophet of childhood.

"I left Glasgow on the evening of Sabbath the 7th by limited mail, to attend the funeral of Dr Fletcher on the following Monday. Reached London by five o'clock, next morning. Accompanied as one of the chief mourners, the funeral at twelve o'clock, from Dr Fletcher's house, Portland Place, to Abney Park Cemetery. Mr

Binney gave an address in Abney Park Chapel. House crowded—cemetery crowded—children in great numbers weeping. Dined after in Dr Fletcher's house. Met Mr Hardcastle, M.P., etc. On the following Sabbath, I preached the funeral sermon in Finsbury Chapel. Crowded to the roof—multitudes were unable to get in. It was the most grand and imposing sight I ever saw—fully four thousand were there all in mourning, and many weeping. I preached at three in the afternoon to the children—the area crowded with children—all deeply affected. I again preached in the evening. The funeral sermon was published by Nisbet & Co. on the Tuesday following, under the title of 'Altar Light.' I dined with an old friend, Dr Leckie, in the East India United Service Club on the Tuesday evening, the 16th. I heard Dr Guthrie preach the sermon at the re-opening of Dr Hamilton's church, Regent Square, on Wednesday the 17th, at three o'clock. Took tea with Mr Brock. Left London at 8.40, and was in Glasgow next morning at seven. This is the third visit I have paid to London this year, and it is the most interesting of all the three; indeed, it is the most so of any I ever paid. The most exciting to my mind was when I preached the London Missionary sermon, 'Altar Gold.' But it was nothing to this last one, when I preached 'Altar Light,' to a far larger multitude, and on a most solemnising occasion. Dr Fletcher seems to me *Ultimus Romanorum*—the last link my heart has to the men of the days of old. The tribute paid to his memory

in London at this time has been truly great and truly deserved. Yes, 'the memory of the just is blessed.'"

Coming back now to his Glasgow life, there are only two points that need be dwelt on. These were two in which he himself was greatly interested. The first is his publications. The books he printed belong for the most part to this time, and are scattered over its twenty years. They were of two classes: books printed after they had been preached, and those on the lives of others.

His first, in Glasgow, is one that has fallen much, almost entirely, out of sight—the Life of the Rev. John Campbell, the first minister of Nicolson Street Church—his own church afterwards. It was very like him to perpetuate a good man's name, to whose past as well as present he had attached himself. There is not much to tell, but it is done in his early Belfrage-like style. The second was the book we have already sufficiently noticed—"The Night Lamp." It made a wide impression, and in many hearts one deep and lasting. The third was one of the first class of his writings, a printed series of sermons, bearing the title: "The Mountains of the Bible." It sold well, and sells still. It is a thoroughly good book, alike from its careful portraiture of great events and characters connected with the mountains of the Bible, as also for its solid scriptural teaching, and searching pathetic admonition and application. His fourth was called the "Hiding Place," and is a series of discourses on names of God, bringing out His

perfections of power, wisdom, and, above all, love, as Creator, Preserver, and Saviour. It is a well-weighed book, often masterly in statement, always moving in appeal. It is said his friend William Anderson, referring to its hortatory parts, used to remark, "I like to take up and read Macfarlane's applications. They help me to preach; they are often most powerful, and it would be well if preachers would study and copy their manner and spirit." Anderson could never have said of these sermons what he once said of a brilliant preacher: "It was splendid; but, oh, man, he should add a foot to his sword, and send it home!" Of his book of comfort, entitled "Why Weepest Thou?" we have already spoken.

The next was perhaps his best book, "The Life of George Lawson." It is a thick, well-filled volume, and is a treasury of all about Lawson and his contemporaries. Irregular in style, inaccurate here and there in small things, it is a book that may be read with pleasure after Boswell's "Johnson." He knew and loved his subject well. To freshen his own interest, he visited the old Selkirk manse and study, hall and church, and talked over the matter with the grandson of Lawson, who so worthily prolongs the line of his ancestor's excellence as well as name, and fills a pulpit which alone in Scotland popular election has filled five times during more than a hundred years out of the same family. He got also from the Rev. John Lawson letters and papers he had gathered and preserved for a biography by himself, which in his modesty

he finally shrunk from producing. These, with all his earliest recollections, supplied him with the matter which he has put together in this rich and racy book. He was glad when it was fairly out of hand.

"*Friday, 12th April* 1861.—I have this evening finished the Life of Dr Lawson. It has cost me much thought and labour, but I have enjoyed the work exceedingly. I never knew such a man as he, and feel disposed to blame his students who have allowed forty years to pass away without any proper Life—to be undertaken at length by one who was a mere boy when he died. I count this one of the greatest honours that have come to my lot. I only hope I have succeeded in doing something like justice to the great sage of Selkirk. I trust to have it published before Christmas."

It was printed and published at once, and it contains to this hour a record fresh and full of a singularly sage and saintly man, by one who knew how to admire his character, and who knew also how to hand it down for the admiration of generations to come.

The other point, that for various reasons we can do little more than refer to, is the circle of ministerial friends. He had troops of friends in his own congregation, and far beyond it; but there was a special gathering of brethren that he greatly enjoyed. It used to go by the name of the Garnet Hill Presbytery, and was a self-appointed body. In fact, it seems—for its history has never been traced—to have been a product of the very

common law of natural selection. It derived its name from having its meetings in the house of Dr Beattie, who resided in that elevated quarter of Glasgow, and from its being supposed by imaginative outsiders that words and thoughts there uttered and originated might afterwards be presented for adoption to the real Presbytery itself. But so far as is known, never was any formal business transacted there. No theses were read — no points of discussion arranged. It was a gathering where full minds might overflow as they listed, and friendly hearts enjoy repose as they needed. Such meetings are of immense benefit. They fulfil the two advantages of friendship, on which Bacon well enlarges—the marshalling in order of ideas, and the dividing of cares and doubling of joys. The natural head of this society was Dr Beattie himself. Somewhat like Socrates in appearance, he was not a little like that master of wisdom and free talk, in shrewdness—of course, in a narrower range, and with a less original insight. He was the predecessor of Dr Macfarlane in Kincardine, and by and by, through his rough and shaggy sagacity and his sturdy common sense and decisive speech, he grew to be the Nestor of the Glasgow Presbytery, and one of those who guided the Synod also. He was greatly liked by his brethren, and his death following at no long interval that of his wife—herself a fit mate for such a husband—dissolved the home which had been sadly darkened.

The junior members were worthy of their chief. Some are already dead. There was Dr John Robson, a man who deserved, and was fitted to enjoy the hour of relaxation, and the kindness of friends; for few men earned both so well by his habit of constant work, and his heart of unaffected warmth. He has left no books after him on which his name is inscribed, but he has left it on many hearts; and better still, he has left a life that influences those who knew, and will never forget him, more than many printed pages. James Robertson was another member, a Christian gentleman and scholar. The youngest member is also gone. Who can cease to remember with affectionate admiration the chivalrous bearing, the manly tenderness, the stirring oratory of George Middleton? He was by this time the colleague of Dr Beattie. Of all the inscriptions in the Necropolis of Glasgow, none strikes a visitor so much as the texts of Scripture inscribed on the monument of this minister of Christ, who died in his fortieth year. One gives the mortal side: "Thy sun shall go down, while it is yet day;" the other turns the medal, and we read the inscription, full of immortality: "Thy sun shall no more go down, for the Lord God shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

Of the members some are still living. Looked up to as the man of almost universal attainment, was Dr Eadie, most learned without the least pedantry or dis-

play—most studious, with no mark of toil or pallor—who "wears his weight of learning lightly like a flower," and talked as he always does, not like a book, but a kind, brotherly companion. What he is, and can do, may be learned from his works of exegesis and Cyclopædia; but certain short articles in the "Universal Biography" give almost surer token of a reserved power of ripe thinking and fine expression, which the narrow limits of such articles happily create and compel. Dr Macfarlane had a mixture of liking and wonder for him, and was always glad to tell of the day when he, a young minister in the Dunfermline Presbytery, examined on Justification two undeveloped country lads, who grew to much afterwards, called John Eadie and Thomas Finlayson. "From the day that I examined them," he would laughingly exclaim, "they have been sound ever since; but I was the most frightened of the three." Another true friend and prominent member of that group, was Dr James Taylor, now Secretary of the Scottish National Education Board. In the later Clapham years he used to cheer his old friend's heart by coming up to see him in his comparative isolation, and giving him most welcome help in his pulpit. Himself no adept in Synod business, Dr Macfarlane marvelled sometimes, with not a little amusement, at his friend's manipulative tact in that court; and he never forgot at least two magnificent appearances when, pushed to the wall, he turned at bay, and on two occasions of crisis and peril to himself and his cause,

spoke with a dexterity and power that changed votes, turned imminent defeat into overflowing victory, and took rank in the hearer's memory with remarkable instances of effective eloquence. One of the most vigorous minds in the Glasgow Pulpit is that of Dr George Jeffrey. He was a man to whom Dr Macfarlane drew with genuine liking, and was, so far as oral tradition goes, a member of this informal court. It is not known that he ever kept minutes of its proceedings, but no man is more honoured than the clerk of the Glasgow Presbytery for frank affectionate kindness and bold mental power, that have not been chilled or checked by long official life. There was great fitness in his speaking to the Erskine Church congregation after the death of his friend and theirs, who loved both well.

But enough, and possibly more than enough, of such sketches. A biographer is not omniscient, and very frequently omits, through ignorance, names and events that deserve record. Indeed, omission is compelled when pages are few. Doubtless, this has been the case in the preceding pages, so as greatly to impoverish them; but in what remains, the larger portion will come from the pen of Dr Macfarlane himself. From this time his journals, instead of mere jottings as they formerly were, assume the form of a monthly record, and that becoming fuller with every passing year.

The time was drawing nigh when he would leave Glasgow. He had abundant success of all kinds. But

the health of his family—his growing acquaintance with England—his increasing eagerness to open up fresh fields and do something new and untried for the glory of the Master—these prepared him gradually for what was preparing for him. At this time London, a great world in itself, one also full of Scotsmen, and otherwise needing, as was wisely thought, to have a sound Christian Presbyterianism strengthened and extended within it, became a distinct field of the Home Mission work of the United Presbyterian Church. It is not to be forgotten that, at this time and for many years, Presbyterianism had been represented there by three well-known men. The first was Thomas Archer, a man of swift, keen thought, chivalrous, manly spirit, and abounding eloquence; the second was James Hamilton, a man of rare genius and even rarer godliness — humble as the child whom Christ set in the midst of His disciples, heavenly as the John who leaned upon His bosom; and the last, Dr John Cumming, though not sharing the same sympathies nor working on the same lines, is a man whose versatility and labours cannot be forgotten.

They were three men entirely different from each other, as well as different from three other men who, at a former period, strengthened and adorned our London Presbyterianism—Alexander Waugh, with his Scottish seraphic love and speech of fire; Edward Irving, with his prophetic Elijah-like solitariness and sublimity, and his magnetic enthusiasm and eloquence, who, alas! was

not with us when he left for a Church on high which gladly received him, and where he heard great voices indeed, and saw mighty sights; and Alexander Fletcher, who, like Elisha, went out and in amongst men's ways, and, more than any other of his time, was the prophet who drew children to Christ. In connection with this new movement in London, one of the most modest and munificent benefactors of the denomination, and far beyond it—John Henderson of Park—laid at the disposal of the Synod large funds. Ground was first broken in Highbury, and a congregation planted there, which, in securing Dr Edmond as minister, secured a man of singular eloquence and ability. Clapham was the next position chosen, after careful prospecting. Dr Macfarlane's notes will tell its story best, and especially the steps which led to his removal there.

"*Friday, 25th January* 1861.—Went over to the Borough to meet Mr P., and make arrangements about opening the Clapham station on Sabbath. Went on to Clapham. Visited the hall in which I was to preach on Sabbath."

"*Saturday, 2d February.*—I went down to Clapham and remained till Monday. Called on one of the supporters of the Clapham station, Mr Russell, brother of Scott Russell, the civil engineer, and son of our minister at Errol."

"*Sabbath, 3d.*—In the forenoon the hall still more packed than last Sabbath forenoon. Audience deeply interested. The friends before I left pressed me to

remain, but I could not. They got my promise, however, at some other time to return. May the Lord bless this new station, and give it prosperity! I have done for it what I could."

So matters lay till this most important record occurs:

"*August 29th*, 1861.—I have received a telegram this forenoon from London, telling me that the Clapham United Presbyterian Church met last night and gave me a unanimous call. I have been expecting this, and have well nigh already gone through the agony connected with it. Should I hear the voice of the Master in it, I go; if not, I remain. The Lord will not allow me to make a false step at such a crisis. I plead Psalm xxxii. 8, and I will not plead in vain."

"*October 5th*, 1861.—Having some impression upon my mind that I must soon leave this my native land, I went into Edinburgh on the 26th of last month, to see friends for the last time, and say farewell. On Sabbath after I heard Dr Guthrie. He is a most striking and impressive preacher, but neither profound nor philosophical; sketchy and imaginative, he preaches more pictorially than any man I ever heard. I went over with Miss Kidston and Grace on October 1st to Burntisland, and spent an hour or two with dear old Dr Dewar, still on his bed of suffering and purifying. He of his own accord strongly advised me to go to London. Having prayed with him, I left to go to Dunfermline. Having spent a few days there, we left for Stirling.

Took Grace a walk to the castle, and we reached Glasgow last night. After being with Dr Dewar for a while, and getting his *unasked* advice as to the London call, I walked down to the sea-shore, and there, in solemn prayer, and in humble hope, and in much fear, I thought I decided to accept that call, and give up my last efforts and days to Jesus in 'Babylon the Great.' I feel it a solemn step at my time of life, but as I feel that the Lord has been leading me there for years past, I go without any slavish doubts. He has got His will; I will get His blessing. Previous to entering Dr Guthrie's church on Sabbath last, I prayed that I might get some light as to the path of duty in God's house. I was rather surprised when Dr Guthrie read out for his text, 'Loose him, and let him go.' Can that be God's answer to me?"

"*12th November* 1861.—Never to be forgotten day! I, this day, at the Presbytery was 'loosed and let go' from my dear Erskine Church, having accepted the call to Clapham Church, London. I have obeyed the call of the *Master*. My head bows, but my heart bleeds. I go without fear. For thirty years His grace has been sufficient, and for all the years that remain *shall be*. On Sabbath, 3d November, I preached for the last time in Erskine Church as their pastor. No one knew it but myself. My text in the afternoon was 'Serve the living God.' The church was crowded. The people looked sad—some wept, as if the presentiment was

upon them. It was with great difficulty I stifled strong emotion. I shall never forget the feeling with which I came down from that pulpit, and in my soul bade farewell to that dear place and people."

CHAPTER V.

PUBLIC LIFE—LONDON.

IT was a great and final step Dr Macfarlane took when he left Glasgow. All was prosperous in his congregation, and in his whole position; but he heard the Voice again saying, "Arise, and let us go hence." He knew, that when and where he went, the Master would be with him, and amidst all deep-rooted affections and reluctant regrets that assurance sufficed to strengthen his fainting heart and nerve his will for the untried future. Such goings forth come again and again in the inward or the outward life, and they are meant by Him, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working, to draw out the soul to its unchangeable portion, and to reveal in Christ fresh resources of His fulness. Still it requires a heroism which only faith can inspire and hope maintain, when pastor and people are thus parted, and the ties that have been woven for many years in strength and multitude are thus severed; both receive, as each requires, a lesson from the Pastor of both—a lesson that seals all old instructions, and opens

up their tenderest and most solemn and enduring meaning. But we dwell not on this or any other aspect of an event so important. We shall only add what all will allow, that London needed Dr Macfarlane even more than Glasgow did: such was the sphere of influence it supplied, and such his peculiar fitness both of gifts and training; and the result showed in the end to all that the thing also was of the Lord. The story itself we shall now continue in his own words:

"*Thursday, 17th April* 1862.—We entered our new London habitation in 14 Victoria Road, Clapham. It is vain in me to attempt to allude even to what has been passing through my mind and heart as to *past* and *future*. On Tuesday last I was inducted by the Presbytery of London. Dr Edmond preached, and Mr Redpath presided. The service took place in the lecture-hall at the back of the new church which is building. It holds above four hundred, and was filled nearly. We had it full also in the evening, when a service was held, at which W. S. Lindsay, Esq., M.P., presided, and Drs King, Edmond, Archer, Young, and Campbell, with Messrs Redpath and Chalmers, spoke. It was a great success. *He* seemed to smile, in whose hands my all is, and in whose service I wish to live and die. A great many friends from all parts of London were present to welcome me, and even brother William from Edinburgh, and Bailie Birrell from Dunfermline, and Kate Kidd was not the least interesting to me. The church is expected to be ready by

November next, and in the meantime I preach in the hall."

"*Monday, 21st April.*—I commenced my ministry in Clapham yesterday forenoon, preaching to a crowded congregation from 1 Cor. ix. 16. Dr Archer preached in the evening, and I officiated for him in Oxendon Chapel. And now my London labours have begun. End when they may, it is my most earnest prayer that every day may bring proof with it that in leaving Glasgow I have followed the leading of Providence. I am full of solemn feeling, but I am neither sad nor anxious. God is keeping my mind in almost perfect peace, for it is stayed on Him."

"*May 1st.*—At the request of the session and managers I have published my introductory sermon, through J. Nisbet & Co., under the title of '*Altar Zeal, or Paul in the Pulpit.*'"

In due time came the opening of the church:

"*October 30th*, 1862.—Another memorable day in my life has passed away. The new church was opened in which I may end my days. Dr Eadie, from Glasgow, preached the opening sermon in the morning from Matt. xii. 12, 'How much, then, is a man better than a sheep?' and Dr Chalmers preached in the evening from John ii. 13-17. We had grand congregations, and the very large collection of £289, 4s. 2¼d. All were pleased with the beauty of the new church, and I pray God to bless me more in this church than in any of my former

churches. I feel this one not at all, in any sense, to be mine, and I did *so* feel when Erskine Church was built. It is all Christ's, and He is but using me. What an honour! But what a responsibility!"

"*November 2d.*—Another sweet day of the Lord. I preached my first sermon in the new church. My text was Isa. xxii. 22. The spacious house was filled with a most respectable and most attentive audience. Dr Edmond preached in the afternoon from Ex. xxv. 8 to a numerous audience, and Mr Martin of Westminster preached in the evening on the 'Widow's Mite' to an overcrowded assembly. The collections for the day amounted to £410, 12s. 3¼d. Oh! what reason have I to be humble and thankful! May I get eternal life throughout which to praise *Him*, and so I am now once more, and surely for the last time, afloat. The next gates opened for me shall, I trust, be the pearly gates of that home where the righteous are at rest."

Trouble soon came amidst all this prosperity. The heathen spoke truly of the something bitter rising out of the sparkle of the fountain; and the prophet also, when he said, "The wall shall be built again in troublous times." There is not the slightest need to allude to this subject, except to cheer others in like trials by the fact that, at times, no wisdom or success can prevent evil from coming to the surface, and to record the judgment of a Synod's committee, for the matter went to the final appeal, as well as that of those who studied

the controversy, that through it all Dr Macfarlane showed a rare amount of courage and forbearance, when either timidity or temper might have wrecked a young, and, as yet, a feeble cause. Writing of that meeting of Synod, he simply records: "It has been a solemn time with me in various ways; but words cannot describe these feelings. I have been subjected to a painful trial. I hope the Lord has delivered me out of the mouth of the bear. He alone has been my keeper and my shield." After this, peace was never broken; and whatever adversity came, it was in accordance with David's prayer, "Let me fall into the hands of God, and not of man."

But before we reach the year of a great trial, the following entry may be quoted:

"15*th November* 1863.—One of the most interesting events in my pastorate took place this Sabbath evening. I preached in one of the London theatres (the Pavilion, Whitechapel) to about three thousand people, most of whom were unwashed altogether both in soul and body. The attention given to the Gospel was profound, and the behaviour all that could be desired. I took my dear boy, John, with me, that his first associations with a theatre might be very different from what his father's were. In a theatre my heart was drawn away from God. I prayed that, in a theatre, his heart might be drawn to Him. My friend, Mr Kelsey, drove me to and fro. On coming home, he

remarked that it was the first time he had ever been within the walls of a theatre. Alas! would I could say so; but the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. By His grace I have oft repented—oft confessed—and am now forgiven."

Further on in May 1864: "I went from Bradford to Birkenhead to call on the widow of my friend, Dr Mackelvie. I remained over two nights, and arranged for the publication of a volume of sermons, with a memoir by myself. What strange work one gets to do, if we live long enough!"

He performed this duty in a brief sketch of his early friend, which is very characteristic of both. It is frank and natural; and between the admirable letters of Dr Mackelvie, his best productions, and the unaffected narrative of his biographer, we have what is the most rare and readable of all compositions—an honest biography. It was reprinted, also, in substance, as a preface to the posthumous work of the minister of Balgedie, "Annals and Statistics of the United Presbyterian Church;" one of the very best of its kind—enriched, moreover, from the most valuable manuscript work on the same subject, now in the possession of the United Presbyterian Church, by the late Rev. Dr George Brown of Liverpool. But we must not linger, as we should like to do, over the memory of this truest of Dr Macfarlane's friends—this man so memorable in many ways.

There is an abrupt passage at the close of the most

brilliant chapter in Lockhart's "Life of Scott" which clings to the imagination of the reader. Scott had risen to the height of his genius and his fortunes, when a change comes in 1825: "Thus terminates Captain Hall's Abbotsford Journal; and with this flourish of trumpets, I must drop the curtain on a scene and period of unclouded prosperity and splendour. The muffled drum is in prospect."

In Dr Macfarlane's life for the next, the last, ten years, there was always given to him the singular mitigation of constant prosperity in his congregation, which grew every year more large and loving; but the muffled drum came into the line of his march, and time after time beat out its slow and sad tones. He had gone to London in his fifty-fourth year. Some men do their greatest work even after that date. John Knox, in 1560, was fifty-five years of age, and he was then in the height of his power, and beginning of his greatest deeds. But Jonathan Edwards died when fifty-five, Calvin in the same year, and Thomas Boston when fifty-six. Dr Macfarlane had not a day's sickness all these past years. His fund of strength and spirits refused no draft on it, however sudden or prolonged. But he had now to pay all with interest. His advancing time of life, his late fever of strife, his strained anxiety in this new and critical Clapham effort, all came upon him, and the strong man was smitten. For a year he was disabled.

"*October 23d*, 1864.—I preached all day in Clapham *for the last time for almost a year.* On the Wednesday following, I presided at an election of elders, but could scarcely get on from agonising pain. It turned out to be one of the most desperate carbuncles. I got chloroform, and it was cut once and again. In November I sank under it to a low condition, and was pronounced by Dr Ferguson of King's College to be near to death. I endured unutterable sufferings by night and by day up to the beginning of February 1865, when I went down to Hastings, and remained with Mrs Macfarlane and John till the 7th of March, when we returned to London. I improved a good deal by this visit, and was able to dispense the Supper to my dear flock on the 19th of March. Mr Graham of Liverpool preached the sermon.

"On Monday the 20th March, Grace and I went down to the Arboretum, a hydropathic establishment at Leamington, Warwickshire. In two weeks came the cold water 'crisis.' I was again laid down with a worse carbuncular attack than ever. My beloved physician (Dr Jones) came nine times down from London, and Dr Leckie once. I was again brought near to death's door, and lay in the greatest distress up to the end of June. Dr Hitchman's attentions I can never forget. Mrs Macfarlane and Miss Kidston were with me all the time I was at the worst. To Miss Kidston's admirable nursing and the doctor's skill, I, under God, owe my life. On

Monday the 3d July we left for London. I was still very weak, but beginning slowly to improve. On Friday, 28th July, Miss Kidston and I left for Edinburgh, which we reached on Saturday morning. I was seized on arrival with a new carbuncle. Dr Husband cut it. This threw me back a little, but I recovered sufficiently to admit of my going over to Dunfermline, where I breathed my native air, had often a prayer-meeting with the spirits of my ancestors in the churchyard, and called on many of the friends of my boyhood. On Sabbath afternoon, 10th September, I addressed the Lord's Table in my father's church for thirty-five minutes, and was none the worse for it. It was a scene of deep interest from memories and associations. We left Dunfermline on the Friday after for Edinburgh, calling, *en passant*, on Dr Dewar at Burntisland. I had improved much when in Fife, and could now hope that I might resume duty partially. We left Edinburgh for London on Wednesday, 27th September, staying the night at York, where I called upon Mr Parsons, but found him out."

"*Sabbath, 1st October* 1865,—Is a day never to be forgotten. After a year's absence God honoured me by again allowing me to occupy my pulpit. I preached and presided at the Supper. The church was filled; and a larger number communicated than had ever before in Clapham. It were vain to attempt any description of my feelings, or of the solemn aspect of the church.

I can only hope that my strength will continue to improve, and that I shall yet have some years of usefulness in the Church of God and His Christ. My life is a wonder to many, and to myself also. 'Surely,' said one to me, 'if ever man were prayed back into the Church, you are that man.' May I live to prove it!"

It would be wrong not to mention here what Dr Macfarlane unceasingly spoke of as his deep debt of gratitude to his London physician, Dr Jones, to whose love and skill during the first stages of the disease he believed he owed his life. Dr Jones felt himself bound to his patient by as deep a debt of spiritual benefit; and then and afterwards he did his utmost to show his sense of it, if not to repay it. There were two most touching incidents of this illness, one of which is not here recorded, but which his wife used to tell. One night he called his whole household round his bed to receive, what he believed, his last words of kindness and counsel. They were most appropriate to the circumstances of each, and most affecting; at the close he prayed for each and all. That night was a crisis of the disease. He did not die, but lived, after that sore chastening of the Lord, to declare His works. But he never could remember, in the slightest glimpse or briefest moment, any word or incident of the solemn scene. Throughout the dim, the utterly dark and perilous way, his mind had walked with unfaltering accuracy, and when the cloud was gone all trace of its steps was gone also. He

used frequently to refer to the strange way by which he came to learn of the death of Dr Archer. It was carefully concealed from him, because his friends knew that no death in London, outside of his own home, could affect him so much. But an *Illustrated London News*, a month old, had been heedlessly left near his bed, and in the middle of the night he awoke to full consciousness, and, seeing the paper, took it, and his eye fell almost at once on the sad tidings. "Archer dead!" he used to say, "and buried a month, and I still here. Poor Tom!" There was a real affection between these two men. Archer, after a most brilliant career in London and the provinces — making Presbyterianism known and respected wherever he went, by his vivid, bold oratory—had in later years the depression of nerve produced by his trouble as it worked its way to the end. He felt that his day was darkening; and he hailed it as a personal joy, to have so brotherly and true a man beside him as his old friend. It was sunshine to him to the last; while his departure, too early in Dr Macfarlane's own London residence, made the multitudinous desert more a desert to his heart than ever. He gained afterwards many he trusted and rejoiced in, but no second Thomas Archer. Two years afterwards he gathered together a few facts in his friend's career, and some of his sermons; and in 1867 published what, so far as composition went, was really his last book, "The Life and Sermons of Dr Archer." It is a very interesting work, with its first

chapter on the history of Oxendon Chapel—from its building for Richard Baxter by his wife; with its views of what is needed for success in a London ministry; but, above all, for its hearty appreciation of its subject, and that no ordinary man or minister. It was a labour of love, and his last of that kind. Scarcely had this book been out of hand—and when he was engaged in such work he never rested till it was done—than he set himself to his last book—"Pulpit Echoes." This was, for the most part, a re-writing or correction of notes made by hearers of his sermons in his three several places of ministry. To himself it was an affecting review of the manner in which he had fulfilled so large a part of his course—a course, moreover, which now he felt would have no fourth division. Looked at from this point of view it gives the reader the whole secret of his manner of preaching, and explains how such clear and glowing statements of the Gospel found acceptance and usefulness to the end. When this work was published in 1868, he seemed as if he had summed up his life as an author, in summing it up as a preacher. For three or four years he did his ordinary public work as usual. Indeed, there seemed to be given to him, after that *année terrible* of his illness—to him what the German siege was to Paris—a renewed buoyancy and power of work. The Clapham congregation had most loyally stood by him and by itself all through, and a new consecration of gratitude to God and man raised his ministry of recovered

strength into a fervour and love of souls which it never surpassed. But some four years afterwards another calamity came to him, even greater in its shock to his heart and the issues of his life than the disease was, so great that he never did or could throw off in secret its desolating effects. The high heart was brought low, and he went seeking her all his days. In 1869 his wife died, and he, in his former self, died also.

But we shall take up the journal, and by quotations, smaller and larger, weave together threads left to our hand by himself into the narrative. Indeed, this delicate and difficult task of selection is now almost all the biographer has to do; and the present one is glad to have the picture henceforth painted, for the most part, by the man himself. Each year will have its own record of his outer and inner life—sometimes in trivial things, yet illustrative of his course and character, but mainly in the events that were his very life indeed.

"1*st April* 1866.—This day closed my fifty-ninth year and entered my sixtieth. My feelings are indescribable. It is but as yesterday since I was a boy. Surely I have done with sin and with the world now. O God, help me to redeem the time!"

"*May 6th.*—This evening finished my discourses on the Seven Comings to a large congregation. During the day I frequently prayed with and for my dear Jamie. He soon leaves for Germany, and we may never meet again. I feel rather saddened, and yet he is in the

Lord's keeping. O God, be his and his father's keeper!"

"*May 25th.* — I have this day returned from the North. I arrived in Edinburgh on Tuesday morning, the 8th, having travelled all night. On Thursday the 10th, I went over to Dunfermline to see my brother James, who has recently been very ill. My darling Grace was there. I only visited with her the graves of our ancestors. I returned to Edinburgh on Saturday, and on the following Sabbath I preached, in the forenoon, for Dr Peddie, and, in the afternoon, for Dr Davidson. I called on Dr Husband in the evening, who lost his wife and baby since I last saw him. He takes it as a Christian ought, and yet he seems careworn: no wonder. In such a case I do not know what I could do; but sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. The Synod met in the evening of the Monday following, the 14th, when I was unanimously elected Moderator—a very great honour; if the Synod knew me as Christ knows me, and as I know myself, they would not have done it. I stood the fatigues better than I expected, and did the duties, I heard, to the satisfaction of all. Oh, what a contrast such a position is to that which I occupied this time twelve months, when I was lying in torture upon my bed in Leamington! For this, among other things, I am spared. My brother Andrew and I went over to Dunfermline on the Saturday, calling on old Dr Dewar by the way, at

Burntisland. I preached in St Margaret's in the afternoon, and Andrew in the forenoon. He also preached in our father's church in the forenoon. Singular sort of incidents these, telling that we are on in life.

"I feel the house dull. There is no sound of childhood in it. Jamie left on Thursday the 17th, with Dr Hirsch; John has been in Germany for about a year; and Grace is in Fifeshire. Oh that 'the goodwill of Him that dwelt in the bush' may be with these dear boys!"

"On Tuesday the 5th of June, I preached, forenoon and evening, before the 'North Bucks Association,' at Buckingham. It was a most agreeable union. I met the Rev. Josiah Bull, of Newport-Pagnell, and thanked him for the pleasure and profit I had derived from reading his 'Memoirs of his Grandfather.' He asked me to drive over with him to Newport-Pagnell, and he would show me some manuscripts of Cowper and John Newton—especially an autobiography of Newton, which he had discovered and intended to publish. I could not go; but hope to visit Mr Bull ere long, and revel with him about Olney, and beneath the shades of Mrs Unwin and William Cowper. On Tuesday the 12th, I went down to Bristol, and spoke at the anniversary of Mr Dickie. It recalled old scenes to mind when, in May 1855, eleven years ago, I commenced the United Presbyterian Church in the Broadmead Rooms. It has

was 'a man in Christ,' and therefore it was safe for him to be thus translated."

"*Saturday, 7th July* 1866.—This day twelve months I was surprised by a call from the Rev. George Marshall Middleton of Glasgow. He was passing the winter in Jersey, and was just taking a flying visit over here for a day or two. A few minutes before he came in, I had got notice that the supply for the pulpit next Sunday had intimated that he had been taken ill, and could not fulfil his engagement. I was then only recovering, and could do nothing. In the circumstances, Mr Middleton at once agreed to take the forenoon, though far from well himself, and he did so to the great satisfaction of the people, from the text, 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?' This morning I had a notice of his death at Moffat, on Tuesday the 3d of July. I saw him three times in London about three or four weeks ago. He was on his way from Jersey, and to all appearance dying—and now he is gone. I have had much delightful epistolary communication with him for these two or three years past. He has been a sad sufferer from heart disease for four or five years back. He was the colleague of Dr Beattie, and I was the commissioner from Kinross when he accepted the call. And now he has fulfilled his course. I mourn over him: very pleasant has he been to me during these late years. He was a man of good solid talents, of firm and independent judgment, and of kindly social mood. Had he lived, he must

have taken and kept a good position among his brethren in the North. As it is, he is now elevated to a throne on which, together with Christ, he is seated, and where he will receive his reward."

"On August 21st, I took ticket for Bedford, where I came out and strolled about the town for two or three hours, looking in upon the churches of St John and St Peter, and the chapels of 'Howard' and Bunyan. There is no other relic of the Dreamer in the chapel now built upon the old site but the old arm-chair which he used in the vestry. I left at four o'clock, and reached Leicester at 5.30. There Mr Harris of Ringleton met and drove me to his house. I went to Leicester to open a splendid new Baptist church got up by Mr Harris and his friends. I had capital audiences in the forenoon and evening of the following Sabbath (the 26th). Mr Haycroft of Bristol is to be the pastor. Robert Hall left Leicester for Broadmead, Bristol, and Mr Haycroft leaves Broadmead for Leicester."

"Frequently during this month have my thoughts turned towards my spiritual condition. I have had occasionally what I may call glimpses of the Divine favour, or gentle *flushes* of such blessings as may accompany the pardoned state—for a moment or so I was peaceful, and am trying to convince myself that, wicked though I have been, I am accepted; my sin all laid on Jesus, and thus by Him all cast into the depths of the sea. That text, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,'

etc., has been often in my mind; and I greatly deceive myself if I am not just beginning to know something experimentally of its ineffable preciousness. 'O my God! shed abroad that peace in my soul!' on what can I stay that soul if not upon the 'Rock of Ages,' if not upon the 'Word of God,' if not upon the sacrifice of Christ? I desire most earnestly to be weaned from this world. I have found it all nothing but vanity, and having tried to no purpose the creature so long, I do most devoutly desire to fill up the rest of my time in drawing happiness and contentment alone out of divine and mediatorial things. One thing I like about my present state is this: though I am waxing a little more bold in appropriating faith, I am sensibly not less humble, rather more meek and lowly. What a transporting thought that the Holy Spirit is beginning to quicken and sanctify me. Oh, I do hope and pray that I may be enabled to hold fast that which I have. Mine shall then be 'the morning star.' One thing I have long deplored, and still have to deplore, is my indifference while reading the Scriptures compared with the eagerness with which I peruse the journals, etc., etc., of the day; and yet I would part with all my library, and with all the books in the world, before I would part with the Bible. What a heap of inconsistency lies in the human heart, even in the new heart!"

"*August* 31*st*.—I have been also busy writing an address to the students attending the Theological Hall, Edinburgh. It is customary for the Moderator to con-

clude thus the session. I go down in the end of next month. I had declined, but the Hall committee sent me a unanimous and earnest request to comply, as great good might be doné to the students. Hearing in this the call of the Master, I go, and may God go with me to bless the lads."

"*September 29th.*—I had, as Moderator, the duty to perform of closing the Divinity Hall on the 28th. The subject of my lecture was, 'Personal conviction indispensable to pastoral success.' I am thankful that the professors and brethren present were satisfied, and expressed their hopes that the subject would be blessed to the students. It was a very solemn occasion to me. It seemed but as yesterday when I myself was a student at the Hall, under Dr Dick, in Glasgow. It was a great refreshment to my spirit that my dear brother Andrew came to see and hear me. How seldom we see each other now! I left Edinburgh same evening by mail train, and reached London next forenoon, to be ready for the services of the following Sunday. The 121st Psalm has been again mine."

"*October 31st.*—This too has been a somewhat checquered month. Besides all the usual duties at home, I have been again 'outing.' On the 11th, I preached in and opened the new church at Claughton, Birkenhead, and also on the Sabbath evening following. The collections in all were over £400, and the services were all interesting. I especially admired Dr Macleod's sermon

on Sabbath forenoon—'There is One in this place greater than the Temple.' I stayed with Mr Stitt at the Grange, where I rejoined my darling Grace. I enjoyed much a visit to my old friend, Dr Crichton of Liverpool, who now dwells with his daughter, Mrs Sinclair.

"The cloud of sadness has rested all month upon my spirits at the prospect of my dear wife leaving me for the winter. Oh, it is sad, sad, and to none can I breathe it but to my God, who knows how to comfort me."

"On Saturday the 24th of November, I completed the pastoral visitation of the whole congregation, having begun on 16th August. I have been and prayed in every house from the Tower in the east to Richmond on the west, from Streatham in the south to Marylebone on the north; and from all, without exception, I have met with most cordial receptions. May the Lord bless the people!"

The year 1867 follows the same course with its changes in himself and others.

"*January 1st.*—I have to record another death. Dr Skinner of Blackburn died suddenly on Friday last. I met him at the Synod at Manchester in October. He appeared well then, but he is better now. He was a fellow-student of mine, though my senior by two or three years. They are fading away one by one, and ere long I shall go the way whence I shall not return. Oh that I may this year make decided advances in heavenly-mindedness! I know that the Lord has been dealing

very graciously with my soul of late. To me 1866 must ever be memorable as *the* year in which I got the length of humbly believing that I am accepted in the Beloved,—in which my eyes were more widely opened to the awful sinfulness of my past life, and in which I began to experience a little of that perfect peace given to them whose minds are stayed in God, trusting in Him."

"*February.*—Among other things, I began to sketch my sermon for the Synod in May; and to get my mind into a good frame, I read Pressensè's 'Life of Jesus.' For some time past I have been led to review my Kincardine pastorate, and have felt deeply humbled before God and almost depressed at the remembrance of the sinfulness and vanity of these early days, fearing that I had done little or no good. Yesterday, down in Lambeth, I was visiting the bereaved family whose only child had died. I found there the good old grandmother. Before I left, she very seriously took my hand in hers, and asked me to allow her to tell me something which she had often wished to write to me that I might know it, as it might comfort me. She then narrated with deep feeling that she had been in her young days one of the servants in Captain Johnson of Sands' house, near Kincardine. That though she herself went to the *kirk* with the family, she ventured one day to come to the Secession church to hear me: had heard there a sermon on the sufferings of Christ, which was the means of her

conversion to God, who had been her God from that day to this. Church feeling ran very high at that time against all us Voluntaries, and everything was done to prevent her going to hear me; but she resisted all attempts, and soon after left the place, when she married and came to London. She always sought me out to hear me when I preached in the metropolis, and ever since I came to Clapham she has attended my ministry, and is to be admitted a member in the approaching communion in March. My feelings are indeed touched to the core, and I was not the less humbled, but somewhat comforted and encouraged."

"*1st April* 1867.—I have been pretty busy during March preparing my *Synod sermon*. I have been rewriting it, and hope to have it all ready soon. It has given me not a little thought and concernment. I shall never have such an opportunity again, and I strongly wish to improve it for God and Christ and my brethren."

"*1st May*.—I have re-written and finished the sermon I intend preaching at the opening of the Synod on next Monday, the 13th. I have done my best—but I have discovered when too late to change, that I have been too ambitious to be out of the usual routine—in short, I have failed to fulfill my own idea, 'Nous verrons.' I know that I have tried to make the glory of my master and the edification of the Church of my fathers, my sole and holy object. On the 25th my beloved wife returned home after six

months' absence—upon the whole rather stronger, not much. This separation is a great trial to me. I feel very lonely at this eve of life, to be so often parted from her—*not* in whom I live, but who makes life to me pleasant. My Heavenly Father alone knows what I really suffer: but I deserve it all—and a great deal more. Lord, I repent; help mine unrepentance."

"*31st May.*—On the forenoon and evening of Sabbath the 5th, I preached respectively to young women and young men—to the former from Martha and Mary, to the latter from the confession of the young ruler.

"This has been a busy and deeply interesting month. On the first day of the month died John Henderson of Park, a man of great wealth and of great generosity. It is calculated that he has given to the United Presbyterian Church alone about £100,000 from first to last. He laid the foundation of Clapham Church, and paid £800 or £900 for the pillars, etc., in the front of the building. He has left for various schemes about £35,000. He was a plain, unpretending, good man, and has not only done much himself, but provoked many others to liberality.

"On Monday the 6th, I left by express for Scotland. I stopped at Penrith to pass a day with my young friend, Mr Tannahill. On the Tuesday Mrs Tannahill and he drove me up to the Ullswater Lake and picnicked at the waterfall. The scenery is most lovely, and the weather was exquisite. I preached in the evening in

Mr Tannahill's church, which was well filled. I left on Wednesday — stopped at Carlisle, where I dined with Mr Millar—went on to Longtown, and preached in the evening to Mr Carruthers' people, in the midst of a terrific storm of thunder and lightning. On Thursday morning I left by the Waverley route for Edinburgh, which I reached about ten. On passing Hawick I remembered and prayed for good Adam Thomson, now in Sydney. On the afternoon of the same day I went over per coach to see my brother James at Dunfermline, but found they had all gone to Dr Dewar's, Burntisland. Thither I followed next day, Friday, and having dined with him and the Dewars, I departed and reached Edinburgh at six o'clock, sad indeed to see my poor brother in such a dangerous state of health—I fear the worst. I kept the house all Saturday, giving the last touches to the '*Synod Sermon.*'

"On Monday the 13th, I preached the Synod sermon from Luke iv. 20: 'And He closed the book.' The Synod Hall was crowded, and many failed to get admittance. I was strongly urged by many fathers and brothers to publish it, which I have declined to do, as I wish to use the sermon otherwise. I trust I am thankful that I gave satisfaction, and feel, now that it is over, that I have done with the honours and duties of an official career for ever. Henceforth I keep in the shade of my private pastorate. I bless God that I have acted a part that led the Church to appoint me to a work of such

high honour. It is the certificate of the Church that I have not in any way done it discredit."

Extracts sufficiently numerous have been given to show his perplexities and anxieties in the matter of his Synod sermon. Men who have passed through this ordeal will smile gravely, being not ignorant of the evil, and those who have not, will smile lightly in their inexperience. But it shows two of his fine qualities, his wish to do his best for the denomination as well as for his own reputation, and his habit of well-timed and unsparing labour. The sermon was at last finished. The text was rather a narrow edge on which to build a Synodal structure, but the sermon was characteristic and evangelical; and the preacher, modestly dubious of its reception, and always sensitive to his inaptness for such occasions, received the more gladly the welcome smile and sympathy of his many old and young friends. This, too, was done, never, he happily felt, to be done again.

Very solemn and peculiarly impressive was the gathering on the Monday after the sermon at the well-known Bridge of Teith: "Just as I was closing the book on the Monday morning at 8.30, the venerable historian of our Church, Dr M'Kerrow of Bridge of Teith, closed his life. He had sent me a day or two ere I left London, his new volume, 'The History of the Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Synod,' which I briefly noticed in the *London Weekly Review*. He would get it and read it on the Monday he died. He was preparing to come to

the Synod on the following day, but received his writ of summons to go up to the General Assembly of the Church of the firstborn in heaven. He was my own and my father's friend. I spent six weeks in his manse with my father shortly before his death in 1823. The waters of Teith ran murmuringly past his home, which is at the back of the church. I attended his funeral on the following Monday, the 20th—to me, in the memories of the past, a profoundly solemn occasion.

The next extract we leave without a word—it will go to the hearts of many old friends of the Erskine Church: "On Saturday the 18th, I went with my brother Andrew westward to Glasgow. I walked over to Erskine Church, which, being opened, I entered, the first time since I preached my last sermon in its pulpit. The rushing memories of the twenty-one years I laboured there almost overwhelmed me. I stood in the pulpit and thought of the times I had preached from it to the crowded congregation God gave me. But it is impossible to describe my feelings. I walked down the Paisley Road, and went in and stood before my old house at Park Grove; then down to see Mr M'Lean at Plantation; then dined at Bailie Anderson's."

"*June 30th*, 1867.—This will be an ever memorable month to me and to our family. Our eldest brother, my father's firstborn, died at Dunfermline on Sabbath morning at 9.30, the 16th of June, in his sixty-fifth year. His sufferings had been great, but all his usual reticence

as to personal religion broke down a few days before his death, and he died alike penitent and confident. Christ's righteousness was all the foundation of his hope. His father's and his mother's God was there near to him, and drew forth from its hidden recess the trustful confession of his faith. His last words were: 'I am Christ's —yes, Jesus, Thou hast purchased me; I am Thy property; no one else has a right to me.' I left London on Wednesday evening the 19th, and reached Edinburgh in the morning. In the afternoon William and I went over to Dunfermline. Among the first things that I did, was to go up to the bedroom to see his loved face, but they had screwed down the lid of his coffin. I prayed over his dust. Thoughts of a long past rushed in upon me. One seems to live an age at such moments. On Friday the 21st, we carried him to his grave in the Abbey Churchyard. The concourse was great; he was greatly beloved. As the gravediggers were filling up the grave I saw the bones of its former tenants, no doubt the bones of my father and mother, and sister Agnes. That grave had been unopened since Agnes and his young wife had been interred in it in the autumn of 1832. For whom it shall be opened next is known only to God. The Abbey Church bell tolled as we carried the body to its resting-place. My dear brother was born on 14th April 1802. And thus, O death, hast thou once more entered our fold, and struck down him whom we were wont to call 'the

chief;' and he was worthy of the name for his many noble qualities. He had a kind heart. *Twice* when I was thought dying, about two years ago, he came up from Scotland to see me. I will never forget his sad looks then. He is gone, he has taken so much more of my heart away with him to the happy land. Soon—soon now—we five brothers that remain must follow."

"1*st August.*—The intelligence from Moffat, where my dear brother Wardlaw is with his family, has been very sad. He is no better, and fears are entertained that better he can never be, till he is away to the better land. Dear Wardie, thou wast my father's pet. I remember as if it were yesterday, seeing thee sitting on father's knee, after mother's death, and hearing him sing to thee—

> 'Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
> Ca' them whare the heather grows,' etc.;

and now it seems it is thy turn to go after James to *our* Father and *our* home. Oh, it is deeply affecting! and shades to me all nature, and even screens grace. I can only pray for thee, dearest Ward.

"On Friday the 19th, I began writing out for publication those 'Life Thoughts' from my preached sermons in Glasgow and London that were taken down *verbatim* in short-hand notes, and written out and sent to me. To Kincardine, Erskine Church, and Clapham congregation, this volume will be a silent souvenir of the past. When

'Dr Archer' is out, I hope to send this to the press—and it may be my last publication. I pray that God may bless it to every reader. I quite have the feeling now at sixty years as if my work, if not my life, were drawing to its close. If it be *His* will, I should like life and work to be coeval. It is nice to *live* in harness, nicer to *die* in it. What must heaven be when it is all work together, and work always, and never wearied! Oh to be home and at work!"

"*August* 31*st*, 1867.—In the beginning of this month I had a very pleasant call from my cousin, Dr James Dewar of Kirkcaldy. He was in town, about getting a patent for his discovery of the use of sulphurous acids. I remember his mother's marriage, and his birth. She was a remarkable woman; had a great deal of her father's (Dr Husband's) intelligent and shrewd mind. I saw her frequently when she was dying. It was when I was at Kincardine. On one occasion, when I visited her at Leuchars, Fife, she said to me what I have never forgotten: 'O John, you preach the Gospel to me in a way no other person ever does; I am so much comforted by your conversation.' So also my dear sister Agnes used to say. 'What a privilege it is thus to be useful!' so many, many have said to me in the years that have come and gone since then.

"My good old friend, Mr Shanks of St Helens, died on the 13th. They are now fast dropping away.

"In my visitation on Wednesday the 28th, I met with a pleasing incident. Down in Battersea Fields lives a family that recently joined our Church. The husband and wife had been brought up in the Church of England. They came to hear me at Clapham. God blessed the Gospel to them, and they both applied, and were received into the communion of our Church. The wife, on this my first visit, revealed to me how the Lord had blessed my preaching to their souls, and that they now enjoyed great peace. I asked where her husband worked; she said, 'Over in Kensington.' I said, 'That is a far way off from this.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'but we cannot go farther away from your church; and it is with you we wish to remain.' There was about her way of telling her story something exceedingly assuring. I was very exhausted when I reached her house, having found it with difficulty, but I left her cheered and refreshed. I have reason to believe there are many such cases in my congregation; and I bless God for them. In the midst of many distressing circumstances, He sends me every now and then such proofs of a successful pastorate. Oh what an honour! what a privilege! There are other two such cases at present: two lads of my native town—Dunfermline—evidently genuine conversions."

"*1st November* 1867.—This month begins but sadly with me. I had just returned from Clapham Junction, where I saw my beloved wife away to Hastings for the

winter. It is now almost twenty years that I have had almost annually to endure this break-up of my family. For many years I bore up manfully, but of late I feel quite unequal to the concealment of my depression. I really am not *able*, bodily and mentally, to *hide* it, and yet I am very conscious that I need such discipline; certainly I have deserved it. I do all I can to 'kiss the rod.' I pray much for sanctification and submission. Oh that it would please Him so to improve the health of my dearest friend out of heaven as to render such frequent and long absences from her unnecessary. I may well try to endure meekly when she, the sufferer, endures so patiently the affliction sent. I cannot forget the improvement I made of last winter's solitude. I then had more close communion with God than I ever had; and I am examining myself in the hope that during these coming dark months I shall enjoy a similar blessing.

"On Saturday the 12th, my brother William and I left for Glasgow. I made one or two calls on some of my old Erskine Church friends, especially on Mr John Anderson out at Pollokshaws, who lies in a very shattered state, and whom I may never again see. He was one of the best friends I ever had. May God bless him and his interesting family. After dining in my brother George's, where, during the evening, some of my old flock came to see me, I went to Partick, and stayed all night with Mr Laurie, whose anniversary

sermons—forenoon and afternoon—I preached on the following Sabbath to crowded audiences. After each service, great numbers of Erskine Church people, young and old, rich and poor, flocked into the vestry to shake my hand. They perhaps did not realise how much they shook my heart. It was a deeply interesting and exciting scene to me."

The following is a memorable passage in the history of English Presbyterianism. The name of James Hamilton filled the whole house, and far beyond, with its fragrance. A child-like, Christ-like man of genius of many kinds—scientific, poetic, humorous, pathetic—he passed away, having done, at too great cost of his shortened life, a most important work, and having left an influence subtle and subduing, which works whenever his name (and it is great and powerful as ever) is recalled. Our friend was attached to James Hamilton also, through the deep love and reverence he had for his uncle, Thomas Hamilton, who in his ninety-third year still lives on Clapham Common, and whom he never failed to visit once a month, and spend with him an hour of unfailing profit and joy. This hour was one most highly prized by Dr Macfarlane. It was full of memories of Thomas Boston, whom above all men his venerable friend feels he knows best now, and desires above all men to see in heaven—of Dr Waugh, known and loved by him in his prime—of Edward Irving, who stayed with him during his first fortnight in London; whose

first book, "The Oracles of God," he published; the second edition of which, he says, put into Irving's hands £200, two-thirds of which he sent to his parents in Annan. There are few more beautiful sights than to witness this venerable man, unbent in body and buoyant in spirit, with his warm memories of the past, and his blessed hopes of immortality.

"*30th November* 1867.—And so I have lived to see the last day of another month; and this one—the 30th —must ever be a memorable day to me. It is the anniversary of Dr Archer's death, and of the day on which Sir William Ferguson pronounced me to be within a few hours of the eternal world. But by the amazing mercies of my God I continue within the body, and also to work in the vineyard. But it has not been so with all. Death has struck down one of our brightest and best of men, and of ministers. On Sabbath morning last (the 24th), *James Hamilton* of Regent Square Church went home. He had been ill for months of paralysis, and gently passed away as the Sabbath dawned. He will be greatly missed. Few such men appear in the Church now. He was both very good and very great. Yesterday we laid him in the grave. The services in the church, and at the cemetery at Highgate, were most solemn and affecting, and can never be forgotten by those who were present. The venerable Baptist Noel gave the address at the grave. He made me feel as if the dead man in the coffin was, after all, alive, and listening to his words.

The *widow* stood beside him, leaning on the arm of her oldest boy. Oh, it was very touching! How near did the honourable speaker bring us all to him, and him to us! I wrote and sent off a short notice about him to the *Weekly Review*, which appears in to-day's number. Still his work had to go on. I have also this month finished another pastoral visitation of the whole congregation. I am finding that this is pressing rather hard upon me. But it does good, and I do not forget that I am set here to lay the foundations upon which another is to build. The Lord help me."

"There have been two deaths among our ministers: the Rev. Dr Smith of Biggar on the 23d December, and the Rev. John More of Cairneyhill on the 3d instant. The former would have been my father's choice when they were looking out for a colleague to him. Mr More, too, was a good man.

"In the course of January, other three of our worthy ministers have passed away. Besides Mr More on the 3d, Mr Hay of Govan and Mr Riddell of Moffat died on the 13th—both of them good men. Mr Riddell, a man of very powerful mind. I have spent happy hours with him in the days of old, when, with my dear family, I used to sojourn by the waters of the Annan. His intellectual powers predominated over the emotional. He was a hard student and a severe thinker.

"My darling wife removed on the 17th to Teignmouth, in Devonshire. Oh that it would please Him to grant

her a revival. I bear up wonderfully under this painful separation; indeed, I feel often as if I would soon sink under such repeated separations, and especially from my sympathy with my other half under such afflictions; but it will all *end* well, only it is long to the end of a griet like this. I am sure God is loving me, and sanctifying me.

"On the 21st I had an agreeable duty to perform. Along with other brethren of the Presbytery of London, I went over and surveyed Hammersmith, and fixed upon a site there for a new United Presbyterian church. Some of our Scotch folks living there are to form the nucleus. If they get the right *man*, no doubt Hammersmith is the right *place*. The Lord smile upon and bless it. May the little one soon become a thousand!"

At this hour the Rev. Henry Miller does a good work most bravely there.

"The annual meeting of Clapham congregation was held upon the 20th, when a small surplus was reported. We have contributed during the past year £1980 for all purposes, and in that sum is included £223 for our Synod's Home and Foreign Missions. Everything is pleasant and prosperous, only I feel the debt upon the premises a great discouragement. I would that the Master stirred up some one or more to set an example of high liberality, and so to get quit of so much. The whole cost is over £12,300; we have yet £8500.

The Synod trustees make an error of judgment in not relieving us of all interest. But the will of the Lord be done."

"1*st April* 1868.—I this day enter upon my sixty-second year, but no pen can record the feelings of all kinds that arise from the retrospect and the prospect. I trust I am humble—hopeful—useful. Oh, to work while it is called to-day. I cannot have many more years now. I am trying to make up for past deficiencies, and trust the Lord is helping me.

"On the 6th my wife and her sister returned from Teignmouth. I thank God that dear Janet seems rather stronger. At first these separations to me are very dispiriting, but I now feel quite resigned. Custom and habit make us quietly take what once aroused our rebellious natures.

"We had a grand congregational soiree on the evening of Wednesday the 11th, in order to stimulate to liberality in the effort to liquidate some of our church debt—no less than £1100 were subscribed. I am thankful to record that some did *well*—others *ill*—most *nil*. I got some very beautiful specimens of generosity. Samuel Morley wrote me that he would give us £100 if we would raise £1900, or £200 if we made it £3800. Mr Guthrie, not a member of our Church, but a Scotsman, sent me unsolicited £100. Mr Boustead, with his usual kindness, sent me £50, his third donation of the same amount. We trust to raise at least £1200 at this

time. Would God it were all away. It is a sad depressor to me and to my prosperity."

"*1st May* 1868.—The most remarkable events of April are political and ecclesiastical. On Saturday morning, the 4th, the House of Commons, by a majority of sixty-one, decided that the Irish Church, as a State Church, should cease to exist. In this I hear the death-knell of church establishments. And this busy chequered month has gone! I have been rather sad and depressed in spirits all the time. I know not why I should. My Father has not hid His face. My family is once more all under my roof, and everything in the church seems to promise well. Still it has been so. I hope it is the growth of heavenly-mindedness. The faces I now miss in the Synod preach to me very solemn sermons. The minority only I can recognise, and my feelings and thoughts go, and very much, to the majority in the assembly above. I cannot now (sixty-one years) be long absent from them."

"*August 7th.*—I have returned this day from Scotland. My dear wife and I left on Monday the 13th, reached Edinburgh on the same evening, and on the following day went west to Glasgow to South Park at Cove, on Lochlong, to spend a fortnight there with our friends, Mr and Mrs T. Corbett. We had beautiful weather all the time, and enjoyed ourselves much amid the scenery and beauties of a locality endeared to us by many tender and early associations. I sailed up to Lochgoilhead and

spent a happy evening with my brother Andrew, who, with his family, had summer quarters there. I returned on the following day to South Park. On the Saturday following I dined with Mr and Mrs Smith and family. I married them many years ago. I dined another day at Knockderry, the marine villa of that model layman, Mr David Anderson. I met with many old Glasgow friends. And it so happened that while in the North two of my best friends, elders of Erskine Church, died—Mr John Anderson and Mr John Kirkwood. I went up and attended the funeral of Mr Anderson, and conducted the service in one of the rooms of Hillhead House, where he died. I saw and prayed with the dear widow. On the forenoon of Sabbath the 26th I preached in Kilcreggan U.P. Church, and saw many faces that placed the past affectingly before my mind. Oh, what I have passed through in London since then! While at Cove I made a great many charades for the amusement of the young people. I also prepared a sermon from the 119th Psalm, 18th verse. On Monday the 27th, we left Cove for Glasgow. While there we visited the graves of our children in the Necropolis, and went out to Ruchill and spent an evening with our most worthy friends, Mr and Mrs J. H. Young. On Tuesday morning I attended the inauguration of Dr Scott, as Home Secretary, and there I met my old tutor, Dr Halley of Albany, in America. I scarcely knew him. He left this country when I was just ordained. He it was that told my dear sister she

was dying. We returned to Edinburgh on Friday the 31st. On the Sabbath forenoon we worshipped at St Andrew's Church, when I heard a most excellent sermon from Mr Stuart, one of the Queen's favourite preachers at Balmoral. The last sermon Prince Albert heard was from him on 'Prepare to meet thy God.'

"On Tuesday, 4th August, I heard Dr Eadie's opening lecture at the Hall, on the 'Resurrection of Christ.' It was a noble production."

"*October.*—This day I have attended the funeral of a very dear member of the church. David Donaldson, in one of the city banks, burst a blood-vessel some months ago. I saw him often. He was of the type of the 'beloved disciple.' The last time I saw him in his house here was early in summer, when I baptized his infant daughter, Grace Husband Macfarlane. He left for Scotland that same night. I called upon him at his father's house in Musselburgh on the 5th of August, and was depressed. He returned to London last week, rapidly sank, and died on Saturday night. His last words were, as he raised himself in bed and stretched forth his hands, 'Oh, sinners, keep not back—keep not back—come to the precious Saviour,' and so he passed into eternity. Oh, how solemn! how very solemnising!'"

His brother Wardlaw had been long on the way to death, and at last he came to it; and so another was taken from the old Dunfermline home, and the heart beating warmly in Clapham felt it keenly.

"*November* 1868.—Upon the afternoon of Saturday, the 21st of this month, my beloved brother Wardlaw died. He has been in a dilapidated state of health for two or three years, but we were hoping that he was getting over it. He had just purchased a dwelling-house out at Morningside, Edinburgh, and had only occupied it two or three weeks, when 'he was not, for God took him.' His devoted brother William and his kind physician Keith had just lifted him into bed, when very unexpectedly he expired, without a word, without a sigh; and so my honoured father's pet son passed into the skies. He was, as to religion, very undemonstrative, but 'the root of the matter' was in him. He was very truthful, upright, chaste, and affectionate, and died 'in Christ.' The state of my health has prevented me going down to his funeral, but slowly and sadly his three brothers, William, George, and Andrew, carried him to his grave on Wednesday the 25th. And now all is over till the resurrection morn. His widow and three bonnie bairns are now under the protection of 'Jehovah-jireh.' My heart has been very sad, my thoughts very sorrowful, and yet calmness has presided. Yet are all the memories very affecting. This death cannot but be sanctified to us all. May God grant it! He had completed his fifty-sixth year."

Another entry here will interest many who will share heartily in the closing desire.

"I dined with Mr George Waugh on the evening of

the 23d, and met there Dr Cairns of Berwick, who was on his return from the Continent, where he has been recruiting strength for the last month. He is as good as great. May he live!" All who know that most noble man and minister will join in this opinion and prayer.

The year 1869 was the saddest of his life. What he feared came upon him, and the wife of his heart was taken from him. Some parts of this diary remind one of the most touching lines Sir Walter Scott ever wrote, when, separate in Edinburgh from his wife, dying at Abbotsford, he recorded his daily fluctuations of hope and fear. But there is in Dr Macfarlane's the infusion of an element of richer consolation amidst a like trial.

"*February 4th*, 1869.—January has kept me in great trouble. On its first day, I got alarming intelligence about my dear wife, now in Devonshire. I could not leave London till the 5th, on which day I left for Teignmouth. I found her body low indeed, weaker and more dying-like than I had ever seen her, but calm and peaceful as heaven itself. I remained till the 14th, when I returned to London—danger for the present not being anticipated. Oh! it was a season of much affliction, and, of course, of much prayer, and also of great mercy. I must notice the goodness of God in several instances. It was the 'week of prayer,' and at the several places of worship I enjoyed times of refreshing. On the evening of Thursday the 7th, I was walking in one of

the streets, and saw people going into a chapel. I asked the doorkeeper what it was. 'Oh!' said he, 'it is only a prayer-meeting.' '*Only*,' I replied, 'is not that enough?' I went into a back pew, and could join in the services. It was the Wesleyan Chapel. One of the speakers had heard it said that 'much prayer foreshadows much blessing.' The thought I found to be stimulating and encouraging. On the Friday I attended at the Congregational Chapel, and on the Saturday evening at the Plymouth Brethren place. In them all I found myself as much at home as in Erskine Church, or in Clapham. But it was on the Sabbath that I found that God was meeting me. I worshipped in the morning with the Wesleyans, and almost started when the preacher gave out for his text, 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' It was a very capital sermon, and poured comfort into my soul. I perceived that it was sent of God. In the evening I went to the Baptist place, and there I also met God in the ordinance of preaching. The subject was, 'The shadowings of immortality,' and the text, 'Christ bringeth light and immortality to light in the Gospels.' It was a very impressive discourse indeed. I never heard in Scotland better discourses than I got in Teignmouth Wesleyan and Baptist chapels. It was a day by me to be remembered. Living as I was and am beneath the shadow of an impending and awful trial, these services were as music

and nourishment to my very soul. On the following evening it was dark and howling. I found myself in a narrow lane, and was startled by the sound of praise. I followed till I came to a stair leading to an upper room. I ascended. It was a place of meeting belonging to the Primitive Methodists. The leader was in prayer, very earnest. Only five besides myself were present. At the end a dozen were present. He gave out as his text Isaiah xliii. 1, 2, 'Fear not when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee,' etc. The sermon was really good, and made me less sad and fearful. On reflection, how is bigotry and sectarianism rebuked! There was a day in my life when I could not associate such spiritual enjoyment with such as Wesleyans, Baptists, Plymouthites, etc.; and yet, now in the evening of life, when human necessities are felt, as they never are when the sun of manhood shines, and the action of life is intense, how perfectly adapted to my spiritual condition were all the alien services. There is far more unity among us after all than we know or will admit."

The next entry is sad indeed:

"13*th February* 1869.—At half-past three o'clock this morning *she* died, who has been for more than thirty years of toil and trouble my counsellor and comforter, and earthly all. What shall I—what can I record? My heart is full of grief, mine eyes of tears. As some

occupation to my startled and agonised soul, I shall try to note some particulars. Ever since I left Teignmouth on the 15th of last month, hopes and fears have alternated. Hope rose on the very day of her death. Dr Leckie had been in Devonshire, and saw her. He called to give me comfort, and assured me he thought she had passed the worst, and was now likely to regain some strength. On the very next morning, Saturday the 13th, on coming down to breakfast, a telegram was put into my hands, saying, from dear Grace, that 'Mamma was unexpectedly and rapidly sinking, and that she would telegraph again in an hour.' She needed not. I concluded that I was at last bereaved indeed; and in less than half-an-hour the second message came, saying that all was over. What was I to do? I told her two boys. Got Mr Gill, my kind neighbour, to supply the pulpit, and set off. I reached Teignmouth in the evening, and looked upon the dead. O my God, Thou didst help me then! I cannot enlarge. In less than an hour after my arrival, her coffin came; and after the fashion of my native land, I helped to lay her in it. What harrowing, humbling work. The next day the Sabbath. I sought comfort in the house of the comforter, and got it. The God of the broken heart spoke to me from the Wesleyan pulpit in the forenoon, from these words: 'We have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, but who was in all things tempted

like as we are;' and from the Baptist pulpit in the evening, from 'Ye are come . . . to the spirits of just men made perfect.' On Monday morning we all left the 'sunny south,' where, for years past, she had sought and found relief to suffering. A hearse met us at Paddington as we arrived in the evening, and soon after her coffin was beneath her once-loved roof-tree. The dear boys endured their first agony when the lid was unscrewed, and her calm—deadly calm—face was seen. Oh that her death may be their life!

"The tides of human sympathy immediately flowed into our bleeding hearts, for she was one that all loved and esteemed; but that which held me up was the right hand of the Most High. On Friday the 19th, we interred her in Norwood Cemetery, where I had purchased a grave a few days before. The funeral was a private one. In the merciful providence of God, her and my earliest intimate friend, Dr Peddie of Edinburgh, happened to be in London, and he and Dr King performed a religious service in the library ere we left the house. It was a very seasonable scene of comfort to my bleeding heart. When the coffin was lowered into the grave, I offered up a short prayer that the dispensation might be sanctified especially to her two dear boys weeping by my side; and on the forenoon of the Sabbath thereafter, Dr Peddie preached her funeral sermon from these words: 'In my Father's house are many mansions,' etc. It was a most con-

solatory and beautiful discourse; and his brief but touching allusion in the conclusion to the death and worth of my beloved was very impressive. And thus is ended my married life. It has been one of some sorrows and hard struggles; but as far as she is concerned, one of peace and happiness. I should dilate, but I cannot. Only in silent, deep, awful thoughtfulness can I get vent to the rush of feeling. I saw her worth, that is to be expected; but I find that she has been much more generally appreciated and admired than I had any idea of. Farewell, my darling companion! I am fast following thee, and we shall soon meet where we shall never be parted. And yet the future looks lonely and cheerless from the standpoint of nature. I am now nearer—sensibly nearer—to God than I ever felt myself to be. I hope I feel resigned. I have the full assurance of faith that He hath done all things well, and that I shall, by His grace, be more holy and useful than ever during the little time that remains. If she kept back any part of my heart from Jesus, He now shall have it all—at least such is my wish.

"The only visit I have made since this mournful event was on the 26th, to the dying Mrs Archer. She is now not far from her rest. I told her what had happened to me. I shall never forget the *look* she gave me, and how she grasped my hand, closed her eyes, and remained silent and motionless for some minutes, and then tried to say,

'May the Almighty comfort you.' Having prayed with her, I kissed her, and said farewell. I do not expect to see her again till I see my beloved one in Christ's Father's house.

"On the last day of the month, the 28th, Sabbath, I conducted service in Clapham Church in the forenoon, expounding 2 Cor. i. 2-5, and preaching from Deut. xxxii. 11, 'As an eagle stirreth up her nest,' etc. I got the usual help from the Master — perhaps *she* was present. If so, it was the first time for long. Her last appearance there was at the communion in last September, the 20th. Immediately on reaching home she had a very alarming attack of breathlessness, and the house of God saw her no more. Indeed, for three years back she has been but very seldom there. Oh, it was touching often to see her as we all left her on the Sabbath mornings, but she is more than recompensed now.

"On the first Sabbath morning after her death, as I was crossing the Common alone to preach, I felt overwhelmed for a moment, when the thought rushed in, 'You have left no dear wife at home to-day following you with her prayers.' No, no, indeed; but God sent me a comfort, in the belief that all her lifetime's prayers for me and my ministry were still in Christ's memory, and would continue to be heard on my behalf while I lived. It is a sweet and soothing thought. Indeed I see her. I meet her everywhere. Sometimes I detect myself going

to tell her anything that has happened—as I was ever wont to do. On passing into the church my eye caught sight of the foundation-stone, laid on the 13th February 1862, by Mr Henderson of Park. Such is the bearing of the inscription. I marked it, as upon the same day, February 13th, she arose to Him who is the chief corner-stone in Zion. Trifles these to the world, but eloquent to me and my heart. I preach this evening from 'If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha.' I trust He will quicken and save some. It seems, indeed, a shocking piece of ingratitude not to love One who allowed Himself to be spit upon out of love to us. May *He himself* be with my spirit, and with the spirits of all who shall hear me."

Amidst and after his great trial, he had those who shared its sorrow and cheered him in the home so much changed. Each of them, as well as himself, had lost much. Miss Kidston was for long one of the circle, and every year as her strength increased her disinterested kindness and care grew with it. Few sisters were more closely knit than she who was away and she who remained. Grace, the only surviving daughter, it would be wrong further to note, and I have on purpose kept out very many passages in her father's journal, sacred to her and to him, and not for others. It is sufficient to say that her devotedness was a consolation to him, and her wisdom a resource which he is never tired of mentioning. John and James, the two

boys, were younger. The father's heart yearned after both, and the many prayers he records shall remain undisclosed in their father's journal. But they remain also with their father's God, and He will answer them on their behalf. It was a true grief to him when, in the course of business, both had to leave for distant countries, and when, in the last days of his life, he could not gather them with the others around his dying bed and bless them. But they were never absent from his heart; and the two dear members of his home who were far from his sight, were as near his thoughts and affections as the two who ministered to him so constantly by their loving care; and never from the hearts of any, the sister, children, or husband, did there ever fade the memory of her who bound them all together with a peculiar bond, who was more and more missed every day, and in coming times of separation, and in the hour of death specially felt to be wanting, with her old unfailing wisdom and sympathy.

"*1st May* 1869.—There have been varieties in April—some pleasing, others saddening—all, I hope, profitable to my thirsting and hungering soul. The chief has been a visit from my much-loved younger brother Andrew. He came up to supply our infant church at Hammersmith for the second, third, and fourth Sabbaths of the month. As the third was the anniversary of my induction here, he and I exchanged, and I rejoice to know that he gave uncommon satisfaction both in Clapham and Hammersmith, especially in Clapham, where he will be

welcomed back again by all and sundry. How strange that the infant, whose name I mention in the first paragraph of 'The Night Lamp,' should be seen occupying my pulpit in this 'great Babylon.' We had many private and consoling conversations, especially about her whose death we now mourn. We went together and stood by her grave at Norwood. Oh, what a scene! 'Andrew,' I could not help saying, 'you may soon one day stand here, and I too shall be lying in that grave by her side. I wonder how you will feel when we are all dead but yourself.'

"On the 15th I entered upon the eighth year of my ministry in London. What a seven years of toil and trouble these have been to me, but years also wherein I have seen success. Yes, I have had some weeping, and also some singing. And *one is not*, on whose account mainly I cut my ties with the North. She was my strength and comfort here. Oh, dear, dear, London is now more foreign to me than ever. I am just beginning to feel that I have lost her. A widow lady said to me yesterday, 'I did not feel it till almost a year after I lost Mr R——.' All is shaded. All seems to mourn around me. The very sight of her shrubs and ivy on the lawn here starts the tear. I have shed many a tear, but no tear like the one that now softly trickles down my cheek. I wonder if I shall ever know again a buoyant spirit."

The scene changes in the following record:

"*29th May* 1869.—I have been to Scotland since my last entry. I left by the night mail, on Monday the 3d, and hoped to have one week's quiet rest, but it was not to be. I got a telegram from Dr Ker of Glasgow, telling me that he was laid up and very ill, and urging me to go to Milnathort on the morrow and preach for him at the opening of Mr Boyd's new church. I had no alternative. I reached Mr Boyd's manse that night, and preached next day to a crowded house, though it poured all day and night too. Next morning I called at Lethangie House on the Patons. There Smeatons, Lawsons, Hendersons, Michael Bruce, the Husbands, Macfarlanes, and Greys, of early Secession days, used to meet and pray. Lethangie was sold by the Greys to the present proprietor, Mr Paton. The Lethangie carriage drove me to the Kinross station, and I reached Dunfermline in the forenoon and found my nephew well. My unexpected visit to Milnathort was both painful and pleasing. I deeply felt as I skirted along the base of the Lomond Hills and the banks of Loch Leven. I descried Balgedie in the distance, and I thought of my going before to its manse to find Mackelvie. Singular enough—and I told it in my speech after the dinner (on the opening day) in the inn — my father preached the very first sermon when Balgedie was occupied as a station, at the period of the 'Old Light' disruption. I preached my first sermon there after licence, and now I was preaching the first sermon in the new church of Milnathort. But, oh, these

firsts are all turning into *lasts*. When in Dunfermline, I visited as usual the graves, but had to think of a new one far away—in Norwood. I went into the Abbey Church and inspected the new and beautiful white marble monument in the south chancel to General Bruce. I left my card with the beadle for old Dr Chalmers—he still lives. He saw my father on his death-bed, and, *parish* pastor though he is, actually came to St Margaret's Church and heard me preach soon after my licence. He is really a venerable relic of the past."

Here is a pleasant and characteristic glimpse of an old friend: "I met dear old Dr Crichton, but his coming into the vestry before sermon upset me quite. He is very, very feeble—tried to speak of my loss, but could not, and just wept; so I just wept too. Oh, the memories his face recalled! He was ever a welcome visitor at Bellgrove. There I often met him in my young days, and he was there that very evening I had told my love to her whom I married, and who is no more."

"I have been *sadder* than I ever experienced during these last few weeks, even though they were much enjoyed. I feel as if I were only beginning to realise my desolate state. I am constantly recalling her, and I am often with Jesus. I have just got home a beautiful enlarged oil-coloured photograph of her, done by Mr Petty, the Royal Academician; but it is only like her—not herself. Ah! no, no, no!

"I have had a very pleasant visit of ten days from my

old college chum, Mr Carruthers of Longtown. He was supplying Hammersmith one Sabbath, and abode with me. Having the communion on the third Sabbath, he kindly preached for me on the previous Friday evening; and Mr Miller, the pastor-elect of Hammersmith, preached on the Sabbath evening. So I had quite an old Scottish sacrament, so far as assistants were concerned. I spent one evening in the House of Peers with Mr Carruthers, and heard Lord Derby speak in the grand debate on the Irish Church Disestablishment and Disendowment Bill. The House was crowded up and down, and the scene was exciting in the highest degree. But what has Christ's Church to do in such worldly assemblies? The second reading of the bill has passed by a majority of thirty-three. Soon, I believe, all church establishments must share the same fate: 'Any plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up.' It is coming."

We omit frequent references to his late loss, but here is another we have not the heart to leave untold:

"And thus a busy and chequered month has gone. I cannot, somehow, put down here what has been my spiritual experience. I am much drawn into heaven after her whom my soul loved. She often, often, every day knelt in prayer at an old arm-chair in our bedroom. I never feel as if I had her near me again, except when I go to kneel there too, assuming her very attitude while speaking to her Father. I have indeed holy and awful

moments both during the day and in the hours of the night at that chair. I remember that Jesus saw Nathanael under the fig-tree. I am sure His eyes were often upon that chair while her gentle spirit talked to Him; and I feel as if, when there, He sees me too, and sees me lovingly, and hears me all the more that I am in the place where she worshipped. Oh, to be with her and see *Him* she now adores!

"On the 22d, I dined with Dr Spence, previous to the laying of the foundation-stone of his new church in Clapton Park. The grand and the good old Mr Binney dined with us, and Mr Jones, of Bedford Chapel—the latter a most popular and eloquent preacher, self-taught. His chapel is crowded. But Mr Binney was the *guest*. I felt sad as I sat opposite him, and marked the signs of coming death. None of these, however, appeared upon his mind, as keen, as acute, as masterly as ever, but a heavenly colouring appeared on all he did and said and smiled. Oft in days gone by I used to meet him in the house of my venerable friend and kinsman, Dr Wardlaw of Glasgow. Mr Samuel Morley, M.P., of Bristol, did the ceremonial of laying the stone. I took tea thereafter in the house of Dr Pye Smith. Saw there the learned minister of old *Gravel Pit meeting*, where I preached more than thirty years ago. We had a public meeting in the chapel in the evening, at which I spoke. Mr Clarke, editor and proprietor of the *Christian World*, drove me to and from in his brougham. But the most

interesting, if not the most important, event of the month was the finishing of my family headstone in the cemetery at Norwood. It was on Friday the 16th, just that day five months she was laid in her long home, that her sister and I drove up to see it. It is very quiet and humble, but very neat, and quite, I am sure, to her taste. We prayed together there. I do wonder if she is permitted to see and hear her mourning survivors.

"I finish to-morrow (Sabbath, 1st August) a series of expository lectures I have been giving for some months past, from our Lord's intercessory prayer. Several times during the course of my ministerial life I have done so, but never as I have now done to my Clapham Church. Oh, what a prayer that is for height and depth! I am quite conscious that I am even yet infinitely behind it. Still I never before saw such strength and beauty therein. The people seem to drink it in with avidity. And many have been the thanks I have got for the comfort and instructions derived from my expositions. It is not likely I shall ever make it again the subject of public teaching, but to the end I hope it shall be pondered by my own heart. It is more than ever now my constant prayer that the moment of my own death may be in answer to the wonderful 24th verse, *Father, I will*, etc. Whoever may be praying at my death-bed, I now desire that *this* petition of my dear Lord shall be heard in preference to all others."

"30*th August* 1869.—I passed the first two weeks of

this month at Deal, in Kent. My dear Jamie has his holidays, and I enjoyed the *rest* not a little. *She* had never been in Deal, so there were no local associations to drape the scene with the crape of sad memories. We were within a mile and a half of Walmer Castle, the residence of the Lord Warden of the 'Cinque Ports.' I visited the castle one afternoon, and was especially interested in the bedroom where the hero of a hundred fights succumbed to the King of Terrors. There is no humbler bedroom in any United Presbyterian manse in Scotland. Forty shillings might have purchased everything in it. The Prime Minister arrived while we were in Deal to recruit, after the long and laborious session. May God spare Mr Gladstone to do more of such work as the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church. It is a mere question of time. The English and Scottish Establishments must follow. God has laid the axe to the root of the noblest tree, levelled with the earth it 'must and shall be.'"

"*23d October* 1869.—I returned yesterday after nearly five weeks' absence from home. There has been wealth and variety of incidents in the interval. I left London on the Monday after the communion on the 19th of September, and got to Edinburgh at 8.30 on Tuesday morning, and as it rained all day, I did not leave the house.

"*Wednesday, the 22d.*—To-day I had an interview with my famous fellow-townsman and her Majesty's

limner for Scotland, Sir Noël Paton. He explained to me the nature and design of another great picture upon which he is employed; a young knight arrested in the midst of temptation by the sudden tolling of a convent bell. He showed me also some cartoons of our Lord's temptation by the devil. He allowed, nay invited, free comment. I corrected one of his remarks that in the temptation Christ was 'deserted of His deity.' I asked if he believed in the true and proper deity of the Saviour; he at once and emphatically replied, 'Yes, I do.' I then spoke of the impossibility of His divine person as God and man being disconnected, and that no doubt His divinity helped His humanity in that awful duel. He thanked me, and said that Dean Stanley had been with him a day or two before, and had also favoured him with valuable remarks. In an adjoining room, he showed me a sketch, entitled 'Faith and Reason,' in which a beautiful female is leading Reason forward; but, he said, 'a friend lately called and saw it, and has taken the bloom out of it by some remarks.' I ventured to urge him to finish it, as it was quite a subject for the present times when reason seeks to guide faith, and is thus trying to undermine the very foundations of eternal truth. He seemed pleased, and said, 'You have put the bloom into it again,' etc., etc. He is an exceedingly pleasing and meek person. I don't wonder he is such a favourite with the Queen. He afterwards expressed to my brother William how much he had been pleased with my visit.

"On Friday I left for Dunfermline. I stopped by the way at Inverkeithing, and dined with an old friend and college chum, Mr Fleming, who has got a fine new manse, lifting him up much nearer the firmament than did old Mr Brown's manse. I reached Dunfermline in the evening, and went as of old to that dear house from which 'the Chief' lately went to heaven. My nephew, his only son, is now in possession, and is soon to be married.

"I travelled by the railway on Monday to Newcastle, and took up my abode with an old college and hall fellow-student, Dr John Bruce, and attended on the three following days the English Synod of our Church. Much to my surprise, the Synod unanimously chose me to be the Moderator for next year, when the meeting is to be held in Birmingham.

"My pulpit was well supplied in my absence by the Rev. Messrs Patterson, Law, Rome, Shoolbred, and Black. But I must now set a hard face to my winter's work, of which I have printed and circulated a syllabus. I almost fear to look it in the face, for I have not returned so braced up as I expected. But I hope for grace and strength from the *Master*, who has so long and forbearingly borne with His poor servant. It is vain for me to give expression to all the tumultuous feelings excited by this holiday; but, bless the Lord, O my soul!"

"1*st November* 1869.—I have printed and distributed

a syllabus of my winter's work; and on Sabbath evening last I began a short series of sermons on the 'Seven Wonders of the Church'—my first was upon 'The Wonderful God.' These are to be followed by 'The Seven Trumpets of the Bible.'"

"I have worked hard during this month at pastoral visitation, and have gone over a considerable space. I have also finished the first half of my winter's series of discourses—'The Seven Wonders of the Church.' The wonderful *God, Man, House, Angel, Book, Cross, Cure.* And so all hail to thee, 1870! Two highly important additions to our Presbyterian clerical staff have been recently made, in the inductions of Mr Oswald Dykes and Mr Donald Fraser, into Regent Square and Marylebone Churches. I quite feel that I am strengthened truly. I have not yet made their acquaintance, but I hope soon to do so. May God bless the lads and make them blessings."

"*April* 1870.—On the evening of the Tuesday, Mr Hadden and I attended the anniversary of the Pastors' College, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and heard Mr Spurgeon's annual report. It is certainly a wonderful institution, whatever may be said of the advantages of an educated ministry. To my surprise Mr Spurgeon called upon me to address the audience and students. I could not do that, but I spoke a few loving words, which, however, have brought upon me some labour, as two days thereafter, one of his students, now Baptist

pastor at Highgate, called on me with a note from Mr Spurgeon, asking me to preach at Highgate, and help the lad at his anniversary there. I cannot refuse Spurgeon, *the* man whom God has sent—of that there can be no doubt."

Here is an interesting case: "I was told of one case of a dear little girl, whose parents are among the most influential of Mr Spurgeon's great congregation; in writing to her companion, she said: 'When at home, I go, of course, with my father and mother to Mr Spurgeon's; but I love Dr Macfarlane's best, because he brought me to Jesus.' I have besides admitted three or four others to the Lord's Table, who have been of late led to 'see Jesus.' One case at present greatly interests me, and I am gladly anticipating success—only there is room for fear. It is the case of a gentleman, whose father was a clergyman, a most devout man, but who in early life 'drugged and dosed' his son with religion (so the son says). He became in early life somewhat disaffected with it; on entering the world 'he fell among thieves;' read Paine and Voltaire, etc., etc.; married; flourished in business; never gave up church attendance — but never joined any church; settled some time ago in Clapham; sought about for a pastor whose preaching he could tolerate; chose me; became interested in me; lost, by diphtheria, a lovely son; was much distressed. I called; saw him for the first time; found him very intelligent, but all in a state of mental dislocation on

religious matters. I saw his case, but failed at first to touch him. By and by he wrote to me thus: 'Respecting my religious views, or, in a measure, I should say, the want of them, I know that on earth there is no happiness to be compared with that of being truly good, nothing to equal the feeling of absolute dependence on Christ as our Saviour, and of which I have seen many beautiful examples; but *I cannot feel* it, and to express it is abhorrent to my nature. I seem not to get beyond being a good husband and father and moral man. I know almost every shade of doctrine professed by the various religious sects, but cannot apply *practically* even those I have most sympathy with. There are several taught I cannot believe in, such as the dreadful punishment for all eternity, awarded to those who cannot realise in this world inwardly the happy life of the Christian. The heathen are better off, for they, having no law, are a law unto themselves; and this it has sometimes seemed to me a pity to disturb, for they surely will never suffer for the condition of life in which they are born. It is such a mystery to me. To many I know it is as clear as the sun at noon-day.' I feel unusually interested in this sincere doubter; of course I have taken the case in hand and will do all I can. I think I can see a turn in the tide, and am all the more encouraged to keep at it, as his noble wife is doing all she can to help me. I was shocked, in one of my interviews, to hear him say, 'I see some at the Lord's Table

with whom I would not sit down at my own. We have hundreds of thousands invested in our business; we have branches all over England; and we generally find that the bankrupts by whom we lose money are all religious professors, so much so, that when we hear that any of our customers are given to much praying and professing, we drop the connection.' This is very sad of course. I replied, as I ought, that the inconsistencies of formalists were no rule to him or to any one. Little do some professors know the evil they do by walking before the world inconsistently with their profession and status as Church members. I hope to bring my friend out of this muddle."

And another: "One night in April 1870, or rather one morning, for it was going to the 'wee short hour ayont the twal,' we were alarmed by a ringing at the door-bell, were aroused from sleep, and went downstairs to inquire. It turned out to be a messenger from some dying woman, all the way over in Westminster, who was very anxious to see me. He said he had a letter for me, which he was requested to shove in below the door. I got it, and in the morning proceeded to find the woman out, but it was not easy. The address was vague and general. However, after much inquiry, and by the aid of the police, I found her out. It was a gin-palace on a humble scale. She was 'mistress'—a young Scotswoman, recently a mother, and both she and her infant (two weeks old) were fast dying. I did

my duty, and left her calm and peaceful. I went over again in a day or two after; she was very low, but had enjoyed peace ever since my visit. Some curate had called in the interval and had proposed administering to her the Lord's Supper. She had resisted it, assuring the curate that she had been told by me that there was no salvation in ordinances; that *Jesus* only was such, and that in Him she was firmly trusting, etc. I have not heard of her since; but she could not live many hours.

"On the 11th I went as one of a deputation to Downing Street, where we had an interview of an hour with Mr Gladstone, who had beside him Mr Forster. Mr Forster put two or three questions to me about the United Presbyterian Church, and her views on the education question. I think he wished to flounder me a little, as he recently did Dr Norman Macleod; but I got out of what looked, I confess, like an inconsistency. The deputation presented a protest against some clauses of the English Education Bill, signed by five thousand Nonconformist ministers. We evidently made an impression upon the Prime Minister. I felt thankful, however, that I was not in his shoes.

"I was walking in the cool of the evening following, in Clapham Park, when I unexpectedly met Mr Spurgeon all alone. We walked and talked together for more than an hour upon the affairs of the kingdom. He gave me the history of the old Church of England rector, who

sent him every year his New-Year Day's text—the father of the well-known Emily Faithful, near Epsom. I wish I could transcribe much of that wonderful man's conversation with me on that evening. It was a great deal better than 'John Ploughman's Talk.' He is engaged to address our Synod the week after next. I used the liberty to ask him how he could declare, as he had done, that if he were to leave the Baptists he would join the Free Church of Scotland. 'You are an out-and-out Voluntary,' I said, 'and so are we. I think your preferences should be all on our side.' He admitted it; but said he really did not understand our difficulties in the North. He said he had been brushing up his Latin of late, for the purpose of consulting the old notes on the Psalms—brief notes on which he is now publishing. He was very severe upon the modern speculations against the eternity of future punishment. I used the liberty of telling him the method of my Sabbath's discourse on 'Simon Magus,' with which he seemed pleased. The more I see and know of Mr Spurgeon, the more I am convinced that he is a man sent from God. The Lord spare him long.

"I went down to Edinburgh on Monday the 9th May, to attend the Synod. Mr Spurgeon was in the same train. He was asked down to address our Synod, which he did with wondrous effect on three different occasions—at a public breakfast in the Music Hall, on the Wednesday morning; in the Synod Hall, in the midst of the

Union debate; and again, in the Music Hall, at the missionary meeting in the evening. The honour was given to me, as his near neighbour here and his admiring friend, to introduce him to the Synod at the evening meeting. I did so in a few sentences, which gave satisfaction, I heard. I am persuaded his address must do our ministers and elders much good.

"I went over to my native city on Saturday the 21st, and preached on Sabbath for Professor M'Michael in the forenoon, and for the city mission, in my father's dear pulpit, in the evening. It was a very rainy night. Notwithstanding, the large church was nearly filled with a deeply interested congregation. I have since heard most cheering accounts of the impression made. I saw three or four boys in our old family pew—I could have supposed them to be myself and brothers some fifty years ago. I had quite a levee in the vestry afterwards —some of the *old ones*, the surviving relics of my father's church. It was very affecting. The pulpit was clothed in mourning (for Mr Young, who died some months ago). I could have thought it to be still clad so for my reverend grandfather and father."

"*June 20th*, 1870.—May was interesting to me in many ways—not less so has June been. I may note specially my having made the acquaintance of Dr Parker of Poultry Chapel, and author of 'Ecce Deus.' I dined with him, on the 16th, in Wandle House, Mr M'Murray's, and again, on the 24th, at Glenchess, near

Rickmansworth, Herts, in Mr William M'Murray's. I found him a very remarkable man; on some things, not essential, we do not agree, on most things we do. I do not wonder, though, that Poultry Chapel is filled every Thursday forenoon to hear him. We had some serious conversation on the subject of the Holy Spirit. I told him I had never preached upon that theme without *seeing* most blessed effects. I was pleasingly surprised this very forenoon (30th), when hearing him in the Poultry, to listen to his text, 'Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye first believed?' And a capital discourse it was. He intimated, besides, that the subject should be continued. I spoke with him after the sermon, and exhorted him to go on with it."

Here is an interesting notice: "The little B——s spent the afternoon of the 21st with us. And who are the little B——s? Well, the true story is stranger than fiction. A few months ago, after the opening of the church here, I was sent for to see a gentleman, lying at death's door from typhus fever. It pleased God to spare him. I found that he had a most interesting family of seven children; that they had recently come to London from Spain; that being in the neighbourhood of my church, though belonging to the Church of England, they had taken a pew with us; that Mrs B——, in the first instance, had been arrested to serious thought, under a sermon of mine upon God opening the heart of

Lydia; that her children had also become interested. On Mr B——'s recovery I spoke to him of religion. He was deeply impressed with the goodness of God in sparing his life; and I found that both his wife and himself were not ignorant of the saving truths of the Gospel. By and by they applied for admission to the membership of the Church. I consented, but found that none of them, neither parents nor children, had been baptized. I told them this ought to be done before the other. I shall never forget the almost rapturous expression in her face, when Mrs B—— replied, 'Yes, sir; like Lydia, the seller of purple, I desire to be baptized, with all my household.' The session agreed. Mrs Macfarlane and her sister accompanied me, and, in the drawing-room, father, mother, and the seven children all kneeling, with their heads leaning upon the table, I baptized them every one. When they rose from their knees, the tears were in their eyes. It was truly an apostolic scene. Immediately thereafter Mr and Mrs B——, and the two eldest boys, were admitted to the Lord's Table. In little more than two years after this I saw them at the Lord's Table one Sabbath forenoon, and shall never forget the very serious appearance of the parents. In the evening I preached from 'Come, for all things are ready.' The eye of Mrs B—— was never withdrawn from me, and when I announced the last particular—'Come, heaven is ready'—she smiled to me, and gently moved her head. On the Monday following, Mr B——

left for Portugal, and before the next Sabbath Mrs B—— left for heaven. She died somewhat suddenly. I was out of town. Mr B—— took ill in the steamer, and was carried, on arrival, to the hotel in Lisbon. He received the telegram of his wife's death, and a few hours after her he too left for heaven. Of course, with the dear little orphans I had to weep. They were immediately scattered here and there — one went to India, another to Manchester, some to the Blue Coat School, and the juniors to a relative in B——. They visit me every time they come to London. I never have passed their house in Clapham, since these events, without praying that they may be all carried safely past 'the world, the flesh, and the devil,' into the kingdom of God's dear Son. This explains who are the little B——s. I remember telling this story to the late Mr Henderson of Park when he called on me. On leaving he said, 'Though you had done nothing else than this, it is worth all the money and trouble expended on our London Church Extension Scheme.'"

"*July 27th*, 1870.—In three days July is gone. I think (from whatever cause) it has taken a good deal of my thinking round to death, judgment, and eternity. I have never felt my widowhood to be so sad and cheerless an estate. *She* has been the burden upon my spirit, so has our son, who has left his office in the city—is now to go to Manchester, to be posted up in business to fit him, if it shall so be, for India.

"An old acquaintance has died, aged seventy-eight. I saw him on his death-bed. I hope he died in Christ; but he did very little for Him in any way while he lived—at least, so far as appeared. Since he came to Brixton, five or six years ago, he has not been connected with any church. He now and again came to hear me, and was always deeply affected; but though he has left thirty or forty thousand pounds, he could not spare a shilling to drive over to Clapham. Oh, how powerful does our love of Mammon become when we place it above the love of God. He died unmarried, and has left the children of first cousins his heirs.

"We had an interesting and important meeting of the congregation during the month, in which we chose a precentor and leader of the choir, and also changed the name of the church to 'Trinity Presbyterian Church,' Clapham Road. The reasons for this change are—the church is not in Clapham at all, but in South Lambeth, and consequently few of its members come from Clapham. They, for the most part, come from Stockwell and Brixton. I see now that it would have been far better had we built in Brixton. The Unitarians also take the name 'English Presbyterians,' and our Church has in several parts of England suffered in consequence. 'Trinity' puts that right with us.

"The great event of the month has been the outbreak of war between France and Prussia. Alas! what horrors

are before us! May God keep England out of the fray! I feel as if *King Jesus* were about to arise to do something that shall make His *name* great before all people. It is somewhat singular that the Ecumenical Council at Rome should have declared the Pope to be *infallible* on the very day France declared war against Prussia. What if this is the beginning of the end of his temporal power in Rome? If the French soldiers are withdrawn from Rome, the Pope, with infallibility at his tail, must fall; and Victor Emmanuel, with Garibaldi in his vanguard, will enter and take possession. The Pope is doomed from the moment he declares himself possessed of one of God's incommunicable attributes—'infallibility.' There is *but one niche* left in St Peter's, all the rest are filled with statues of former Popes. Pio Nono will occupy this last; and there may be no more to come. God grant it. It is Popery that is at the bottom of all the devilries of these times—wars, infidelities, ritualisms, *et hoc genus omne.*"

"1*st September* 1870.—Holidaying is the order of this time of the year, but I am not 'in order' this autumn. I need it as much as any, and I daresay desire it as much as most, but the wellbeing of my church demands, and shall have, the sacrifice. I am over head and ears engaged for October, and hence in September I am not a free agent. There is success in the Trinity Presbyterian Church in Clapham Road—but ah! few, if any, will ever know what continuous self-denial it has taken

from me. I have derived some comfort and stimulus from reading Goulburn's 'Pursuit of Holiness.' Saving and excepting some ineffable nonsense about 'Baptismal Grace,' it has much fine thinking in it; a tendency, however, to hair-splitting and wire-drawing pervades and mars the book. The human heart has been tortured during the last month with the battles fought between France and Prussia. At present it appears as if France were doomed. The Napoleonic dynasty seems to be gone. Unhappy France, God is against thee. It is to be marked that on the very day that the Pope was pronounced to be *infallible*, Napoleon declared war against Prussia. And so the French troops have left Rome, and so did God himself long ago. The infallibility of the one and the plebiscite of the other are going to sticks. The Lord is surely coming now.

"A few days ago I went up to the grave at Norwood. I stood for half-an-hour there gazing upon the turf beneath which she rests. It was a sad, but I hope a soul-profiting, exercise. Her daughter was beside me; we did not speak to one another, but to God our souls were lifted up. I could not help praying that if it were agreeable to His holy will, He might send down to see us her spirit, and the spirits of our four children. Ah! well—that may be, or it may not be, right, but it was for the moment a luxury of grief while we were beside her humble headstone. The funeral of the manager of the

Crystal Palace was going on. Alas! for him, poor man, he died not as she did. His brain had been worried about Palace affairs. I wonder if it is composed now in the palace of the Great King."

Among other events he records, under December 31, 1870, is the following: "Not the least interesting event of the month was the pleasure I enjoyed in dining with Mr Spurgeon in the hospitable mansion of our mutual friend, Mr Boustead. I like him better and better every time I meet him, and am more and more surprised at his humility and meekness, his wit and piety—I can honestly add, his learning and genius. He talks very freely, but never intrusively, of his numerous acts, and especially of his work on the 'Psalms,' which seems to be his favourite, as he thinks it may be his greatest and most useful. He mentioned in the course of the evening a very striking coincidence. His brother is married to a daughter of Field-Marshal Sir J. B——, whose son was captain of the great turret-ship 'Captain,' which went down in the storm of the evening of September 7th. Lady B—— told Mr Spurgeon that she had been deeply impressed with her reading on that night in his 'Evening by Evening,' from these words in Jer. xlix. 23: 'There is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet.' The meditation begins thus: 'Little know we what sorrow may be upon the sea at this moment. We are safe in our quiet chamber, but far away on the salt sea the hurricane

may be cruelly seeking for the lives of men.' It was singular enough."

"And so 1870 is gone—the seventh decade of the nineteenth century. In three more weeks, if I am spared, I shall see my fortieth year as an ordained minister. On Tuesday evening I thanked Mr Spurgeon for consenting to preach the sermon on that occasion. I said I would pray that 'God would keep him *in* health, and *out* of Italy.' The following is a copy of the letter he sent me: 'DEAR FRIEND,—You do me great honour. I wish you joy of the celebration. I have a chaotic intention of being in Italy about the time you mention, but it is nebulous. I do not feel, however, that I could say less or more than this: granted that I am in health, and in England, I shall be delighted to serve you, if God permit. I am afraid you must be getting old, for I know your canny countrymen never suffer men to enter the ministry "ower young." With long life may HE satisfy you, and show you His salvation.—Yours truly, C. H. SPURGEON.'

"'Long life' I cannot now expect, but 'His salvation,' I trust, shall be shown to me more and more; and may I be enabled to show it more and more simply and clearly to my fellow-sinners."

All the notices about Mr Spurgeon have not been given. He had followed his career, so marvellous for its intrinsic and growing merits, and its depth and width of influence, from almost its first days in the Surrey

Gardens to the present, when they were neighbours both in their churches and homes. He admired his possession of the three features which belong, according to Sainte Beuve, to original, and, at the same time, popular and powerful natures—original not so much in discovery of thought as in the mould and complexion it takes from the native form and hue of the man that transmits it; his being firm, forcible, and fertile. He was, especially, an admirer of him in the best sense, as a man sent into the London and British pulpit at a time of languor in feeling and shiftings in thought, and as having given to the evangelical doctrines a genuine freshness and a renewed force. He was therefore always glad to meet him. The two, both frank and outspoken, neither of them mystical in their devotional feelings, either in the depth or the shallowness of such, nor conventional in their free, manly conversation, had very much in common, and found mutual satisfaction. Every Sabbath morning, as they proceeded to their pulpits, they gave a look and token of cheer to each other. Mr Spurgeon, in driving down to the Tabernacle, usually came upon Dr Macfarlane as he slowly paced to Trinity Church, pondering over his services, and preparing his spirit for them; and at almost the same point of the road, so regular and punctual were both, the one looked up from his notes and the other aside to the open window of the carriage, and gave kindly recognition. The services at both places lost

nothing by this little break, but gained much. Hearts of ministers, however eminent and engrossed, need every gleam of kindness, as they move on often with a dulness or depression which the face does not reveal. In such circumstances, a very trivial attention goes a long way, much further often than is dreamed.

The year 1871 opens with a visit to Scotland. The journal passes easily from side to side of his life—inward broodings and outward activity, joy and sorrow, steady regular Clapham work, and hurrying occasional services outside of London—his own home and study, where he loved to dwell and go out and in among sweet sad memories, and with cheering, comforting ones beside him, ever ready to watch the varying mood and soften its sadness or brighten its joy. Our extracts therefore must often come over the same permanent notes of feeling. It was his nature to emphasise, and with all his occasional *abandon* of dramatic talk and humour, there were always felt, and often hinted, the real depth and loneliness of the gulf stream that swept on or lay frozen beneath all this superficial play—half-glimpses, as Carlyle says touchingly of Frederick the Great, "of a great motionless interior lake of sorrow sadder than any tears or complainings, which are altogether wanting to it." Extracts shall therefore be given all the more interesting from their occasional minor key-note of theme or feeling, or from their vivid transitions, as was wholesome and right, to other matters. However, the more the

years go on, the thoughts of the past days, the ever recurring death of friends, the narrowing limits of his life, and especially of his remaining time for work, and the nearing horizon beyond which lay the realities of his deepest thoughts and the objects of his dearest yearnings — these increase and form the substance of his daily life.

"*31st January* 1871.—This is the last day of the first month of 1871, and in this monthly record I wish to place my humble recognition of the Master's goodness to me in many ways. I dedicated the first Sabbath's work in the forenoon to the children of the church, in the evening to the young men. In the morning I congratulated the congregation that only two of their members had died in 1870; and in the evening I intimated that since the forenoon one of their fellow-members had gone to heaven — one of the calmest and most serene deaths I had ever seen.

"I left for Scotland on Wednesday the 4th, and reached my dear brother George's house at eleven P.M. I devoted Thursday to calls upon the widows and widowers of Erskine Church, in several cases saying, 'Is this Naomi?' Drs Eadie, Taylor, Knox, and others, had been invited by George to dinner, and we passed a most agreeable evening—'The most happy evening,' Dr Eadie said on leaving, 'that he had spent since I left Glasgow nine years ago—in the best sense of the words, '*one of the Noctes Ambrosianæ.*' Yes, true, but there was a sad edge

to it all. I visited next day *Bellgrove*—the house where I first saw her, and where I married her. The house is down, and a railway station in its stead. It was a time of deep heart-stirring thoughts, and the tears I shed were not so hot as the memories that welled up. But no record can give truthful ideas of what I suffered then and there. Immediately after, I called upon the gifted Dr John Ker, and one hour with him helped to calm down the inward agitation. I was delighted to see him so well, and pray that he may yet be spared to the Church and the world. I then looked in upon the two doctors Jeffrey, from whom I had a truly kind welcome. On Saturday I went with William and George to Greenock, and on the forenoon of the following Sabbath (8th) I opened Andrew's beautiful new church. He himself preached in the evening. We had crowded congregations, and large collections, nearly £500. I spoke on the following evening at their social gathering. The whole occasion was deeply interesting; and I pray God that Andrew may long be spared to preach Christ within the walls of his new cathedral. On the afternoon of the Monday I walked to the hill west of Andrew's house, and had a prayer-meeting with her spirit, as I gazed upon the mountains and lakes of Argyleshire, where she and I had often been—specially upon the Holy Loch, Loch Long, Gareloch, etc. Our early love-biography is deeply written upon these beautiful scenes. It is all over, all, all; when I see her next, it shall be on the 'Delect-

able Mountains' of paradise. I left Greenock on Tuesday, made several calls in Glasgow, and in the evening preached the annual sermon in behalf of the 'Widows' Friends Society' in Dr Taylor's church, Renfield Street. I held quite a levee of dear Erskine Church people afterwards. The crowds that came to the vestry amazed me. I could only shake hands with them, many of them wept as they looked on their old widowed minister. She was much appreciated among them. I could not stand such exciting scenes often, perhaps not again — which I believe decided me to decline a most gratifying invitation I received from my former session to come down in February next to take part in the celebration of the fiftieth year of Erskine Church. One of the deputation that waited on me said, 'You know it was you that made that church, and you are entitled to any honour we can give you.' Yes, indeed I did, under God, make it—for twenty-one long and laborious years I gave to it heart, head, and hands, and I left it by Divine command with nearly 1200 members, and the building entirely free of debt. I returned to London on Wednesday the 11th. It was to me an unusually solemn visit. I was very much impressed with Dr Eadie. He is truly a wonderful man, an encyclopædia of learning and knowledge. He is one of the Committee for the Revision of the New Testament, and comes up to London every month to the Jerusalem Chamber. He seems to hold his own, and

to be quite at home among the 'deans, doctors, and doubters' he meets there. On Saturday evening the 14th, I got a telegram from Liverpool intimating the death that same afternoon of the Rev Dr Crichton—and so dear old Hugh is also away. The family asked me to preach the funeral sermon—and very sorry indeed was I to decline, but I could not. The name of Hugh Crichton is most deeply associated with my young life, especially in Bellgrove, where he was a frequent visitor and a great favourite. Mr Graham writes me that in his last wanderings upon the day of his death, they heard him repeat my name.

"I heard Dr Parker preach, in 'the Poultry' on Thursday the 19th, a most powerful sermon. He has promised to preach on the occasion of my fortieth anniversary, in the forenoon of the first Sabbath of April. During this month I have been busy in the affairs of this anniversary, having secured speakers and preachers, and very promising sums towards the liquidation of our debt. Mr Morley, M.P. for Bristol, is to take the chair at the evening meeting, and I hope Samuel Stitt, Esq., J.P., Liverpool, will preside at the dinner. I wish it were over, and well over. May God be glorified thereby!"

"On the 23d of February I called upon grand old Robert Moffat, and engaged him to preach at the approaching anniversary. He too is a native of Fife, and remembers my father and grandfather. When ask-

ing if he had any fears of his son-in-law, Dr Livingstone, he said, 'No, I have no fears; David will cast up some of these days.'"

"On the 19th of March we had our communion, when Dr M'Ewen of Glasgow preached the 'action sermon.' I had a very pleasant time with him. He is up on the education question, and stayed with me all Saturday night. As one of the trustees of his late uncle, John Henderson of Park, I was glad he had the opportunity of beholding with his own eyes the fruits of that uncle's liberality. He expressed himself as greatly gratified."

Dr M'Ewen, too, is now gone in the fulness of his powers and the respect and love of all—gone too soon, not for himself, but for very many.

"On Wednesday the 29th, the fortieth anniversary of my ordination was celebrated, and a very grand occasion it was. I consented to its being celebrated publicly, on the condition that nothing should be done for myself, and that £1000 at least should be subscribed towards the liquidation of the debt. It has been all done, and more. Mr Spurgeon preached the sermon at three o'clock, to a crammed church. He was very poorly as to health, but yet he preached a most impressive and beautiful sermon from the text, Exodus xv. 3. I had printed it as a motto on one of the circulars, and he told me in passing from the vestry to the pulpit that he had just adopted it. We had a cold collation at five

in the hall; my old and valued friend from Liverpool, Mr Stitt, presided. At seven we had a public meeting in the church, presided over by S. Morley, Esq., M.P. for Bristol; and addresses were delivered by him, myself, Dr Edmond, Mr Taylor, Mr D. Fraser, Mr Moffat, the African missionary, and others. The whole proceedings of the day were highly satisfactory, and must do good to our church in Clapham Road. On the following Sabbath, the sermons were preached by Dr Parker in the forenoon, and Mr J. O. Dykes, of Regent Square Church, in the evening. On the same day, I preached and dispensed the Sacrament in Poultry Chapel for Dr Parker, and in the evening I took Mr Black's (Stratford) pulpit. The amount subscribed up to this date is £1158, 4s. The collections rose to £227, 18s. 5d., making a total of £1386, 2s. 5d., which will reach, I hope, £1400, thus reducing the interest-paying debt to £2400. May I live to see it all away. The meetings were all crammed, and the interest taken was deep. However, sadness covered my own mind; how so, I cannot tell. Forty years of public life cover a long period of sin and of struggle, as well as of usefulness and honour. Soon now it must be all over; and yet it seems as if the ordination at Kincardine were but as yesterday. The forty years' forbearance of the Master is the most incomprehensible thing I have to think of. My brothers William and Andrew came up to congratulate me. Andrew preached on the Sabbath

following to the great satisfaction of the people, and on the *last* Sabbath (the 16th April) he went to Bristol and preached in Mr Dickie's church, which I had done the Sabbath before. And now it is all past, and is as if it never had been. May God bless it abundantly to all concerned."

Another of his too frequent notices deserves to be quoted, for the sake of the men to whom it refers:

"*1st July* 1871.—No less than four ministers have died since the meeting of the Synod in May—Dr Smart of Leith, Mr Stirling of Aberdeen, Mr Dickie of Bristol, and Mr Monro of Rigg. Dr Smart's death is peculiarly affecting to me, as one of my earliest family friends. I remember the first time I saw him; it was in 1821, when my grandfather, Dr Husband, was dying. The young student of divinity came from Stirling to inquire for him. The Dunfermline and Stirling ministers were very dear friends. On that occasion I walked with Mr Smart to Limekilns, and stood on the *Capernaum* pier, as it was called, till I saw him taken on board the steamer to Stirling. Steamboats had just begun to sail at that time. How speedily the interval has fled! He has fulfilled his course, and that most honourably. The last time I saw him was one evening in his own house at tea, during the meeting of the 1870 May Synod. I remember how much gratified he had been with Mr Spurgeon, with whom he had met once or twice at that time. My duties prevented me going down to

his funeral. I also deeply regretted that I could not go to Bristol. They telegraphed to me in Devonshire, to come to the funeral and preach Mr Dickie's funeral sermon. I could do neither. He was a man of the first class, and has left a deep impression upon the religious mind of Bristol, which will serve the interests of the Presbyterian Church for years to come. I remember the day when, as the inauguration of the new cause in Bristol, I ordained Mr Dickie as its first minister, and also opened his new church. And I have lived to see the church vacant! May the Master of Assemblies soon give the beloved church a faithful pastor! Soon now I must follow the dear brethren. I thank God I feel more than ever drawn in thought and desire towards 'the Happy Land.' My soul is 'as a weaned child.' The Word and the *rod* are doing it. Amen."

"1*st September* 1871.—I have done and seen not a little, and been here, there, and everywhere, since I last wrote in this record. In July I addressed the church at Stratford and the two boarding establishments in Arundel House and Oakley House, and left for my holidays upon the 17th with my family. Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, was our retreat. We remained there three weeks, sailing and driving about the land that may truly be called 'the Garden of England.' I preached one evening in Sandown for the Congregationalist minister there. We visited one day Southampton, and refreshed our spirits among scenes and memories dear. I en-

joyed sea-bathing, and was the better for it. One Sabbath we worshipped in Whippingham Church. The Queen, though at Osborne, was not there, but what was more to be deplored, there was not much evidence of the presence of the 'King of kings.' While at Ryde, dear Jamie took it into his head to run over to Paris and see the ruins. I had also some pleasant reunion with Dr Brown of Cheltenham, who was visiting at Sandown. I also visited Brading, and again stood at 'Little Jane the cottager's' grave, and Ventnor, remembering the first time I was there with good old Dr Kidston. Finding Ryde rather relaxing, we left the island on Monday, 7th August, Grace and Agnes going to Clapham, and I through London to King's Cross, where I left for Edinburgh, which I reached next morning. On the 9th, I attended the grand banquet held on the occasion of the centenary of Sir Walter Scott. It was a magnificent spectacle, but the speakers were almost inaudible. After all, was the occasion worthy of such a fuss? I have enjoyed much, reading the Waverley Novels, but the world could have got on without them. Some think that the gradual leaning of the public mind unto Roman proclivities may be partly traced to these fictions. I went next to visit George in his new house at Glasgow, on Friday the 11th, and with him visited Loch Lomond, Loch Long, etc., landing in Greenock on the evening of Saturday. On the following day, I preached for Andrew in the afternoon. The anniversaries of Agnes' death and

Jamie's birth were not forgotten on the 14th. I had a most delicious sail in the far-famed 'Iona' to Ardrishaig, passing (for my first time) through the Kyles of Bute. The scenery all the way was really grand. I visited Mr Corbett at Kilcreggan. After dinner, Samuel drove me over to Roseneath, where I crossed the ferry to Row, from which, in the midst of deep memories of the past, I walked to Helensburgh, and there crossed to Greenock. I called on Dr Ker in Kilcreggan. With Andrew I spent two days in Arran, sleeping for one night in Lamlash, where I wrote 'Why Weepest Thou?' *She* was helping me there and then. I had some bitter thoughts. We were refused admission into the Douglas Hotel at Brodick, and had to make over the hills of Lamlash. I learned afterwards that my friends Dr Parker of the Poultry and Mr M'Murray were in the hotel at the time. On the way over to Lamlash, I was accosted by two pedestrians, whom I did not in the least recognise—Ralph Wardlaw Thomson and his brother. Ralph is now a Congregationalist minister in Liverpool. On Saturday the 19th, I crossed over to Dunoon, Kirn, Hunter's Quay, and stirred up my soul with the world of the past. I gave Andrew another sermon on the 20th. On the 21st, I returned to Edinburgh. On the 22d, I went to Tranent, and visited Mrs N——, formerly Miss D—— of Clapham Church. On the same day I attended the funeral of Dr Johnston of Nicolson Street. On the 23d, I went over to Dunferm-

line to see my nephew, and held the usual prayer-meeting over the graves of my ancestors. There is an additional one since I was there—Dr Dewar. The only call I made was upon the veterans, Provost and Bailie Birrell, tottering on the edge of the grave. Ere leaving Edinburgh, I visited Mrs Donaldson, the widow of our minister at Kirkowan. I married them four years ago in Trinity Church here. He died in his father's house in Edinburgh; brief alike in pastorate and in marriage. I returned to London on Friday the 25th, having been absent five Sabbaths and nearly six weeks. My supply in the pulpit was Mr Hamilton of Brighton, Dr Logan Aikman of Glasgow, and Mr Carstairs, soon to be the colleague of Mr Ramage, Glasgow. Dear Georgina L—— died in my absence. She was converted in my Bible-class; was one of the missionary collectors; became a member of the church only six months ago; and only sixteen years of age. She died very calmly and hopefully, and I hope to meet her in the skies, and claim her as one of my spiritual children. The 28th was the tenth anniversary of my call to Clapham Road. It is gradually pushing me on towards the grave and heaven. My dear son John has returned from Manchester, in the hope that he may soon get an appointment to India. God bless him! And now I set myself to another autumn and winter's hard work, all the more hopefully that I have had a holiday—the only holiday indeed that I have ever taken since I came to London.

It was one of my stipulations that I should have five or six Sabbaths every year, but this has been one of the self-denials I have had to suffer for the sake of the Church here. My advancing years make it necessary that I should do what I can to preserve health, physical and mental. At sixty-four I have as much anxiety and hard work as I ever had; and as the Church is by no means so consolidated as to secure safety for the future, I desire still to spend and to be spent for its interests. I have little else now to live for; but a few short years remain to accomplish the work which my Father has given me to do."

"*November 6th.*—I have also recommenced the pastoral visitation of the congregation. I have been forty years at this kind of duty, and still like it. It is a great help to the cause of religion among the people. I fear, however, that advancing years must put a stop to it. The solemnity of approaching eternity is encompassing me on all sides. 'I die daily.' Oh, it is indeed an awful contemplation; would to God I had been earlier under its influence! 'For me to live is Christ,' and surely 'for me to die will be gain.'"

"*6th December* 1871.—November has been busy and bustling. Yesterday I finished the pastoral visitation of the congregation. I began it in October, and I have since been in every family connected with the church. A hearty welcome waited me everywhere. The weather has been very favourable, hence my haste to get through

with it. I have done it for good, and perhaps for the last time. I know of no other minister in London who does so."

Few men so modestly and munificently raised the standard of liberality in giving, as the man to whom the following eulogium refers:

"J. H. Young, Esq., died suddenly on the 28th in a railway carriage, while travelling from Edinburgh to Glasgow. He had been attending a meeting of the Mission Board. He was one of the Church's noblemen, and the manner of his death was a reward—'he was not, for God took him.' He once told me that his first salary was £30 per annum; that he began then to set apart so much for Christ, and had continued to increase it as he prospered; and that he never gave away without getting far more back again. He was the only Glasgow friend who cheered me when I came here to London. When my church was opened, he came up all the way from Glasgow and put a hundred-pound note into the plate. On two separate occasions afterwards he sent me £50 towards the building fund. In the very last letter I had from him, only a few days ago, he promised to see to my interests in the 'Henderson Trust' before he left for the Continent, where he meant to spend the winter. I will never forget thee, dear Young! when others were frozen, thou wert warm to me. Ah! I have had no such friend as thou in my relationship with the Church of Christ."

The following gives expression to a grievance that is by no means extinct in too many cases:

"I am getting on nicely with my Sabbath evening discourses on the 8th of Romans. The people that attend seem to be interested; but, alas, our Sabbath evening attendance is not what it ought to be. In the morning we have generally fine congregations. My people do not come from the immediate locality, but from great distances. This, no doubt, is one reason why they do not come out in the evening as I would like. But I should not forget that my ten years in London will soon be out; and I hear it often said that even the most acceptable ministers here only have a ten years' course of success. If it be so, I must look out. On the 15th of April next I begin my eleventh year in Trinity Church—changes are ahead of me."

The record of deaths becomes trying reading, but how can we omit the next?

"On Sabbath morning the 21st, Dr Robson of Glasgow died. With him I have stood side by side for more than forty years. His departure has deeply affected me. It was a bountiful Providence that arranged that his son John, our missionary in Ajmere, India, should be at home to see his father 'gathered to his people.' Glasgow is shorn of one of its most useful lights. The first time I met with Dr Robson was at Dr Dick's hall in 1827 or 1828."

This also must not be omitted:

"On the same day, after having preached as usual, my English Presbyterian brother, Mr Alexander of Chelsea, was struck with palsy, and died on Tuesday the 6th. At the request of the session, J. O. Dykes and myself preached on the following Sabbath to crowded and weeping congregations. He was a good man and a faithful minister. In the evening I had the Earl of Coventry and family hearing me. Lord Dalhousie, the great Carlyle, and several M.P.s were hearing Mr Dykes in the morning. This shows he had been much respected. One of his elders told me a truly beautiful and touching story showing his benevolent heart. He had frequently seen a poor curate passing his house in the mornings, but shabbily and scantily dressed. He was touched, sent for his tailor, and ordered him to make a good topcoat for the curate, and to send it without ever mentioning *who*. It was done, and when Mr Alexander saw him passing next day adorned in it, his heart leaped for joy.

"When the 13th came, it found me all ready to celebrate, with calm and affectionate remembrance, the anniversary of *her* death. 'Time but the impression deeper makes.'"

"*1st May* 1872.—On the evening of the 2d of last month I presided at a joint-meeting of officials of the United Presbyterian and English Presbyterian Churches in the English Presbyterian College. It was agreeable to my union feelings."

No man ever came to England with stronger ties of

all kinds to the ancestral Church in Scotland. At first he could not entertain the thought of a union of Presbyterians in England, involving any severance from the mother Church in Scotland; and even when the thought could not be put aside, his heart was all against it. But as he used to say, he had not been a year in London till he saw that, with whatever prepossessions, the course demonstrably reasonable and urgently needed lay in the direction of a speedy incorporating union of the English Presbyterian Church and the congregations of the United Presbyterian Church in England. In this he gave another proof of his sagacity to see, and strength to adopt, though at first reluctantly, and always regretfully, the plain practical course. He rejoiced as the movement ripened year by year in church courts and in congregations. He was disappointed by the action of the General Synod in 1874, which suspended the matter till more harmony was reached. One of his most vigorous and characteristic letters was written, or rather dictated, for his paralysed hand refused to write, from his sick-room, urging the continuance of negotiations, and raising his voice more warmly than ever in their behalf. It was in May 1875 that, in the General Synod, the adverse decision of the preceding year was conclusively reversed, and the desired union was sanctioned. But before that month came, he had three months earlier "got already," as Samuel Rutherford, when dying, said, "a summons before a superior Judge

and judicatory, and I behove to answer my first summons." He had already gone to the Church which needs no unions, for it has no divisions. But another coming event filled his heart—the illness, and at last death, of his youngest brother Andrew.

"My soul has been sore vexed by tidings from the North about my dear brother Andrew. He is laid aside at present from all work, and the symptoms are very discouraging. He has *heart-disease*, and the physicians give no hopes of a cure. Ay, ay, and so that beloved man *may* go before me to see the mother who died in giving him birth. I recollect the night well. I was a mere boy—lying in bed, but not asleep. My father and my eldest brother James were sitting in the bedroom, when the door opened and nurse softly said, 'Sir, Mrs Macfarlane has just got a fine boy.' In a few days thereafter she died among the angels who came to convoy her safely home. I pray God that He may send the very same angelic beings to watch over the son of his handmaid, now that he walks in the valley of the shadow of death. I am thankful to hear that the symptoms are not so threatening, and that he is otherwise improved. Prayer shall be made for him continually. O Lord, prolong the life and usefulness of thy dear servant in Greenock."

"*1st June.*—On Monday the 13th I left for the Synod at Edinburgh, where I spent the week. The Synod was unusually interesting, and will be remembered

especially as having sanctioned the use of instrumental music, the mutual eligibility of ministers in the Churches negotiating for union, and the Lord Advocate's Education Bill. I dined every day respectively with Dr Thomson, Mrs Middleton, Mr Leckie, and Dr M'Gill; at the table of the latter I sat between Dr Ker and Dr King. On Saturday I left with William for Glasgow, where we dined at Dunsloy with George and Andrew, and then went down to Greenock, where I preached for my dear brother, and returned on Monday to Dunsloy. I grieve to state that Andrew is a stricken one—his physicians give little or no hope of his ever being able for full duty, and one of them said to me, 'He may die any day.' Andrew himself is in a noble state of mind, regards it with heroic faith, and has made up his mind to die. I was awestruck before him, and could not speak."

"*July 1st.*—The startling event of June has been the death of Norman M'Leod, D.D. He died in Glasgow on Sabbath the 16th. His last sermon was preached at Crathie before the Queen some weeks before, and his last public appearance was in May, at the General Assembly. He was only sixty. I remember well the first time I saw and heard him. It was on a beautiful summer forenoon in the parish church of Row, on the Gareloch. He was then a young man, recently ordained as the parish minister of Loudon. His text was, 'Crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts.' He was

fat, and the day was hot, and I thought it might be well for him to act out the text upon himself. When he came from Dalkeith to Glasgow I made his acquaintance, and a more genial man I never knew. When he published his 'Earnest Student,' he sent me a copy, addressed thus: 'To the Author of "The Night Lamp," from the Biographer of "The Earnest Student."' When he became the editor of *Good Words* he requested me to be one of the contributors, which I engaged to be. The last time I met him was just before I left Glasgow, when he consulted me upon mixing light and fictitious reading in *Good Words* with serious or religious matter. I disapproved, and he left me, saying, 'Well, I don't care; I have made up my mind to try it. *Chambers's Journal* must not have a monopoly of that sort of literature.' The last time I saw and heard him was when he preached the Moderator's sermon in St Giles', Edinburgh. I have a pleasing recollection of meeting him and his lady in Switzerland in 1857. We ascended the Righi together. Mr James Campbell, younger of Stracathro, and his lady, were of the party. I admired the pluck of these ladies. I saw them leave on the following morning, their skirts tucked up, and with alpenstocks in hand, very manfully ascending the mountain. It was upon this same journey that our party and his met one Saturday evening at Zurich. It was a beautiful moonlight evening. We went out upon the lake; and as we rowed over its placid waters, we sang some hymns to our old

Scottish tunes. On the Monday following, when sailing up to Weggis *en route* for Righi, he told us that he and his friends had enjoyed a delicious treat on the Saturday night. They were in the hotel upon the lake, and were sitting enjoying the wondrous scene, when suddenly they were enraptured by the finest music they had ever heard. It came, he said, from a party on the lake. He was pleased to learn that the said minstrels were my fellow-travellers. Romance lent enchantment to the music. I was present with him in the City Hall, Glasgow, when an ovation was given to the venerable Dr Wardlaw, at a time when the venomous tongue of scandal was essaying to assassinate his character. Norman made a most telling speech, and won rounds of applause by expressing, at the conclusion, his hope that many years of usefulness were still open to Dr Wardlaw, during which they might still make the inquiry of Joseph, 'Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? is he yet alive?' I knew 'Old Norman,' as his father was wont to be styled. He was proud of his gifted son. Seated beside him one day in the Trades' Hall, immediately after 'Young Norman' had concluded a telling speech amid tremendous applause, I whispered into the old man's ear, 'Doctor, you will require to take heed to your laurels.' His face beamed with joy as he replied, 'Och, man, but was it not fine? is he not a fine speaker?' Well, all that is over, and Norman is gone."

Glasgow lost another of her great preachers soon after Norman Macleod.

"*9th November* 1872. — More than two months have fled since the last record — and solemn, ay, and sad, months they have been to me. We left for Llandudno, in North Wales, on Monday the 16th September, immediately after my happy celebration of the Supper on the previous day. On that previous day Dr William Anderson of Glasgow died. He said, 'I am nearing the kingdom'—now he inherits it. He was a remarkable man, a genius, and a true Christian. In the matter of the 'Thomson testimonial' he and I were much together in England. I got to know him better then. He did the cause good service. He was in the drawing-room in Regent Street on that awful night when I got notice of my dear Willie's death, 4th September 1850. His silence and his grave look I cannot forget. It was also in his memory. He sent me lately a copy of his little book, 'Reunion of Christian Friends,' in which he touchingly pays tribute to the death of his own Willie. His inscription on the fly-leaf is: 'To Dr John Macfarlane, in excited sympathetic remembrance of his sorrow that melancholy evening, Regent Street, London.—William Anderson.' On the Thursday evening before I left for Wales, I had a call from my kinsman, Dr John Wardlaw. He waited tea, and we had a long talk over the treatment he had just got from the directors of the London Mission Society. He was sad, and looked poorly. I was a

little surprised at his visit, and discovered that it was a farewell one, when I got notice of his sudden death a few days thereafter. He was a very worthy son of a noble father. Since my return from Wales Dr Finlayson of Edinburgh has also suddenly passed away. He had but a few days before been publicly presented with £3000 for his services in the manse scheme, had gone down to some induction service in Campbeltown, and after the induction was found dead in bed. I remember examining him and Dr Eadie, when students, before the Presbytery of Stirling and Falkirk, on the subject of justification by faith. I was glad to see that 5000 guineas have been presented to Dr Robertson of Irvine, now an invalid in Italy. Such things are very creditable to the United Presbyterian Church, and will, I hope, transmit their influences to the coming age."

It was to the great regret of many who loved and admired him (and scarcely can any man be more so), that his broken health occasioned this unparalleled tribute of affection and respect. William Robertson was for years the magician of the Scottish pulpit. No man exercised so spell-like an influence over many minds, and these among the finest and most discerning—the influence of words full of music and picture, breathing and beautifying subtlest thought, full, also, of a living and noble Gospel, and opening by tone and symbol a way for life-long spiritual impressions. So unexpected were the lights his genius threw on thoughts the most worn,

so electric a thrill did he shoot into exhausted truths—"Such perfect music was fitted to such noble words"—that many feel that his enforced silence, which they earnestly hope is only for a season, has deprived them of a teacher to whom no second has been found, and of an inspiration than which none more charmed and elevated by its beauty and power.

"One sweet gleam of hope passed over me in Wales—my brother Andrew so far recovered as to resume duty partially. O Lord, let him live to be useful for years to come. I was also much gratified by hearing that my friend, Dr James Taylor of Glasgow, had been appointed by the Government to be secretary to the Scotch Education Board. He has nobly won it, and he will ably do its duties. But, after all, that which abideth of Llandudno is the holy memory of my frequent communion with God in the natural riches of its chief attraction, the 'Great Ormes Head.' Within the same space of time I never before was so often, so devoutly, and so awfully consciously drawn into His presence. If ever I confessed the sins of my life, it was there; if ever these sins were discovered to me, it was there; if ever I felt the preciousness of the blood of Christ, it was there; if ever I heard the cords that tied me to the world snap, it was there; if ever I vowed sincerely to live nearer to God, and nearer to Christ, it was there; and if ever dark clouds encompassed me, not one of them, however, without some

silver lining, it was there—there where the dripping rocks witnessed my tears — there where the howling winds muffled my cries. O sweet and beautiful, yet gloomy, mournful Llandudno!"

Here is a notable event amidst these joys and sorrows. His first stipend was £100—his last was as we now read:

"*3d February* 1873.—The event of the last month is the raising unanimously by the congregation of my stipend to £1000 per annum. This was by me perfectly unexpected, and not desired. But the whole of the interest-paying debt being liquidated, it has been considered just to me. Well, I do feel thankful, at the same time *sad*, very sad, somehow. It is too late for her whom it would have cheered. I prize it, however, for the following reasons: It is a great public justification of the step I took on leaving Glasgow for London; it is an unmistakable proof of my faithfulness and success; and, above all, it must have a good effect upon brethren in Scotland, who will now see that success to the highest pitch is certain in London, if all other things are equal. It is to me also a pleasant thought that this *rise* may provoke others to go and do likewise to their pastors. I believe I am the first in the history of the United Presbyterian Church to receive such a sum, and for the present the only one who enjoys it. It cannot be long, but that it has been at all, is a distinction I cannot but appreciate."

At last his brother Andrew died.

"*24th March* 1873.—I got a telegram this forenoon, telling me that at 5.15 this morning my brother Andrew died. I was on my knees wrestling on his behalf when the telegram was brought to me. No words can tell the sting of this grief. I remember the very minute of his birth on May the 7th, 1816. During the fifty-seven years dear Andrew has lived, I have never ceased to love and admire him. He was a man every inch of him, and a humble Christian all through. I do not believe a more conscientious and painstaking minister ever lived. But he was modest and retiring, hence no trumpets were ever sounded in his behalf. What a meeting has there been this day in heaven—father, mother, sister, brothers, must ere this have given him a rapturous welcome. I wonder if they would inquire about poor me. If they did, Andrew would have something to tell that would add to their heavenly joy. He would tell of the success their Lord has blessed me with. The dear sufferer is now at rest. Oh! how his heart bled for his widow and children! I am sure the Lord will take them up. And now I must go away down to Scotland to lay his precious dust in the grave. O God, go with me!"

"*11th April* 1873.—It is all over. I have been to the North; I have laid his precious dust in the grave; have heard his funeral sermon; have wept with his widow and children; and now am again in high and holy work in this vast London. Oh, what a contrast

between his work and mine now. On the morning of the 26th I left for Edinburgh, which I reached at 7.30, and found waiting for me the dear brother who has ever been my joy in that city of palaces and towers. Alas! it cannot be often now that I shall have such receptions. On the following day I went to Glasgow, where my only other brother now received me with his usual kindness. We drove down to his house, Dunsloy, where Andrew had suffered a martyrdom and died. It is impossible to put into words my feelings as I entered the room where he had expired, and sat down in the chair where he had endured such dreadful tortures, and from which he had ascended up on high. In passing through the hall, I noticed his hat on the stand. It was not needed when he was taken out of the house in his coffin. How trifles may rise into power! the sight of that hat upset me. On Friday following, we all went down to Greenock. I could not venture up to Sycamore Lodge, and waited in the church till the body was brought down. It was placed before the pulpit, on the communion table; and after devotional services were engaged in by Dr M'Culloch, the minister of the parish, Mr Laughton, the Free Church minister, and Mr Smith of the United Presbyterian Church, in a most solemn and impressive manner we all followed the hearse to the cemetery, where we left the dust in the dust. On the Sunday following, the funeral sermons were preached by Andrew's oldest and most beloved friend, the Rev.

C. Millar of Dunse. The whole services were markedly sacred and solemn, and every token of respect for his memory that could be desired was given. I returned to Edinburgh on Monday, and to London the Wednesday thereafter, the 2d of April. Mr Millar's beautiful tribute in the afternoon is to be published, and it is well worthy; a finer thing of the kind I never heard. On the 1st April I entered upon my sixty-seventh year, but Andrew has entered upon his everlasting years. Oh me, earth has changed its aspect to me from this time and henceforth. 'I die daily' is a text I now seem to know, and to do better. I was much gratified by a visit of Sir Noël Paton. He spoke most beautifully of Andrew and of William."

Frequent references in the journal are made to the debt which he found on Clapham Church. Church debts are great trials to young congregations, and to their ministers. They weigh down, weary, worry, often waste both utterly. Dr Macfarlane was a bold man and strong, but that debt required all he was of both. To bring a people to face the paying in a comparatively brief period such a sum as £14,000, and finally to pay it off, cost much anxiety and toil on his part. But his people were equal to him on their part. Two things helped off the last item of debt, often the most difficult to master. These were, his giving £200 as his share of contribution, and steadily refusing to take it back when it was kindly insisted on him by his people that he

should; and an appeal that went to all hearts—"I hope, I know," said he, "that you will not allow the white head of your minister to be laid in the grave, and still debt remain on this church when he is away." The people, who loved him, could not resist such words. The debt was nobly vanquished, and Dr Macfarlane and they could, with one care and fear the less, enter upon the next year or two, when they had new cares and fears laid to their hand. Besides, as with all communities that have made a great effort, instead of exhaustion there were elasticity and power unknown before.

"*3d May.*—Our anniversary sermon on the 13th was a thanksgiving one, and it came off well. Little did I think on that day eleven years ago that I should live to see such a monster debt paid off. Though I feel it a relief, yet somehow a vacuum remains. I feel in it as if the work of life were suddenly stopped. It will be a comfort to me that I leave to the Synod one of its most splendid buildings free of debt, and to my people a place of worship entirely their own."

From this time his health began seriously, and with but short pauses of recovery, to break down. The boat was dropping down the stream, though it now and again turned into some creek, out of which, however, the next swelling of the downward tide floated it to go farther down, till the river was passed.

"*16th December* 1873.—I left on Monday. Well nigh six months have passed away since I wrote my last

record here, and a very solemn and trying time has the interval been to me. I may call it, 'The History of My Holiday.' I left on Monday the 21st July. My dear niece Nina was with me. We got to Dunsloy in the evening. On the morrow I did not feel at all well, and on the Wednesday I was very ill indeed with giddiness, double vision, etc. Dr Moore, dear Andrew's physician, was called in, and he pronounced me to be suffering from overwork, and that the liver was sluggish. The symptoms were not at all good, and my sensations were most distressing. I got so far easier that I went down to Cove on the Saturday to my friend Mr Corbett's. On the Sabbath, I preached in the forenoon in the Free Church at Roseneath, for my brother Mr M'Ewan. The church was crowded, and after service I had a levee in front of the pulpit. It had become known, and great numbers of my old Glasgow friends had come, some even crossing the Gareloch and from Gourock to hear me. It was to me very affecting. Some of them I did not know, others were in tears, and all deeply moved. I scarcely saw them, and I was like to fall down at every shake of the hand. I preached against the express wish of Dr Moore; and considering how ill I was, the wonder is I did not die in the pulpit. From that day I did not again preach for about four months.

"On the 2d of September I went over to Dunfermline, where I heard of the death of Mrs Mackelvie. I was best man at her marriage more than forty years ago,

and went with the young couple from Portobello to Balgedie manse, where I preached on the Sabbath after. Dear old Mackelvie! thou and she are reunited, never to be parted. While in Dunfermline, I went every day to the graves of my ancestors, and held the prayer-meeting, I fondly hope, with their perfected spirits. When I left one day, I was startled by hearing a gentle voice say 'Mamma.' For a moment I stood perfectly petrified, and I went back to her grave. It was my own voice. In the sorrowful mood in which I was I had fallen back upon the days of the past, and remembered her sublime death. It became a kind of agony to me to realise that she was beside me, and knew all about it. From her grave I went to the house where she died. I had not been in it from the day when we all left it, and more than fifty years have elapsed since then.

"On the 19th of October (Sabbath evening), Dr Candlish died. I was present at his ordination in St George's Church, Edinburgh, I think in 1833. He was a very good man, and has nobly fulfilled his course. At the time I was acting as amanuensis to Dr Abercrombie, he took me one night to hear him in St George's. His subject was the rich man's prayer in hell to Abraham. The impression remains with me still. In him and in Dr Guthrie the Free Church has lost her two greatest lights. One of his death-bed sayings has struck me, 'I rest on two facts—*Christ died for me*, and *Christ is mine*.' I have just read Dr Guthrie's 'Autobiography and

Memoir.' The latter I like best. It may be all true that Dr Guthrie was reticent on spiritual things, still I think in an autobiography, withal at the close of life, he might have told some of the inner and hidden work. Thus I close 1873, and I enter upon 1874, with many very mingled and very solemn thoughts. May the Lord Jesus be with my spirit. Amen."

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAST YEAR—THE END.

IN April 1874 Dr Macfarlane began a new volume of his journal. Only a few pages of a large book are filled up. These being his last, will be given nearly as they stand. They will be interesting to his people and his many friends, as all last words, whether written or spoken, are. "Last words," says Jeremy Taylor, "are lasting words." The going down of the elders from Ephesus to the vessel with Paul, the sorrowing because they should see his face no more, gave a permanence all their own to his farewell words to them at Miletus. It is with much of the same feeling that we transcribe and read these last words of himself from our friend, soon now to pass from our sight.

"*22d April* 1874.—I have made no record since the end of 1873, having had no inclination thereto. Since this year began, however, some interesting things have occurred in my humble life. My health is still in a precarious state, and my sensations, both bodily and mental, are generally far from agreeable. 'I die daily,'

can take but little interest in the affairs of the world, and feel as if I should never be what I have been. In obedience to medical advice, I preach only once a Sabbath, and occasionally go out of town for two or three weeks. Peradventure I am thus staving off another attack.

"I went down to St Leonards on 12th January, where I remained for three weeks, and derived benefit. Here I had some nice reading out of the library—Memoir of Rowland of Henley-on-Thames; Autobiographies of J. S. Mill, Dr Guthrie, Lord Denman, Sir J. Y. Simpson, Lord Kenyon, Sir Henry Lawrence; Guiccioli's 'Lord Byron;' Simpson's 'Meeting the Sun;' Oliphant's 'Piccadilly,' 'From the Thames to the Tamar,' 'Life of Professor Edward Forbes,' 'Glimpses of Life in Australia,' 'Holland House,' Miss Muloch's 'Fair France.' With some of these I was much delighted, and by all more or less improved. It is when you are drawing near the end that you come to appreciate biography. I know of no finer 'contrast' than is to be found in the autobiographies of Guthrie and Mill, the latter being about the most miserable production I ever read.

"I paid a visit to 'Eastbar,' near Tunbridge Wells, while at Hastings. While on my way to the latter place, heard of the death of Dr Livingstone. How sad it made me. Heard also of the dying of dear old Dr Binney. He died on the 24th February, and has not left his equal among us Nonconformists. How glad I am now that I

had him once in my pulpit ere he left us. It is almost ten months since he preached one of the anniversary sermons—a sermon which will never be forgotten by any one who heard it, and the echoes of which are still to be heard among the people. He had a grand funeral in Abney Park, which my health prevented me from attending.

"I frequently found myself standing and sitting before 20 Eversfield Place, the house where Dr Guthrie died. I felt it did me good. I there prepared a sermon from 'O death, where is thy sting?' and delivered it when I went home, telling the congregation where I got the text and made the discourse which was listened to. I often remember some of his last words, such as, 'Stand up for Christ.'

"Principal Willis, of Toronto, preached for me one forenoon in March; when sitting hearing him I could not but think of how his father and my grandfather should have been the heroes in the Synod when the Old and New Light split took place. How changed their descendants. I had many pleasant calls this forenoon from Dr John Young, Dr Fisch of Paris, and Mr James Robertson of Edinburgh.

"Since I wrote in the record, the Government of Mr Gladstone has been overthrown, and that of Mr Disraeli set up by a majority of fifty in a new House of Commons. It is a most unexpected revolution. I believe God is in it, and that will soon be seen. Europe has been much

taken up with the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh to the daughter of the Emperor of Russia. That too is an event which will be overruled for good.

"But the great event in the interval has been the funeral of the wonderful Livingstone. Our Presbytery, having ordained him, thought it ought to be represented, and I called on the Dean of Westminster to arrange it. I was received most cordially at the deanery, and he at once promised to do what he could. I told him I had met with Lady Augusta, his wife, when a girl, sometimes in Dr Johnstone's manse at Limekilns, and sometimes when her late father, the Earl of Elgin, came up from Broomhall to worship in my father's church—the church of Ralph Erskine. He seemed quite interested, and asked me to come to the funeral sermon in the Abbey on Sabbath afternoon, and to the deanery first, when he would introduce me to Lady Augusta. He sent us tickets to admit to the 'Jerusalem Chamber,' from which we could join the procession after the coffin, etc. On going down to the Chamber on Saturday last, the 19th April, I found it filled with the most distinguished people: ambassadors, dukes, earls, baronets, M.P.s, D.D.s. Dean Stanley came to me and said I must go with him, as Lady Augusta wished to be introduced to me. I went, and got a most frank and cordial welcome. She introduced me to some ladies who were assembled for the funeral—among others, to Mrs Craik, author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman;' to Miss Paton, daughter of Sir

J. Noël Paton; etc. We talked about Dunfermline, etc., and she kindly promised to accept a copy of my 'Night Lamp;' with some of the scenes of which she was familiar from her youth. I then left her to join in the procession. It was truly a grand spectacle, and can never be forgotten. When the immense assembly rose and sang:

'O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,'

I felt as if all the past of my life were gathered together and heaped upon that coffin. Farewell, good and great old David! It will yet be seen that thy death has struck a chord in the heart of humanity, which will cause Africa and her wrongs to be sympathised with till her emancipation and evangelisation shall shout victory.

"Death has also taken another from our Church—Professor M'Michael of Dunfermline. He was a genial man and a useful teacher. He said to me when I last preached for him, 'Doctor, you have made me feel as if I could never venture to preach again.'

"On the 12th April, the anniversary sermons connected with my induction into London twelve years ago were preached by Mr Arthur of the Wesleyan Conference, and Dr Drummond of St John's Wood, my immediate successor in Glasgow. On the Tuesday evening following we

had a tea meeting, when addresses were delivered by Dr White of Cromwell Gardens, Dr Paterson of Belgrave, Dr Raitt of Stepney, Mr Murray of Croydon, all of the English Presbyterian Church; and by Mr M'Lintock, who had been ordained in my church a few weeks ago to go out as Mr Crum Ewing's missionary, to his estate in Demerara. We presented him at the same time with a copy of my edition of Collins' Bible, and with copies of my works.

"I am every hour expecting from Australia my dear boy James.

"I spent a fortnight in the beginning of this month in Dorking, Surrey, and enjoyed it very much. We had several most pleasant drives in the neighbourhood—to Boxhill, Leith Hill, Ockly, etc. We one day drove to the spot where the late Dr Wilberforce was thrown from his horse and killed. There is now a stone cross on the spot. I should like that Wilberforce had lived to assist at the funeral of Livingstone. The last time I heard the bishop was at the Mansion-house, upon the subject of Sir Bartle Frere's mission to Zanzibar. I was one Sabbath in the Independent Chapel of Dorking, of which was once the minister—*Mason*, author of 'Self-Knowledge.' When at Dorking I went up one day to Ewell Grove, and baptized the infant of a Mr J—— from New York, a Presbyterian. Singular enough, I found he was a lineal descendant of the late Rev. D. J——, our Burgher minister in Kilmarnock. I was struck with the differ-

ence between the American habitude of thought, where there is no state church, and an Englishman's. Mr J——, in the course of conversation, said, 'Dr Macfarlane, here they call me a "*Dissenter.*" What do they mean? What is a Dissenter?' I could not help smiling as I replied, 'Here your faith is dictated to you by your superiors, and you are a Dissenter if you dare to differ.'

"On looking into the preceding pages I have mentioned some books I have read. I forgot Forster's Life of Dickens. Oh, it is indeed as devoid of Christianity as Stuart Mill's of God. It is questionable if Dickens has done anything more than simply amuse the idle hour. The history of the up-getting of mere novels can scarcely yield good fruit of any kind. His very last words as he fell dying on the floor were, 'On the ground.'

"I have not recorded anything about my spiritual life during these past months. It is not because I have not been often and deep in that quarter, but because I scarce know what to say. The Lord has been most mysteriously, but most mercifully, dealing with me. I have had much communion with the Redeemer, sometimes assuring, oftentimes saddening; glimpses of light now, and solemn shades then; never perfect peace. I fear to give expression to what may have been mere sentimentalism, and yet I dare not decline a note of praise to Him who has certainly kept my soul nearer

to Himself and heaven. If I have not added to my spirituality, I have more than I ever did ceased from man and earth. I know now better than I once did what it is 'to die daily,' and the fear of death is not so distressing as it once was. I think I have sometimes seen the 'New Jerusalem,' as it were, descending to my consciousness. I have also said, 'The grave is mine house.' The limiting of my pulpit work to a forenoon service has been a little trial, yet have I been encouraged by the large and interested attention of my dear flock, and by the supplies I have so readily obtained in the evenings. God only knows if I shall ever resume them. The will of the Master be done.

"*12th May* 1874.—On Sabbath evening late, 10th May, my dear son James arrived from Melbourne. He had left on the 10th January in the 'Great Queensland,' and so has taken four months to reach his native land. He has, I trust, been improved in health. The Lord bless and guide us both. How sorrowfully I now feel the want of his sainted mother's sympathy and advice.

"On the morning of the 24th April, Grace and I had the pleasure of dining with the Lord-Lieutenant of Dumbartonshire, Mr Ewing. Mrs Ewing is one of my oldest friends. I met her first when a mere boy at Edinburgh College. I drank tea one night with her aunt, and had the honour of escorting her home. Her

uncle was Professor of Agricultural Philosophy in the University. On the following Sabbath they were all in Trinity Church to hear their Demerara Missionary, Mr M'Lintock, and were much pleased with all they saw and heard.

"I went as one of a deputation to the 'Privy Council' Office in Downing Street, on Friday 10th, to present to the Duke of Richmond strong remonstrances against the opening of museums, etc., on the Lord's day, in favour of which there is at present a bill before the House of Commons. I trust His Grace was impressed favourably with the representations made to him. The devil is making a prodigious effort to bring into England the curse of a Continental Sabbath. 'May the Lord rebuke Satan.' If we open the museums, etc., the theatres and operas come next, with all their accompaniments. In allowing Satan to do this thing, God is giving work to His servants. We must not be idle, and we should be in danger if He were not to find us in plenty of work — hard work — often heart-breaking. O Lord God of Sabaoth, arise and plead for Thine own Sabbath, and let all the people praise Thee."

Such characteristically is the close of the journal, and we now advance to the close of his life. The long illness of 1864, which, but for his singular soundness in strength, and, as he said, the marvellous care of his beloved family and physician, would

have swept him away, had quite left him, and had indeed imparted to him for a time a new buoyancy and liberty for work; but this was not a large capital like the old fund before it had been so unsparingly drawn upon. Years also gradually made their mark upon him. The tide of wonted strength and unflagging zeal and energy ebbed and flowed more than in the old days. The death of his wife struck in upon the very springs of his life. It weakened the heart out of which are the issues of all life. The distance of his boys took from his eyes objects which, seen daily in the home, would have sustained the heart that more than ever needed such cheer. The strong will, the eager spirit, was gradually drifting in among the darkening shadows, and he felt by foretokens, both in body and soul, that the change was not far off. Still he kept, as was his wont, bravely at his post, so long as there remained strength in his arm to deal a blow against evil, and power in his tongue to speak of the salvation of the soul and the love of the Redeemer. His text on the 31st May was, "Until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high." That on June 7th was, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" He always had a strong impression—and it grew upon him the longer he preached and the more his God sent him out to do business on the deep waters of His providence and grace—that the sense and the teaching of the influences of the Holy Spirit were a blessed privilege and an indispensable strength for a

ministry. He rejoiced when his friend Dr J. P—— was, as he thought, impressed by his conversation on the subject, and took up the theme in discourses, the substance of which was embodied in his recent powerful work on the Holy Spirit. This was what he himself felt, more now than ever, when, in his own beautiful expression, "flushes of the new life came upon him," which revealed to him that Another, mightier and stronger than himself, was working in him. On the 21st June was his last Communion. The Rev. Mr Anderson of Aldershott assisted him at that ordinance which has been a treasury of comfort and refreshment during these nineteen hundred years to so many souls. At the next Communion, in September, the Rev. Thomas Dobbie of Leith did the whole work in the absence of Dr Macfarlane. Writing after his old friend's death to his daughter, Mr Dobbie says: "I cannot venture to speak of your now sainted father. To me he was something far more than the eminent and highly-honoured minister whose ministrations I enjoyed and profited by. He was one of the kindest and best friends I have met in this world. Indeed, I may safely say I owe more to him than to any human being, with the exception of my mother. He took me up when I was a lad, and by the genuineness and constancy of his sympathy, strengthened me and enabled me to do what, so far as I can see, I could not at that time have done without him. It will remain a life-long satisfaction to me that I saw him so near the close of his life. Our

intercourse was, from his weakness, necessarily limited, but it was very sweet to me, and now for ever memorable. I did not, I think, tell you what he said to me one day in the garden. He said, referring to his weakness, 'It's a solemn thing to come to the last chapter.' Then, after a pause, he added, in a tone of mingled submission and confidence which I shall never forget, 'Ah! but I don't mind if only Christ writes it. He'll bring it to a glorious *finis*.' He has brought it to a glorious *finis*. The Master whom he loved so well, and served so faithfully, has said, 'Well done.' It is sad for us to be without him, but can we murmur?"

On June 21st, after the action sermon, as it is called in the Presbyterian Churches, preceding the dispensation of the Supper, Dr Macfarlane gave the address at the Table. It was nearly equal in length to his ordinary sermons—was sketched out with the usual fulness and precision; and as he went on, strength came to him, weakness disappeared, and he poured out for the last time and in fullest measure his love of Christ and his love of his dear people. He closed his long work with the simple but affecting words of our Lord—affecting also from their being the most ordinary words with the light of all solemn events shed upon and through them—"Arise, and let us go hence." The Master's and the servant's valedictory words were the same. The sketch becomes now profoundly interesting, and we give it its proper place here as his last public words:

21st June 1874, *Communion.*

JOHN xiv. 31—"Arise, and let us go hence."

I.

LET US ARISE AND GO TO GETHSEMANE.

1. Power of forecast of our future—past over—present pressing—but future.
2. Not always in joy of salvation—have our agonies—from many sources.
3. Go up and meet them boldly—humbly—not hide—expect.
4. Prayer—submission—Hope, the angel.

II.

LET US ARISE AND GO HENCE TO JUDGMENT HALL.

1. Christ tried there—found innocent—condemned.
2. So we in the world—spectacles—judged oft—accused.
3. Let us so live that we may be found innocent.

III.

LET US ARISE AND GO HENCE TO CALVARY.

1. Keep the Cross of Christ ever in view—make it your own cross.
2. Trust in it for pardon.
3. Draw from it motives of holiness.
4. Crucify the flesh—carry the cross.

IV.

LET US ARISE AND GO HENCE TO THE TOMB OF JOSEPH.

1. Not far from Calvary to the grave.
2. Familiarise your mind with death and the grave.
3. Rejoice in this: Christ's grave is empty.

V.

LET US ARISE AND GO HENCE TO OLIVET.

1. There see Christ ascending—there blessing His people.
2. Hence like Him to heaven.
3. Heavenly-mindedness necessary—got here.
4. Follow Him by faith.
5. Be not conformed to the world.
6. Arise, and let us go hence.

He went home from the service, and anticipated with his people other such meetings. So little did he apprehend any change of strength, that he prepared the sketch of his two discourses for the 28th June, forenoon and evening. The discourses were never preached, but what was in his heart to do shall be done so far as his pen had prepared. Like the great Archbishop Leighton, whose Dunblane Cathedral was a mile or two from the home of his forefathers, he grew more and more to like long texts and short sermons. Nothing could be more full of the principles he laid down as we have already given in his first sermon, than those rising easily, and at once, out of his last text. We give the sketch—his last:

28th June 1874, *Forenoon and Evening.*

TITUS ii. 11-14.

I.

AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF THE GOSPEL OF GOD.

1. It is the grace of God.
2. It bringeth salvation.
3. It hath appeared unto all men.

II.

THE EDUCATION WHICH THAT GOSPEL FURNISHES.

1. Negatively: Denying ungodliness and worldly lusts.
2. Positively: Sobriety—righteousness—godliness—now and here.

III.

THE GLORIOUS ATTRACTIONS WHICH IT PRESENTS TO BELIEVERS.

1. The appearance of the great God—seen in Saviour, Jesus, and Christ.
2. His glorious appearance.
3. This is a blessed hope—maketh not ashamed.
4. We look for it.

IV.

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE ATONEMENT OF CHRIST AND THE HOLY LIFE TO WHICH IT LEADS.

1. Christ gave Himself for us—to law and justice.
2. To redeem us from all iniquity.

3. To purify us unto Himself.
4. To make us a peculiar people.
5. To make us zealous of good works.

Amen.

It is almost the only occasion on which he writes Amen in his sketches; but it lies there, and is read now by us with a deeper meaning than he had. It was his last solemn subscription to the faith it had been his work during forty-four years to preach. On the very evening of his last Communion Sabbath, he was seized with paralysis, disabling his right side, and partially affecting his speech. Change of place and absolute repose were tried. He was soon able to read books, by-and-by he could dictate, and many a letter in his old dashing style, now chastened by the subduing thoughts of the great change, came from the heart that knew no change in its ardent affection, and from the hand of his ever helpful daughter. Some of these outpourings to old friends were vigorous as ever—more affectionate than ever; the last letter to the biographer is only signed by him, and a fac-simile of the signature formerly so decisive and fearless-looking, but now tremulously feeble, yet with bold strokes, would tell better than a long description the shaken state of the undaunted man. Almost to the wonder of his friends, the paralysis gradually left him completely. His unspent nervous power asserted itself, and the disease disappeared. But worse evils were attack-

ing even more vital parts. A complication of Bright's disease, and of laboured, at times all but impossible, breathing, fixed its hold on him, and for weeks, seven or eight, sitting up, never able to lie down, he fought a hard battle in almost constant sleeplessness—night and day, day and night. Why prolong the agony in the description? Enough that he was enabled to bear it well, and that it is now to him the shadow of death quite passed through, which made the entrance into that home where there is no more pain all the more blessed. The biographer saw him a fortnight before his end. In entering on conversation, it seemed as if he could not utter a word; but the old fires kindled, and in variety of subject and pith of speech he was as aforetime—snatches of memories of old friends still alive, affectionate back-looks away to the beginning of life and its many changes, mingled with sad and solemn forebodings of the end of all this pain, not without calm assured sense that through Christ all was well—all was for the best. Quaint humorous strokes came in like gleams amidst the clouded pathetic foresight of approaching death. He was himself when he died, though himself in higher and purer fashion. It was not without tears that he left a world which, with all its shadows, his passionate, generous heart loved well. It had been the first world his God had given him—the little Argos which even in far eternity he would still remember. But it was with comfort and peace, humble

comfort and the peace of God, that he went to another world, where he knew as was his God, so his best life was also. There were truthfulness, sincerity, lowliness, that had nothing to boast of, but there was also thankfulness, because through grace he had not lived his life in vain, and because Christ lived His life in him of a truth. He said, "Christ is always with me; and when I cannot think on Him, He thinks on me, and holds me up." Then, with gathering eyebrows and deep-drawn tones, he exclaimed, "It is an awful thing to realise that this is death, and to go into the presence of God; but," he added, "He will glorify Himself in me." Then in a moment he turned to speak, as he liked so well, of some old friend, such as William Peddie and John Young (for so he spoke of them in the old names of far back days), whose recent visit had greatly warmed his heart; and Peter Carruthers of Longtown, with the old Queensferry and Edinburgh companionship that remained unbroken, and ever growing to the last; and John Collingwood Bruce, the eminent antiquary of Newcastle, who entered the Hall with him in his first year. Widening out, he touched on other things. Two remarks of little importance in themselves are worth recording, as showing how he shook off the depressions of the disease, and enjoyed a few moments' freedom of spirit. One was, "I have never known my Lord in His human life, I have never lived with Him so closely, as with a

friend, as I did when reading lately Farrar's 'Life of Christ.'" The other was when somehow Samuel Johnson's name came in, he lit up, and said, "The more I think of Johnson, what a solid man he was." On another occasion, the Rev. Andrew Black, late of Stratford, was along with the biographer in the sick-room. Dr Macfarlane loved the companionship and the success of the young ministers in his Presbytery, and referred most tenderly to Hamilton of Brighton and Boyd of Forest Hill. To Mr Black, then retiring from a long and well-fought field of labour and battle, he spoke in a most fatherly way. Indeed, no man in the neighbourhood was for years so close to the heart of the dying friend, both from his frankness and honesty of character, and from his abundant struggles, as Mr Black. When we had retired, he called this true, endeared friend back again to give him some special last token of affection and encouragement.

The two who waited on him would not, until the end, when their strength failed and more skill was needed, allow others to minister to him in his last struggle. These, the sister-in-law and the daughter, have preserved a few of the many words that sometimes, after the silence and suffering of hours, he would utter. The daughter writes: "There is a little incident which I would like to mention. On New Year's day, papa called aunt and me into his room, and bade me read the 90th Psalm; then he prayed for a few

moments, and afterwards said, 'I fear I have entered on a year of which I shall never see the end.' The 51st and the 103d Psalms were his favourites, and he made me read them to him every Sunday during his illness, till a few weeks before his death, when, I suppose, he felt unable for it, because when I asked if I should read, he always shook his head."

Miss Kidston adds some "Remarks made at different times by Dr Macfarlane during his illness, the last few weeks of his life:"

"'I am quite willing to leave you all now.' 'I can imagine myself sitting on the same throne as Jesus, but I cannot fancy myself ever again entering that pulpit.' 'How I would like to see a suitable colleague and successor placed over my people. I know that to see me coming in among them, even although I scarcely ever preached, would keep them together, till he got established in their affections too. I would be so sorry to see them scattered, or getting into factions or parties.' 'God will guide them to the right man. He has him all ready for them, and He will bring him forward at the right time. I have committed it all to God, and have no fear or anxiety about it.' 'If I be spared to enter that pulpit again, I will preach Christ as I never preached Him before.' 'If God has more work for me to do, He will raise me up to do it; if not, I am satisfied. To depart, and be with Christ, is far better.' During the night before his death: 'It is long of coming, it is long

of coming.' 'What is long of coming?' he was asked. 'Death.' 'Do you think yourself dying?' 'Yes,' emphatically. Several times he prayed, 'O God! take me away from this.' 'I have the sentence of death written within myself, whatever I may say or arrange about the future.'"

More is not needed to show what was passing within that sick-room, and within that heart, weary of the fight, but "faithful unto death." As is often the case, on the Saturday before the day of his death he was relieved, and inspirited more than he had been for weeks; but on Sabbath morning life ebbed again—ebbed this time never to flow back. The close came at half-past seven in the morning. "He had another Sabbath morn than ours." One without the light of the Gospel would have said the shattered boat was at last wrecked altogether; but the sailor in it, after the brief and strange voyage, had got safe to shore, and had gone up to the new country. Better far to the two faithful ones, as they now looked sadly at the dead face, a voice came, saying in words true of Christ, true also of all His servants, "Why weep ye, what seek ye? He is risen as He said." The congregation met that forenoon, little dreaming that the end was so near, some, indeed, cherishing hopes that it would not be yet at all; and when it was told them plainly, in broken accents, "Our friend is dead," the scene was as when a father dies from his children, and they are bereaved indeed. The white head was indeed laid low, and

would never be lifted up in that pulpit again. They had loved and cheered him living, when in his strength and when in his weakness too, and their hearts went out in the pure sorrow of affection towards him, because they should see him no more. The funeral took place on Friday. In the home in Victoria Road, the relatives—Miss Macfarlane and Miss Kidston; his beloved brother, George Macfarlane; his two brothers-in-law, J. B. Kidston and John Kidston; his cousin, James Husband; and his nephew, James Macfarlane of Dunfermline—friends, members of the London Presbytery, and the session, were gathered together. One of the friends, who had survived Fletcher and Archer, and had a place with them in old memories and love, Dr John Young, was there. Dr Walter Morison and Dr William Boyd, brethren beloved, conducted the service. Meanwhile, the congregation and many other friends were gathering in the church. He was brought in silent and coffined, his name on the lid—"Rev. John Macfarlane, LL.D., aged sixty-eight years," and laid near the pulpit. It was remembered that his last words there were, "Arise, and let us go hence." He had obeyed the summons, and was himself away from his church and people. Brethren of his own and other denominations conducted the service, one full of love and sadness. These were Drs Dykes, Fraser, and Drummond, Rev. Messrs Redpath, Arthur, Wilson, and Graham. Ere he was

borne out, one by one the people passed slowly and sadly by the coffin that hid the dear dead minister and friend. He was laid where he wished to be laid, beside her whom again he had met days before in heaven, and met now in the grave. Dr Edmond, in words most tender and elevating—words that carried all sorrow and death to God and His healing, prayed at the grave, and Dr Hamilton of Brighton spoke in most pathetic simplicity the last farewell of the mourners to him they should see no more. We buried him amidst many tears, much solemn gladness, and tender gratitude; and looking down on the coffin, as covered with wreaths it lay far down in the earth, the eye read on the lid only the name, "John Macfarlane;" and the heart cried out in farewell, "O man greatly beloved!" The home and the church were now forsaken of him. The grave also will, in His master's time, be forsaken; but many a heart on earth, far and near, will hold him in lasting remembrance; and from the heaven above, where he is gone, he shall no more go out. On the following Sabbath, sermons were preached to the bereaved congregation by the Rev. William Graham in the morning, and the Rev. Dr Edmond in the evening.

The affecting duty of drawing up this imperfect record was unexpectedly laid upon the biographer. Dr Macfarlane, close as their friendship was, never breathed the desire to himself. But it came from him through

his nearest. However shrunk from for many reasons, it could not be shunned. It was his dying request, and he added, "Give him all my papers, especially my journals." These journals were read by the biographer before they met any other eyes than those of the writer. They contained a few dates only for the first part of the life. Happily for the readers, as well as the writer of this sketch, they increased in bulk and value as the last years came. Many pages have been omitted; not because they were uninteresting, but because the interest was too peculiar. Many names also have been passed over, which, for various reasons, might well have been inserted, but for the desire to keep within narrow limits. There is scarcely a severe word in all the pages of the journal; not one that is unjust. The calm judgment and the generous heart ruled the record.

There is now little need to gather up the impressions of his life, and sum them up in more formal manner. It is hoped the sketch, however feebly outlined, and especially his own personal records, have drawn some true likeness of the man as he was dwelling among men. Surely, however, a man more unique, more full of force and individuality, could not well be. Among other men, Dr Macfarlane stood out by certain marked features. The impression of him at first was the same as at the last, only there were gradually revealed resources and reaches that were unexpected, but still all of a piece with the first impression. And this unity

of impression was all the more stamped upon the observer by the constant force he so easily and lavishly expended. Intellectually, he was a man who did not brood over first principles, either in philosophy or theology, but laid hold of them with firm, unyielding grasp, and applied them to the guidance and government of the heart and life. He had his clearly-marked path in theology, and that was the old Puritan, and this he held as a Secession Marrowman would have done, dealing with the great covenant love of God through Christ, cleansing men from guilt through His sacrifice, and quickening them into new and ever new life through His spirit. He avoided, he disliked, he brushed aside refinements, both on the Arminian and hyper-Calvinistic side. As for graver heresies, that touch the very heart of revealed and saving truth, he jealously opposed, and was utterly unsympathetic to them in any form. It was his consecrated work to save souls, and build them up in holiness; and he gave himself to the truth, which was its only and, through God, omnipotent means. But within that range—and it is wide as God and man—he handled sagaciously and unshrinkingly everything as it came before him. This faculty made him a wise, practical preacher, a sagacious counsellor, a keen judge of men, and of their motives and measures—in fact, a man of the world, in the best sense, as well as a man of God. In the region of the affections there was the same directness, promptness, and emphasis. He was jealous for

God, as well as full of love for Him. He hated evil as well as loved goodness. His was the theology of the breast, that makes the theologian, but far more makes the preacher. There was oil in his lamp, and he was always pouring it in, and hence there was an unction in his light. God and Christ were to him persons he loved —not propositions, he affirmed—and so his preaching had the breath of life stirring in it, and through it stirring others. These affections made him a tender husband and father, and the warm friend. Onesiphorus-like, he sought out the Pauls the more they were in prison, and those far below the Pauls—infinitely weaker and more obscure, but who had for him that utterly irresistible attraction of having their faces covered with sadness, and their backs hard pressed against the wall. He had the rare gift of being most true and tender when his friends had been deserted by others, and needed him most. It was because of this that he was eminent as a pastor as well as a preacher. Coveting love, he gave it freely. Those fits of moodiness that sometimes clouded him, making him restless in himself and infelicitous towards others, came for the most part from the sorrow he felt for the real or imagined unkindness when he had yearned for the contrary. And so, all through, his activity had the colour of his mind and heart. He loved movement, took joy in things new, difficult, and adventurous. His firm, unfearing look, whether keen or tender, in the pulpit, his ready flowing utterance, his rapid turns of

thought, his clenching phrases, his explosive warmth and emphasis, his very gait and gesture, gave assurance of a man who knew what to say and do, and meant to say and do it. It is to this last feature of his character, apart from a soldier-like sense of duty and a servant-like desire to make his last service for his Master and for souls his best, that we mainly owe his work at a time when most men are content to reap in the old fields the harvest of the seed and sweat of younger years. Such, then, was in the main our departed friend. The deeper passages of his soul were with God, for he had, as all men who greatly influence others, a rich hidden life far in and down with Christ. These activities at last came to an end; and his God gave him a long period of suffering, during which He was helping him to strike his roots of trust and patience into the deepest hiding-places of Christ's help and healing; and the time will come when the life, alike of action and suffering, will be made manifest, as never before—when Christ, who is his life, shall appear, and he also shall appear with Him in glory. Till then we shall see him no more. Now, in the words of his last text, "Let us arise and go hence" to our closets, to ask grace to root and to ripen impressions; to our homes and places of business and trial, to work and to suffer a while; and at last to that sanctuary where ministers and people shall be for ever and together with the Lord. Amen.

As it was a most welcome relief to have had him for

so many pages as his own biographer, it is also a great satisfaction to sum up the whole in the true and affectionate words of Dr George Jeffrey of Glasgow, one of his oldest and warmest friends. The day on which Clapham congregation mourned the death of their first minister, Erskine Church in Glasgow also, with fine dutiful sensibility, set apart in remembrance of the noble and memorable man who had given them the twenty-one best years of his life. No one could so well lead their thoughts as Dr George Jeffrey; and no words can more fitly close this biography of his friend than his. From his former pulpit, draped in black, he thus spoke of him who had filled it so long:

"And now it becomes me to notice the special occasion of my being in this pulpit to-day. One who formerly occupied it for many years in the work of the Gospel has been taken home to the enjoyment of the everlasting rest. He had a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, and he has gone, to be for ever with Him, and to behold His glory. He has entered into the joy of his Lord. He has left the service of the Church below, that he may join the worshippers before the throne, in the unbroken service of the heavenly temple. He lived unto the Lord, he died unto the Lord, and now he is ever with the Lord. 'And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do

follow them.' While we have reason to mourn to-day that the godly man ceaseth, that the righteous is taken away, that the Lord's servant is dead, while children have to mourn the loss of a loving father, brothers the loss of one true as steel to them in brotherly affection, and every relative and intimate the loss of a genuine and generous friend, yet have we far more reason to give God thanks for all about him that by his death is recalled to our remembrance. We give the Lord thanks for faith unfeigned, ever revealing itself in his character, like lights from the sun which unconsciously shines, and cannot help shining. We give God thanks for the example of a consistent Christian life, filled up to the brim with earnest, devoted ministerial labour, and for all the success it pleased the Lord to give him as a faithful minister of Jesus Christ. We give thanks to God for all He made him, for all He did for him, for all He has done by him. While we say of him, 'The memory of the just is blessed,' yet must we ever add, 'To Thy name, O Lord, be all the praise.' I do not deem it necessary to state the facts that make up the history of Dr Macfarlane's life. But my heart has a memory for the dead, as well as a love for the living Lord. Suffer me then a little that I may speak somewhat more concerning him in God's behalf. I knew Dr Macfarlane well. He was a man of transparent honesty and rectitude. Few could meet him without being convinced of his thorough sincerity of speech and purpose; while he

hated everything like duplicity, everything that was selfish, hypocritical, mean. He was truly what is called a warm-hearted man. He could not give you his hand without giving you the affection of his heart. He was a man of generous sympathies, and God gave to him, as to Solomon, largeness of heart. He had room in it for all the Lord's people, without any denominational distinction, and was ever willing to serve them for the Saviour's sake. Few were more ready to stand by and help a brother in the work of the Gospel. Here he spared himself no pains and no trouble in what he reckoned and felt to be a labour of love. He was esteemed and loved by all his brethren in the ministry who really knew him. While a lover of good men, he especially loved the brethren. He rejoiced to meet them; he delighted in their company, and their ministerial comfort and success gave gladness to his heart. While he took a deep interest in all that bore upon the advancement of the Gospel, and was ever ready, with tongue or pen, to plead the cause of our blessed Lord, he had no particular aptitude for administration or for the management of the business of Church courts. He was a pastor and a preacher. His place was the pulpit; his pulpit was his throne. He was an admirable preacher of the Gospel. He delighted to set forth Christ in all the glory of His person and offices and works—and he did it with impressiveness and power. He was ever at the Cross of Christ. You felt that there

he was at home. Like John the Baptist himself looking upon Jesus, he was ever saying, 'Behold the Lamb of God.' Christ in His substitutionary sacrifice; Christ in His death a satisfaction to Divine justice in the room of the guilty sinner; Christ in His glorious and perfect righteousness, which God has accepted and honoured, and offers for the salvation of guilty men; Christ in His glorious salvation needed by all, free to all, sufficient for all, offered to all, and now, at once, to be had for the taking, by simple faith in Him—these were the grand themes of his pulpit, for he well knew them to be the power of God unto salvation. No uncertain sound on these grand Gospel doctrines ever came from his lips. He preached them with plainness, directness, fulness, impassionedness, for he could say, 'We believe, and therefore speak.' Often, when his heart was all a-glow, he stayed not to balance words, or seek for logical sequence in his appeal to sinners, as he prayed them, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God. But these appeals and pleadings were frequently the utterances of most impressive and powerful eloquence. It was felt that his heart was in them; that he longed, with earnest desire, that sinners should be saved, and the Saviour glorified. While the grand doctrines of the Cross were mainly his pulpit themes, he failed not to declare the whole counsel of God. He showed himself 'approved unto God, a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Truth;' giving to them who

were of the household of faith their portion of meat in due season. Every text, however, brought him to Christ; every sermon, in the mountain of the Lord's house, the Lord made through him to the people 'a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees; of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined.' His writings remain to testify to the Gospel fulness and richness of his pulpit ministrations. By them 'he, being dead, yet speaketh.' While ready for co-operation with Christians of all denominations in the work of Christ, he had a special regard and attachment to the Church to which he belonged. It was the Church of his fathers. He was a son of the manse. Both father and grandfather were ministers of the United Secession Church. Every one who knew him knew how deeply attached he was to Erskine Church congregation. It was a sore trial to him to leave this pulpit, the elders of this church, and you his former people. He did it under a clear sense of what was, nevertheless, a painful duty, saying, 'The will of the Lord be done.' I remember well the strong language he employed to express the wrench given to his heart by the severance. He never forgot you. He had no divided heart in his love to the Lord. But though he never said it, no one could fail to see that his heart was divided in affection between you and Clapham. You had a place in his best wishes—you had a place in his prayers. Let me only state a simple fact respecting my deceased friend and brother, and with

that I close. On every occasion after his translation to London, when he came to Glasgow, in company with his brother resident in this city—for he would not go without him—he visited this church, ascended this pulpit, and leaning forward on this book-board before me, he offered up silent prayer to God, with eyes suffused with tears. The last time he was in this pulpit it was a solemn scene. Perhaps he had the impression that it was the last time he should enter it. Is it difficult to tell for whom he prayed, as he leaned forward on this book-board before the Lord? Brethren, it was for you. Is it difficult to tell, as you remember his tears, for whom was his earnest supplication? Brethren, his earnest supplication was for you. Nor has he forgotten you amidst all the glory and service of the heavenly temple. His heart is with you still. He waits your going home. He will welcome you to our Father's house. See, then, that ye be 'followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.' 'Remember them who have had the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the Word of God; whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation; Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.'"

We give the following as a specimen of Dr Macfarlane's power of versifying. It will be interesting on this account as well as because of the theme:

ON THE DEATH OF MY SISTER.

Woe's me! my heart's in the deep, dark grave,
Where all that I loved lies sleeping;
Her life was as brief as the rising wave—
As the morning cloud, it was fleeting.

She rose like the morning star so bright,
For a while we joyed in her glory;
The ray of her smile took the darkness from night,
And gave truth to the fictions of story.

She set like the evening star in light—
In the light reflected from heaven:
Oh, never to daughter of man was so bright
Or celestial a radiance given.

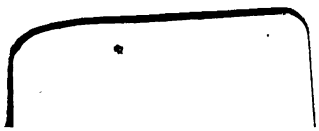
Her faith, love, and hope, and joy were seen,
With meekness and patience entwined;
Oh, never was beauty in the bow of heaven
In colours more softly combined.

Yet, *too* like the arch of yon azure sky,
To which covenant mercy gave birth,
Were the graces that lifted her hopes on high
And withdrew her affections from earth.

Like the "beauteous twine of light" they came,
In a moment to irradiate a storm,
And then with the quickness of meteor flame
In the darkness of death lost their form.

We saw them in harmony rising to view,
In lustre and loveliness bright'ning;
The darker our hopes, the clearer hers grew,
The sad hour of her death enlight'ning.

O Agnes! sweet Agnes! my sister dear,
Hast thou left me to pine here alone?
Yes! thy graces are glories in a higher sphere,
Where the days of thy mourning are gone.

JOHN MACFARLANE.

KINCARDINE, *1st January* 1833.